



THE BOW LEGGED GHOST AND OTHER STORIES BY LEON MEAD



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LEON MEAD

THE BOW-LEGGED GHOST AND OTHER STORIES ♪♪♪♪♪

A BOOK OF HUMOROUS SKETCHES,
VERSES, DIALOGUES, AND
FACETIOUS PARAGRAPHS

BY
LEON MEAD



"Wit may be a thing of pure imagination, but humor involves sentiment and character." — HENRY GILES.

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BY
LEON MEAD



*THIS VOLUME IS AFFEC-
TIONATELY DEDICATED to
MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, MR.
HARRY K. DUFFUS, OF
🐾 🐾 PHILADELPHIA*

✱

Proem



*Prose or Verse — or Verse or Prose ? —
Ever thus the query goes, —
Which delight do we prefer —
Which the finer — daintier ?*

*Each incites a taste that grows —
Prose or Verse — or Verse or Prose ? —
Each a lotus-eater's spell
Wholly irresistible.*

*All that wit may fashion, free
Voiced, or piped in melody, —
Prose or Verse — or Verse or Prose —
Which of these the mastery knows ?*

*'Twere as wise to question, friend —
As of this alluring blend, —
The aroma or the rose ? —
Prose or Verse — or Verse or Prose !*

— James Whitcomb Riley

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THIS book is a sort of a verbal *table d'hôte*. It contains considerable spice, but I trust nothing that will harm the moral or intellectual digestion of the reader. It was cooked along with other more solid, but not more hearty, literary comestibles, and if the crust of the various pastries here provided be not done brown enough — well, give the volume to some needy person, who is of necessity less fastidious.

As associate editor of *Truth*, it was my painful duty to grind out jokes and humorous paragraphs, and similar experience on other publications has made me almost a wreck. I still retain, however, a considerable sense of the ridiculous, and am a confirmed believer in the canny philosophy of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox : —

“Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone.”

If the contents of this volume do not measure up to the rollicking humor of my friend, the late Bill Nye, the drolleries of Robert J.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Burdette, or the amusing skits of Mark Twain,
I can only say in the rhymed language of Mr.
John Kendrick Bangs : —

“ I met a little elf man once,
Down where the lilies blow ;
I asked him why he was so small,
And why he didn't grow.
He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me thro' and thro' ;
' I'm quite as big for me,' said he,
' As you are big for you.' ”

Emerson brings out the same idea in his
poem of “ The Mountain and the Squirrel.”

“ If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel-track ;
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.”

Everybody suffers by comparison with some
one else. We cannot all be Shakespeares,
Martin Farquhar Tupper, or George Francis
Trains.

L. M.

SECTION I.
STORIES AND SKETCHES

The Bow-Legged Ghost

IN THE summer I am troubled with insomnia, unless I pursue a certain course which I found out myself after all the doctor's prescriptions and the advice of friends had dismally failed. Early in June I start on a pedestrian tour, walking only at night and sleeping a good part of the day. In this way I manage to avoid that awful curse, insomnia, during the "heated term," when it would otherwise relentlessly assail me.

Well, last summer, some time in July, I found myself in a part of the country I had not visited before. One night, near the hour of twelve, I halted for a rest, having trudged a long distance since the falling of darkness. I had been seated on a stone by the highway but a few minutes when I heard scraping footsteps proceeding from the direction whence I came.

Presently a large, or rather a broad, figure was silhouetted against the horizon. As it approached, with a peculiar wobbling gait, I

The Bow-Legged Ghost

could hear it puff as though winded with exertion. As it came closer I perceived that the pudgy figure was clad in a white robe. This sight quite startled me. Was I asleep, or the victim of a hallucination? I pinched my arm and convinced myself from the resulting pang that I was indeed wide awake.

In the course of five minutes the figure stood before me. It was, without doubt, a ghost.

"Good evening," he said, in a wheezy voice. With a choking sensation of horror I managed to salute him.

"Don't be alarmed," he went on; "I am not abroad this night for any mischief. But may I ask you how it happens that you are on so desolate a road alone at this time of night?"

Something in his straightforward manner reassured me, and with increasing self-possession I briefly told him who I was and why I was there. I further explained that traveling as I did only by night, I had little or no knowledge of the country I was in.

"Aren't you afraid of getting lost? Have you a family?" he asked.

"I never wander far from civilization," I replied. "Yes, I have a wife and children,

The Bow-Legged Ghost

but, as I told you, I do this to prevent insomnia."

"Well, I am glad to meet you, sir ; I don't mind telling you that I am the spirit of Peter Simpkins, late of Buffalo, N. Y. If you made inquiries you would find out that I was a well-known contractor and builder there, and left close on to half a million, which my family are now throwing away in their efforts to get into society."

"Can't you exercise some spiritual restraint over them?" I inquired, now thoroughly interested in Peter Simpkins of Buffalo.

"No ; more's the pity. I was master of my house when in the earth-life, and but for one reason I might have some influence with my wife and children now. I have tried to materialize before them lots of times, but it's no use. They have never felt even a suggestion of my presence since I passed away. Their goings-on make me very unhappy in the spirit-life, but I have another affliction which grieves me even more. You see I am a second-class ghost."

"How is that?"

"Well, I was born bow-legged," he said, apologetically. Thereupon he parted the sheet-like garment that had concealed his

The Bow-Legged Ghost

form, which thus exposed the phosphorescent skeleton of a man who, when alive, must have tipped the scales at two hundred and eighty pounds. He was the most hopelessly and ridiculously bow-legged individual I had ever seen. This revelation sorely tempted me to laugh outright, but the intense glance from his fiery eyes restrained me.

“ But I don’t see — ” I began.

“ It’s like this,” he interrupted. “ People who are badly misshapen, or who have any physical or mental abnormalities, carry them into the spirit world after death. And let me tell you, there isn’t half the democracy and social equality in this spirit-life that you can enjoy as a citizen of the United States. When I passed over into the spirit world I was not cordially received by many spirits that I met. Some looked at me with a sneering smile ; others with contempt. I observed that those who did give me a welcome were, like myself, not physically perfect, or else they were out of order mentally. When you come to the spirit kingdom you will find for yourself that caste will exclude you from the higher spirit circles, unless you are just right. The spirit aristocracy go to other spheres for permanent residence, though some of them, out of curiosity

The Bow-Legged Ghost

or from some other motive, like to visit earth scenes. Yes, sir, spirits travel on their shape just as much as, in fact more than, mortals do on earth. Strange, isn't it? Well, I am a second-class ghost, because I am bow-legged, and that's all there is to it."

After a while I found breath to say: "Mr. Simpkins, I need not assure you that you are the first materialized spirit I ever saw, and I cannot summon, on the spur of the moment, the proper words to express to you my thanks for the information you have given me. Will you grant me the privilege of repeating it, in my own humble way, to ——"

"Hist!" exclaimed Mr. Simpkins. "Some one is coming. Climb over this stone wall and lie down. We must not be seen."

His cold, bony hand clutched my arm firmly, and together we scaled the wall.

"I'll explain later. Don't say a word."

Lying prone on the soft turf, we waited in eager silence. Soon the sounds of footsteps and elfish voices were heard. I could not make out what was said by those who passed. It was an uncanny jargon enough. After they disappeared down the turnpike, Mr. Simpkins whispered: "The two spirits that just passed I know very well. One of them, Sam

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Larkin, I used to know in the earth-life. He lived at Elmira; kept a feed store. We belonged to the Knights Templars, and that's how I came to know him. Sam lost his left leg at the Battle of Bull Run, and his right arm at the Battle of Gettysburg, which accounts for his being a second-class ghost. The other one was George Tarbell—"Stammering George," they call him, because he stammers worse than any man you ever heard. He came from Kansas City. Just raise your head a little and you can look through a chink in the wall. Others will be coming along pretty soon."

Sure enough, in a little while a scattered procession of loquacious spirits filed by,—some of them unsightly hunchbacks, several deaf and dumb ones, as I could see by the sign manual they employed; several male and female cranks and lunatics, as Mr. Simpkins afterward informed me, and divers other ghostly freaks and monstrosities, including a two-headed colored ghost, concerning whose earthly identity I failed to learn—making in all seventy-five grisly spectres.

Almost stupefied by these supernatural wonders, I still retained sense enough to listen when Mr. Simpkins began to speak again,

The Bow-Legged Ghost

after the sounds of the ghostly procession died away.

“Now, of course, you are naturally puzzled to know what all this means. I can enlighten you in a few words. These spirits are on their way to the Zion Grove Camp Meeting grounds, about two miles west from here, where will be held to-night the Annual Convention of Unfortunate Spirits. I have been requested to act as chairman of this meeting, and am expected to deliver an address. I have chosen as my subject: ‘Can Second-Class Ghosts Be Happy?’ You see, I am ambitious to be elected the president of the association for this district, which numbers about twelve hundred members. But there are two other candidates for the office which lasts for three years. There—now I must be going.”

I desired to ask Mr. Simpkins numerous other questions; but, seeing that he was determined to depart, I said: “I hope you will be unanimously elected, sir. By the way, would it be asking too much of you to meet me after the convention, and let me know whether you have been successful?”

He hesitated a moment, heaved a long sigh, and replied: “The session may last till day-break; but if it adjourns before then, since

The Bow-Legged Ghost

you manifest so kindly an interest in my welfare, I will promise to come back and tell you the result. But you must not stir from this spot. Do you accept the conditions?"

I held out my hand as a signal of my willingness to bind the arrangement; but, like George Francis Train, he shook his own hands as a parting greeting, crawled ponderously over the wall, and soon shambled out of sight.

Left alone, after this bewildering encounter, my mind refused to be coherent in the least. I became acutely nervous as I have been when in the cruel throes of insomnia. Still with a strenuous determination, I remained there, awaiting the return of the bow-legged ghost. After three hours of torturing suspense, I espied him coming. The first faint glimmer of the dawn made him more vague and shadowy to my vision. Clambering over the wall, he stood before me — limp, dejected, and evidently deeply chagrined.

"Well, what's the good word?" I inquired, eagerly.

This was Mr. Simpkins' gloomy reply: "General Norwich was elected president. He read a paper describing his military achievements at the Battle of Antietam, where both his legs were shot off. The assemblage

The Bow-Legged Ghost

went wild over him, and elected him on the first ballot. They are holding a jollification now. After all, I am only a bow-legged ghost, but to be beaten in a race by a man without any legs at all is a terrible blow to me. I shall resign from the association, and devote myself hereafter to matters entirely outside of politics. Good-by."

I tried to call him back to ask if he would meet me occasionally on my nightly rambles, but, like a flash of lightning, the bow-legged ghost disappeared.



When Ezra Sang First Bass

One of the Secrets of the Choir

THE shutters of Jenkins' grocery store had been up an hour or more, and the little red-whiskered proprietor had been hinting as openly as he dared to half-a-dozen of his customers, who were sitting around the stove, that he would like to go home. But his ostentatious preparations — the slamming of covers on open barrels and the extinguishing of the lights down to a solitary lamp — made no visible impression on them. For the squat, little stove still radiated a hospitable glow, and the air of the room was comfortingly blue and fragrant with the smoke of many pipes.

The conversation, which had languished while there had been an occasional customer to sooth the nervous proprietor, suddenly became brisk. From chickens, it naturally drifted to poultry diseases, and thence to the uncertainty of life. That suggested religion to 'Tom Quirk; and religion, revivals; and

When Ezra Sang First Bass

revivals, sinners. So, by an easy transition, the church choir came up for discussion.

Then it was that old Uncle Ezra, who had been silent through it all, unlimbered ponderously, as properly befitted a great gun of the village.

"Reckon I never told ye 'bout the time I was a bass singer?" he threw out.

A respectful chorus of "Noes," and "Tell us about it, Uncle Ez," answered him. Each member of the party settled back into his chair with a sigh of relief, and the unhappy Jenkins sat down on a cracker-box, for Uncle Ezra, as a man of wealth and position, was not to be interrupted nor hurried.

"Just twenty-five years ago, when I was in my prime," he began, after a preparatory cough, "the Methodist Church was built, and John Tate undertook to organize the choir. They called him the 'percenter,' or something of that kind. 'Tany rate, they were stuck for a bass singer. Every one they invited to try for the position failed. At last some one mentioned my name, and John come to me and asked me to jine 'em. At first I stood out right and said 'no,' not flatterin' myself that I could fill the bill 'tall. I knowed one tune from another, and I told him so; but

The Bow-Legged Ghost

my voice was weak and anything but deep ; besides at that time I had a little tech of asthma once in a while.

“None of you young fellers never knowed John Tate. He was killed by the Injuns after he went West, but he was the most convincin’ man I ’bout ever see, and he got me to come to church that night and try over some of the tunes. I remember I had a terrible cold that day ; it was deep sot and my voice was below zero, so to speak.

“Well, seein’ as I had promised, I went down to the meetin’ house, as we called it in them days. Matilda Savory, now the widow Plunkett, was there, and George Delameter, who was to be the tenor, and Rachel Sliter, now deceased, and Susan Black, who I had gallivanted round with considerable, and had a slinkin’ sweetness for. There was a few others I don’t just recollect this minute. We first attacked that hymn runnin’—

‘There is a fountain filled with blood.’

“I put my whole soul into it, and all the wind I could muster. They was all surprised to find out I had such a good bass voice, and I laughed in my sleeve, because no one seemed to notice that I had a cold. We tried several

When Ezra Sang First Bass

pieces, and after finishin,' some one was sure to say to me, 'Why Ez, I had no idee that you had such a splendid bass voice,' and another would say to the one settin' next, 'We couldn't get along without Ez; don't his voice chord in nice?'

"You can believe I was honored, and what made me feel the best was the kinder suppressed look of pride on Susan's face. For the time bein' I really thought I could sing like a-a- blackbird. Yes, that was the comparison I made to myself. You see, I was thinkin' of Susan; her rear name was Black, as I mentioned afore.

"This was on a Monday night. John Tate told us to meet agin on Saturday evenin' to practice, so's we'd be able to make the new church ring with devout song on the followin' day. On Tuesday, my cold was disappearin', and my normal up-grade voice was comin' back.

"I now had a chance to consider that I had made a mistake in joinin' the choir, for when the time should come for me to make a public exhibition of myself my voice would be pitched entirely too high. Still I felt that this opportunity to become popular with the church folks was too good to be lost. I was

The Bow-Legged Ghost

a young man, anxious to be a success in business and get some of the custom which went to Andrew Yates, who also kept a grocery. And so I made this resolve: that, if necessary, I would catch another cold on Saturday rather than resign or run the risk of singin' in no set voice on the comin' Sunday.

"Saturday mornin' arrived, and I hadn't even blowed my nose since Wednesday, just afore I went to bed. So I throwed off my coat and vest and scrambled down cellar, which was just the place to get what I wanted. I hired a little boy to tend store and I sot for nearly an hour on a hogshead of molasses, sneezin' away, but determined not to give up until I'd caught a first-rate cold. When I came upstairs I called out to the boy, just to see how my vocal organs was fixed, and they put me in mind of a big bass drum that I'd heard once in a travelin' circus.

"That night I was on hand punctual, and received many more compliments, and went home with Susan chipper as a butterfly. For fear I wouldn't be hoarse the next mornin', I sot in the open window of my chamber with my coat and vest off, gazin' at the stars and thinkin' of Susan while I grew hoarser every moment.

When Ezra Sang First Bass

“On Sunday mornin’ my voice was in good trim, and it was one of the most triumphant moments of my life as I stood up and let it swell out, while all the people down below looked up and watched us with admiration and envy. My throat was rather sore and my chest felt tight, but I paid no attention to them.

“The choir agin met on Monday night, and my voice held its own. During the rest of the week I laid in a stock of soothin’ syrup and camphor and other medicines, which I used pretty lavish, and with good results. But Saturday come, and I found myself hesitatin’ whether to go down cellar agin or sever my connection with the choir forever. I had observed that trade had picked up wonderfully within a few days, and the minister himself had dropped in and asked for credit on a pound of cheese, some clothespins, and one or two other articles—I don’t just recollect this minute. The superintendent of the Sabbath School also came in for the first time and bought a ham and a gallon of sperm oil. If this thing continues, thinks I to myself, I can afford to catch cold for a few weeks, until they can get a natural bass singer, and down cellar I went, leavin’ the same little boy to tend store.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

“ Well a year went by, and I was still holdin’ forth in that Methodist choir. My business now was flourishin’, and although Mr. Yates was a Christian, the church people patronized me as much as they did him ; for durin’ this time they had a tremendous revival down at Jericho Center, and I had experienced religion. By bein’ in the choir I had many chances to see Susan home, which would not have happened otherwise ; and I valued this circumstance, for my regard for her had gradually deepened into a sincere and unmistakable affection.

“ But then Susan up and married a young justice of the peace, who never attended church, and was a bigger sinner than I ever dreamed of bein’. This took Susan out of the choir and left me desolate. I vowed eternal celibacy, and I didn’t care who set the Methodist Church afire. That was the last of me as a bass singer. Why, reckon it up, and see how many times I exposed myself to diphtheria, bronchitis, and death, and not a livin’ soul was in the secret. I got so scientific about it that I could tell how many sneezes would make me hoarse enough to strike the lowest note in ‘ Old Hundred ’ without strainin’ for it.

When Ezra Sang First Bass

“But one thing’s been sorter botherin’ me all these years. Suppose Rachel Sliter should meet me in Heaven. The very first thing she’d say would be ‘Well, if here ain’t Ez Hix! Come here, Ezra. I want you to sing some of those good old hymns that we used to sing in the Slackville Methodist Church.’ That would be just like Rachel.”

“Well, Uncle Ez,” said Tom Quirk, who had been the old man’s most respectful auditor, “you could have ’em open the windows and put ice on you when you was dying, so that you could catch cold and take it along with you and sing for her.”

First published in the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*.



The Woman in Yellow

WATKINS had been telling his friend Ingelow about an eccentric beauty he had met in the mountains during the previous summer, and Ingelow, by way of a fair exchange, narrated to Watkins the story of Jessica Brail, whom he had known from childhood.

“The young lady I am going to tell you about,” began Ingelow, “is endowed with sufficient charms to make two ordinary society belles. Perhaps you won’t believe that, but if you ever see her you will indorse the apparently rash statement without the slightest hesitation. She is a perfect blonde, with Quaker-colored eyes, and hair of infinite golden sheen and fineness.

“Shortly after her *début*, which was the talk of society at the time, she became engaged to a promising chap by the name of Jerome Van Dusen, who had recently come into a magnificent fortune, thanks to a kind old bachelor uncle, with whom Jerome, being

The Woman in Yellow

an orphan, had lived for several years. No time had been fixed for the marriage, and it was supposed that it would take place not under a year or so, as Jessica was but eighteen when she became affianced.

“She was suddenly seized one morning with a violent and strange illness which baffled the doctors. For weeks she lay in delirium, and a number of times her life was despaired of. But finally she grew better, and when she had quite recovered her normal strength and health, she again assumed her old place in the social whirl where she had been a delight and a dream.

“But in some ways her intimate friends observed that Jessica’s illness had changed her. Something was lacking in her old-time spontaneity. Then, too, she caused gossip by treating young Van Dusen in a shabby manner. She did not seem to be conscious of her engagement to him. She held him at arm’s length, so to speak, and repulsed his chivalrous attentions. Of course Jerome couldn’t understand what it was all about, and he could get little satisfaction out of Mrs. Brail, to whom he went for a conference on the subject. Mrs. Brail expressed herself as being very much worried about Jessica, and ended

The Bow-Legged Ghost

by requesting Jerome not to be quite so assiduous in his attentions to the young lady for the time being.

“Now, the chief thing in which Jessica manifested her eccentricity was in her complete mania for everything yellow. Wherever she appeared, she was gowned in yellow from head to foot—gloves, shoes, and all. She even discarded her diamonds and other jewels for yellow gems. She frankly confessed she possessed more than a mere penchant for all things yellow; it was a passion with her, and one over which she had no control. Rather alarmed over this excessive fad of her daughter, Mrs. Brail thought it would be a wise policy to allow Jessica to indulge her caprice in this direction, instead of trying to restrain her, and so she offered no definite protest when the young lady expressed a wish to have a phaeton all yellow, and a yellow horse, yellow harness, and yellow whip. With Mrs. Brail’s abundant resources it was not difficult to obtain the phaeton, harness, and whip, but the yellow horse was not so easily within reach.

“However, a horse-dealer of large experience, procured a horse that would pass for a yellow nag, except for a few white spots on his

The Woman in Yellow

flanks. Jessica driving through Central Park alone in her peculiar turnout excited no end of comment, and her inexplicable craze for yellow was duly exploited in the newspapers. Neither gossip nor ridicule had any effect on Jessica. She bought a dozen canary birds and as many yellow wire cages one afternoon, and ordered them sent to her home on Madison Avenue."

"Oh, come off, Ingelow! Do you think you can stuff me in this way, old chap? I say, let's have some more brandy and soda."

"I am simply repeating facts. Order your drink and listen. It was in the autumn when this queerness of Miss Brail was first manifested. She and her mother on a certain night in October gave a swell party. What do you suppose the only floral decorations consisted of?"

"Golden-rod," suggested Watkins, wearily, as he poured his club soda into a long glass.

"Precisely. You are good at riddles, old man. Golden-rod exclusively. Of course Jessica was garbed entirely in yellow, even to her *lingerie*. Now please don't interrupt me again. As a matter of fact this young woman practically carried out her mania even in the matter

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of eating. She was fond of butter, celery-tops, squash, and lemon pie, the hard-boiled yolks of eggs, all kinds of yellow-colored cake, the inside of corn-bread, Chablis, Sauterne, and Rhine wines, scrambled eggs and plain omelet, and other edibles and drinkables having a yellowish tinge. Though very fond of literature, she never read other than yellow covered or bound books; and one night she engaged a squad of painters to come and cover the entire front of the Brail brownstone mansion with a brilliant coat of yellow. The next day several friends and relatives of the family called and advised the now nearly distracted Mrs. Brail to place poor Jessica in some retreat. This the mother refused to do. But she did resolve to take Jessica on a journey West, perhaps to California, thinking that a change of scene and climate would benefit her. Jessica's consent, strangely enough, was easily won. They took an excursion steamer bound for San Francisco by way of the Horn. Would you believe it, Watkins, on board that steamer Jessica met her fate?"

"She died, eh?"

"No. She met a man whom she afterward, not long afterward either, married in 'Frisco.'"

The Woman in Yellow

“What became of Jerome?”

“Well, Jerome had become disgusted with her antics and had gone off to Berlin to study diplomacy.”

“Sensible man!”

“The young man Jessica became acquainted with aboard the steamer *Brazil* bore the name of Uriah Jeffrey. He was a struggling inventor, who had nearly killed himself with hard work, and was taking the voyage for his health. A severe case of jaundice, which made him somewhat morbid, afflicted him, but on being introduced, Jessica fell in love with him right away.”

“I see,” put in Watkins, drolly, “because he had the jaundice. He was right in her line.”

“And,” proceeded Ingelow, not paying any attention to the other’s interruption, “Uriah, of course, was doubly attracted to her by reason of her yellow attire and belongings. So they fell to courting without any considerable delay, satisfied that in each other they had found their true affinity. And in spite of all that mamma Brail could do to prevent it, these two cooing doves plighted their troth before reaching the Golden Gate.”

“Is that all?”

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“They were married quietly in San Francisco a fortnight after their arrival there, and a few days later returned to New York. Jeffrey’s jaundice gradually disappeared and with it his wife’s mania for yellow. She is now somewhat prejudiced against that color, for she feels a little sensitive over her foolish excesses with it—when she was not quite her own sweet self.”

“Ingelow,” drawled Watkins, after finishing the last swallow in his glass, “you are one of the most fearful, wonderful, and consummate—conversationalists I ever listened to. But, by way of giving your narrative an artistic finish, why didn’t you have Jessica take the Gold Cure for her malady?”



An Assumed Weakness

EMBOLDENED by his physical and psychological prowess as a lady-killer, Mr. Claude Ormsby some years ago became less delicate and subtle in his methods of flirtation and gradually resorted to more abrupt and daring, if not foolhardy, experiments. Mr. Ormsby actually ventured one afternoon to wink at a lady he thought he should like to know. He won from her a casual sign of recognition, but her hasty retreat into a millinery establishment, where she managed, on pretense of being vastly interested in the head-gear there displayed, to remain over two hours, satisfied Mr. Ormsby that it would be quite futile for him to press a further acquaintance.

But he continued to wink at women whose personal charms appealed to him, and always, for some reason it is unnecessary to exploit here, with his left eye. His success in this barbarous and discredited style of wantoning varied with occasion and with the woman he

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thus saluted. Often it was far from any definition of triumph. But the resentment of virtuous womanhood neither alarmed nor chagrined him.

On a certain bright morning, as he was passing her on Fifth Avenue, Mr. Ormsby winked at a handsome woman, accompanied by her husband, who, be it said, was ardently devoted to her. While making his reckless and insolent overture, Ormsby did not particularly notice the husband. But the latter fairly and squarely saw Ormsby indulge in the wink, and in an instant the blood deserted his cheek. He left his wife's side, stepped up to Ormsby, and grasped him by the arm, with every facial assurance that it was his immediate intention to punish the offender. Ormsby possessed quick perceptions, but he was no good as a pugilist. There and then he realized that he must placate the gentleman who was clutching him, or perhaps suffer untold injuries. So meeting the incensed husband's gaze, Ormsby gave a peculiar wink with his left eye, the optic which had excited Mr. Bryan Burdick's vexation. Mr. Burdick was surprised. His curdled feelings swirled less violently within him when Ormsby winked again. He winked with his left eye, in what

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seemed to Mr. Burdick a less culpable and more guileless way than he had winked the first time at Mrs. Burdick.

"Ah, ha!" thought Mr. Burdick, "I am foolishly jealous as usual. This man has a nervous defect of the eye, and therefore is not responsible for what otherwise would be inexcusable. Oh, if he had really insulted my wife, I should—" But Mr. Burdick did not mentally conclude what he might have done. It is not unreasonable to infer, however, that in those circumstances he would have proven a cruel assailant. At brief intervals Ormsby winked his left eye at Mr. Burdick, who began to reproach himself for having taken umbrage too hastily at the stranger, for he was now fully convinced that Ormsby could not help winking his eye.

"I beg your pardon, sir," apologized Mr. Burdick. "I at first wrongly thought you intended to insult my wife. But I see the action of your left eye is involuntary. Believe me, sir, I am very sorry for having detained you. Here is my card."

Ormsby accepted the card graciously, and in turn handed his own to Mr. Burdick.

"It was a natural enough mistake on your part," said Ormsby, in a voice of remarkable

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complaisance. "I dare say you may find my acquaintance of some trifling value. My address is on my card. Come and see me sometime."

As though further to atone for his putative blunder, Mr. Burdick introduced his wife to Ormsby, who was certainly playing his part with masterly finesse.

"I am charmed," observed Mrs. Burdick, with a dainty bow, "to meet you."

"Delighted, I'm sure," said Ormsby, his left eye winking cautiously.

Then, after the exchange of a few common-places, Ormsby went on his way, chuckling over the recent encounter.

Mr. Burdick made inquiries concerning Mr. Ormsby and ascertained that he belonged to an aristocratic family, his father being an enormously rich banker. Within a short time Ormsby and the Burdicks became warm friends. He was a frequent visitor at their house, and dined with them nearly every Sunday. He was careful to do the requisite amount of winking whenever in their presence—an effort, by the way, that grew at times extremely boorish to him. But he heroically kept up the delusion, for now that he was intimate with the Burdicks, and really

An Assumed Weakness

liked them, he dreaded to lose their friendship.

But one Sunday Mr. Burdick caught Ormsby napping, as it were. At the table a certain popular novelist happened also to be a guest. The novelist was feeling in excellent spirits, having the day before sold a serial story to a leading magazine for a good price, and received the cash down for it, and his bright talk was highly entertaining, especially to Ormsby, who listened in rapt attention. In short, he became so absorbed in the novelist's graphic description of a journey he had taken the previous summer in Alaska, that, for the time being, he forgot to keep his left eye at its allotted task, and Mr. Burdick noticed it. The host gazed long, though somewhat furtively, at the abstracted Ormsby, and his wonder increased almost to consternation as he observed that Ormsby seemed to have his left eye under perfect control. This discovery mystified him and rendered him so curious that he interrupted the novelist to say: "Ormsby, you don't seem to be winking your eye as much as usual to-day. Have you discontinued that interesting performance of yours?"

"Yes, that is — er — well — I've had an operation performed, you know," stammered

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Ormsby, who being taken entirely by surprise and thrown off his guard, was considerably frustrated. "My eye still twitches occasionally, however," he added, sufficiently recovering secretly to congratulate himself upon his ready fabrication.

"Oh, indeed," put in Mrs. Burdick, quite ingenuously. "Was the operation painful, Mr. Ormsby?"

"Rather," he replied, with a wink and a smile, that were boldly significant, but which the novelist and Mr. Burdick, if they noticed them, must have considered merely symptoms of affability on Ormsby's part.

But Mrs. Burdick, with intuitive celerity, discerned the similarity of that wink to Ormsby's first wink at her on the Avenue months before. She instinctively felt from that moment that Ormsby was a fraud, and he immediately divined that she felt he was. A slight blush suffused Mrs. Burdick's beautiful face. She was strongly tempted to remark, with true feminine sarcasm: "It seems the operation was not entirely successful," but she choked back the words, for a timely thought warned her that such an utterance might at once put her husband on the trail of his former suspicion as to Ormsby's insolence.

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“Doctor Peters, the oculist, thinks I shall be able,” ventured Ormsby, with inward desperation and outward suavity, “to gain absolute government of my eye after a while.”

“I am glad to hear it,” said Mr. Burdick, with a kind of insinuating candor.

Some hours later, when the guests had gone, and Mr. Burdick, half irresolutely, had driven off to his favorite club, Mrs. Burdick thoughtfully seated herself at a delicate little rosewood desk, and after wasting two or three sheets of the most expensive note paper, finally sealed the following words, addressed to Mr. Claude Ormsby:—

Sir:—You have played a cunning game, but I have found you out at last. Some women might applaud you, but I am one who despises you for having so weak, so cowardly, so debased a left eye. By all means have a real operation performed, Mr. Ormsby; otherwise you may deceive some one yet, who has not a loving husband's protection. Do not again darken our threshold with your presence. I shall not breathe a word to my husband of your last insult to me, at the dinner-table to-day, if you do not again attempt to intrude upon our domestic peace. Remember this!

CLARISSA BURDICK.

In the privacy of his own chamber Ormsby's left eye assisted his right one to read Mrs. Burdick's unequivocal message, without

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any predisposition to wink. A throb of disappointment passed over him — that was all. He reached for a silver decanter containing some rare Amontillado, of which he took a liberal draught.

The fact is, Ormsby may never have any dominant influence over that left eye of his. When he strolls down Broadway or up Fifth Avenue, it will probably wink at any pretty damsel or dashing married woman, as of old. A queer eye has Ormsby. But is Ormsby the only man you ever heard of who has a queer eye?

Will this eye of Ormsby's finally bring him joy or woe? Ah, me! Perhaps a court of justice may answer that. But, on the other hand, possibly ten years hence, in a felicitous domestic circle of his own, Ormsby may be found — still winking, though with less suggestion, from mere force of habit.



“Revels of the Muses”

MANY men about Gotham town may be acquainted with Harry Hooker, though this is not his baptismal name. Not so very long ago he was a prominent club man, but only at rare intervals nowadays is he seen in his old haunts.

After coming into possession of a patrimony of some sixty thousand dollars, Hooker shut himself up in his den and began work on a comic opera, which, in his callow estimation, would eclipse anything of the kind ever seen on the American stage. The music, more or less reminiscent, he composed himself; that is to say, he thumped out melodies on the piano, which were transcribed, arranged, and orchestrated by a professional musician. When it was finally finished he christened it, “Revels of the Muses,” a title that scarcely indicated the shocking antics through which the inexperienced young author put these classic damsels.

First published in *The Dramatic Mirror*.

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Hooker submitted his libretto and score to several prominent managers, but they all shook their heads negatively, giving various shrewd excuses for not even examining the piece. Having spent two months in vain quest of a manager who would give him a favorable hearing, he at last resolved to produce the opera at his own expense. It was now midsummer. There was no time to waste if he desired to make all the necessary preparations for an autumn opening.

Through a dramatic agency, Hooker secured the services of doughty Colonel Rush as business manager. The stage manager, an eccentric individual by the name of Pragg, gave valuable assistance in suggesting the necessary scenery and in selecting the designs for the costumes. It was also Pragg who insisted on engaging for the leading female rôle his old friend Bertha Watts, whose name had been a famous one in the burlesque world a few years before, but who, now, in reality, was rather too *passé*, not to say obese, for the rollicking part of Thalia. However, Pragg's entreaties prevailed, and Miss Watts was engaged.

Within a short time, the newspapers gave glowing announcements of the great comic opera by Harry Hooker, Esq., to be produced

“Revels of the Muses”

early in October at the New Amsterdam Theatre. Rehearsals were held every day, and in the meantime Hooker decided to take the company out for two weeks on the New England circuit, and try his mental offspring “on the dog,” as it is called in theatrical parlance. Colonel Rush booked the “show,” which opened in Hartford, September 21.

During the tour Hooker had little or no cause to be gratified with the reception accorded his opera. The press roasted it without mercy, and the meagre audiences that gathered to witness it went away dissatisfied. If it would not please the provincial, how could he expect to please the metropolitan with it? The production had cost him nearly \$20,000. Add to this four weeks’ rental of the New Amsterdam Theatre and other expenses, assuming that there would be little or no business, and he would lose anywhere from \$10,000 to \$20,000 more. This ominous state of affairs set Hooker to thinking.

Now it happened that he had come into possession of a book entitled “A List of the Bald-Headed Men of New York,” which some individual, with an abnormal amount of patience, had compiled and put on the market. The book which gave the names and addresses

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of over one hundred thousand New York men who are baldheaded had interested Hooker, irrespective of its statistical accuracy, because he had a tendency to baldness himself. He now conceived the idea of reserving the first three rows of orchestra seats in the New Amsterdam every night of the run of his opera for bald-headed men of New York to whom he would send "complimentaries." For instance, for the opening night, October 12, he would send as many free tickets, each with a coupon, as there were seats in the first three rows of the orchestra; for the second night as many more, and so on, checking off in the book each name as fast as the tickets were sent out, thus avoiding repetition.

Well, Hooker actually set this plan into operation, sending out for different dates over ten thousand complimentaries. He kept the secret to himself until the opening night, when a large throng came to see "Revels of the Muses" at the New Amsterdam.

For several minutes before the overture began, it was seen that an unusual number of baldheaded men had taken seats in the first three rows of the orchestra chairs. Every minute more baldheaded men joined their brethren, and the audience commenced a

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guarded titter, which soon broke forth into a perfect gale of prolonged laughter. The baldheaded men themselves immediately became aware that they formed a curious phalanx, and nearly all of them commingled their merriment with the rest of the hilarious audience.

“This is a pretty rich joke on us,” said one red-faced old chap to another, who sat alongside in the second row.

“I think it a most impertinent piece of business,” snarled the man addressed. He was in evening dress, while his neighbor, who thought the whole thing a jolly lark, was garbed in a snuff-colored business suit.

Just as the curtain was about to go up, a tall, fine-looking man, with a smooth pate, went down the centre aisle, but halted short about midway to his seat on seeing the three rows of more or less shining heads in front. His look of utter astonishment soon altered into a broad smile of amusement, and then quickly turning about he retraced his steps toward the lobby, pursued by such advice from the gallery gods as, “Don’t go home, baldy! Take your medicine like the rest! Don’t be a coward,” etc., etc.

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Hooker had not let any of the company into the secret, and the consequence was that they were all convulsed when they saw the gentlemen in front. Even Pragg was quite overcome for a few minutes. One of the members of the orchestra, the trombone player, a little earlier had slipped out of his place, fearing he might die of strangulation from laughing, if he remained. But he soon returned, his old stolid self.

All the ladies in the audience were particularly amused by the exhibit, and the opera was merely a tame side-show in comparison. By way of trying to recover her composure, Bertha Watts advanced to the footlights and indulged in the impromptu remark: "I'm so glad to see so many of my personal friends here to-night," and it tickled the people more than any lines or business in the opera.

It was an evening of wild and unrestrained merriment. A few of the baldheaded gentlemen did not appear to enjoy the occasion at all, keeping their eyes stoically and steadfastly on the actors, and two or three of them rose and marched defiantly out of the house. But most of them entered heartily into the spirit of the hour, and even poked fun at each other.

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Toward the end of the last act, Colonel Rush nudged Hooker, who was standing in the rear of the auditorium, and whispered: “I think you are a genius.”

I wish I had space in which to quote some of the notices of the opera that appeared in the next morning's papers. The critics who had been present were unanimous in saying that they never had had so much fun in their lives. They were careful to inform the public that their fun was not derived so much from Mr. Hooker's piece as from the gentlemen in the first three rows.

Of course many of the baldheaded men invited for the second performance, who read these accounts in the press, were vastly puzzled. But after a little meditation nearly all of them concluded to visit the theatre, if only to experience the feeling of being in the presence of between two or three hundred other bald men. In consequence, there were only three or four vacant chairs in the first three rows of the orchestra at the New Amsterdam on the second night of the famous run of “Revels of the Muses.”

A quarter of an hour before it was time for the curtain to rise, “Standing room only” was placarded outside the theatre, and it

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might as well be said now that this announcement was posted of absolute necessity every night to the closing performance.

Even Hooker, who is older but not much wiser than he was then, will admit that it was not his comic opera that people came to see, but the interesting contingent of gentlemen who were always in evidence down in front. The scheme served to develop the moral courage, or rather the *sang froid*, of many a bald-headed bachelor, who, before meeting with his fellows in this happy *camaraderie*, had been wretchedly sensitive concerning what he regarded as a sore and unmerited affliction.

Hooker left the metropolis for "green fields and pastures new," with over \$40,000 of profits from his opera. He visited all the large cities, and in every theatre where his company played there were baldheaded men in the first three rows. It was the advance man's business to provide complimentaries to these gentlemen in every city visited. They appreciated the comical honor, speaking generally, just as much as had the liberal-minded New Yorkers. Other theatrical troupes tried to imitate Hooker, but none of them ever succeeded. He grew independently rich in three seasons and retired in time, just as the novelty of his

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idea had begun to tarnish. He spends most of his time in southern Europe where the climate agrees best with his rather delicate health.

Bertha Watts is the wife of an old-time admirer,—a baldheaded man by the way,—and lives in a cozy Harlem flat.

Poor Pragg is buried in the Actors' Plot in Evergreens.

Colonel Rush goes about New York, a crusty old man, always kicking himself for not having been the originator of Hooker's scheme.

The manuscript and all the part books of “Revels of the Muses” were long since reduced to ashes.



The Belle of the Dinner

"Around that neck what dross are gold and pearl!" — Young.

I

"**I** THINK I know the most beautiful woman in New York city," remarked Dave Hartley to his three companions, who were sitting in the rear parlor of the Amsterdam Club before a bright, crackling coal fire. "She belongs to the Lillian Russell type; that is to say, she is a pronounced blonde. I wish you could see her, boys, just once. You would simply rave over her."

"How old is she?" inquired Bob Ritchie, taking another pull at his Vichy and milk.

"About twenty, I should judge. But there is no use talking about Mabel Olcott—she's engaged."

"You are a nice one to get our interest roused concerning a young woman and then coolly tell us she's engaged."

Sydney Van Loan smiled. He knew Mabel Olcott. One of his very best friends, Jack

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Church, was the lucky mortal to whom Mabel was betrothed.

"Blondes never interested me," observed Charlie Townsley. "My affections have always been centred on brunettes. They have so much more intensity and force of character. But the handsomest one I ever knew died several years ago."

"I'll tell you, boys," said Van Loan, in a drawling voice, "what we might do to break the monotony of life. Suppose we order a swell dinner at Viadello's and each bring as pretty a woman as he can find. We will make a wager of \$200 apiece and place the money in the hands of a stakeholder, say Percy Porter, whom we will invite to the banquet and who will also act as umpire. The fellow who brings the most beautiful woman, according to Percy's judgment, pockets the money. What do you say?"

"Capital scheme," put in Charlie Townsley, who once had been a suitor for the hand of Percy Porter's beautiful wife.

"Each man shall stand one-fourth of the expense of the dinner," suggested Dave Hartley, "in addition to the amount of the wager."

"Exactly," replied Van Loan.

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“There is one objection to this enterprise, and a grave one,” urged Bob Ritchie. “I am not so certain that Percy Porter is qualified to judge of feminine beauty any better than the rest of us. What would please his eye and taste perhaps would not appeal to me.”

“Oh, so far as that goes it will be as fair for one as for the other,” said Van Loan. “Besides, Percy has made a name for himself as a painter, particularly of women’s portraits, and we couldn’t secure a more competent and impartial judge.”

There was no further dissent to the rather novel proposition, and it was an easy matter to appoint a day for the dinner, the furnishing of which was left to Signor Viadello, with the request that it be in his best style. Percy Porter, enjoined to secrecy concerning the whole affair, gladly consented to act as stakeholder and umpire, and in his keeping was deposited eight hundred dollars.

November 10th was the date of the dinner, and the gentlemen concerned had a fortnight in which to scour the community for the most available types of feminine loveliness. Let us see in what manner each proceeded.

Sydney Van Loan, the proposer of the affair, was a rich young man about town, with

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no regular pursuit but that of pleasure. He had already sown his wild oats, and was gradually settling down to the jog-trot pace which is so difficult for many young men to acquire. The day after the wager was made, Van Loan called at a rather unseasonable hour on Miss Olcott, but they were old friends and he felt confident that she would receive him. She came into the drawing-room, dressed in a bewitching tea-gown, and shook hands with him informally.

"I know you will pardon my coming so early, Mabel, when I tell you my errand."

"You are always welcome here, Sydney, I am sure."

"Well, you see, it's like this: four of us fellows at the club yesterday afternoon made a bet, and I want you to help me out."

"How?"

"The man that escorts to a certain dinner, to be given November 10th, at Viadello's, the finest looking woman, wins the bet; see?"

"How jolly! But who is to decide?"

"Oh, we have selected an umpire, and everything is arranged, except the most important thing of all—the ladies."

"But how can I help you?"

"By going with me to the dinner."

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Miss Olcott laughed amusedly, and then, becoming quite serious, remarked : "Sydney, I have never had any ambition to pose as a professional or prize beauty."

"I know that," answered Van Loan, "but it's all in fun. We'll have a good dinner and no end of sport. Come, now, Mabel, give me your promise to go with me, and I'll never ask another favor of you."

"Who are the other fellows?" inquired Miss Olcott, not quite sure that she liked the idea.

"Oh, Dave Hartley, Charlie Townsley, and Bob Ritchie—all clever, respectable chaps, I assure you."

"I know of them. My brother Will is a great friend of Dave Hartley. Oh, dear, I don't know what to say; I should dislike to disappoint you, Sydney, but there's something about it that seems, well, sort of irregular, don't you know?"

"Why, my dear woman, it's only an innocent lark. Please say yes."

"I am sure Jack would not give his consent."

"Nonsense. Do you suppose my dearest friend will object to my showing his fiancée this little attention? But why tell Jack until

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after the dinner? It will be delightful news to him, for I certainly shall win the bet if you are my guest."

"Base flatterer!" exclaimed Miss Olcott, archly. Just then it occurred to her that only two days before, she and Jack had had a lovers' row, in which heart wounds had been given that were still unhealed. It would do Jack good to see that she had some spirit, that he was not the only man in the world (though in the recesses of her soul this was her conviction). Sydney waited patiently for her answer, which finally came in this wise: "Sydney, you have always been a good friend of mine, and if you think it will not compromise me in any ever so little a way, I will go with you."

Van Loan soon assured her that she would have no cause to regret her decision, and exultantly left the Olcott mansion, having received her word that she would not breathe a syllable to Jack Church until the dinner was a thing of the past.

Charlie Townsley, who possessed a pronounced fondness for the brunette type, was the junior member of a banking firm in Wall Street. He was a popular young man; every one spoke of and about him in terms of com-

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mendation. He was well educated, but for professional work he had no aptitude. He had worked his way up in the bank from an obscure clerkship, and it was while he was serving in a subordinate capacity that he had paid court to Miss Christine Rockwell, now Mrs. Percy Porter. This lady had refused his offer of marriage, not that she loved him less, but that she loved Percy Porter more. Percy was romantic and brilliant, and these qualities appealed more powerfully to her than the equally deserving, but different attributes of Charlie Townsley. Later on Townsley had inherited a considerable fortune from his father, but he remained in the banking house and worked as hard as ever, day by day, convinced that "it is better to wear out than to rust out." His hours, however, were easy, and he had as much leisure on his hands as he knew what to do with. Since his rejection he had never ceased to think of Christine with adoration. And what is rather singular, after her marriage he was a frequent guest at her house. Percy liked him and admired his sterling qualities. In view of these particulars, what could have been more natural than the temptation which came to Townsley to ask Mrs. Porter to accompany him to that dinner.

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He weighed the pros and cons for two days before reaching a conclusion that was satisfactory, and then he called on Mrs. Porter. Barring the family servants, she was alone in the house.

"An unexpected pleasure," was her greeting. "Take this chair, — I think you will find it comfortable, — and I will sit by the window. Now tell me something interesting."

For a moment Townsley gazed at her in silence. Yes, she was the same beautiful woman to whom he had offered his name and love seven years before. There was scarcely any change in her, unless it was a slightly expanded figure. The luminous, speaking black eyes, with their long silken lashes and gracefully curving brows; the plentiful midnight hair coiffured in a becoming mode peculiarly her own; the proud, well-bred nose, with distended nostrils; the rosy, delicate, sensitive mouth; the creamy, olive skin; the ravishing dimple; the dainty, pink, shell-like ears—these had not changed; nor had her vivacity, which illumined her features and gave to her personality an irresistible charm. She had been perfectly happy in her married life; she had not grown narrow, as some wives do.

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“I want to tell you at once the object of my visit. Sydney Van Loan, Dave Hartley, Bob Ritchie, and myself, all of whom you know, I believe, are to give a dinner at Viallo's on November 10th. Each of us has agreed to escort to this dinner the most beautiful woman he can secure for the occasion. A gentleman, who is none other than your esteemed husband, is to act as umpire, that is, he is to decide which of the four women present is the most beautiful, in his opinion. The winning lady's escort is to receive the full amount of a wager—\$800—which has been made among us. Now, Mrs. Porter, would it seem amiss if I humbly asked for your company on that occasion?”

“It would seem amiss if I didn't go, Charlie, under your gallant protection,” laughed Mrs. Porter, as she handed him a spray of mignonette, taken from a little bunch placed in her corsage. “I shall be perfectly delighted to accompany you. Won't it be merry? But, understand, Charlie, I am too old a woman to have any serious pride in the competition; and you say Percy will be there! Strange he hasn't mentioned a word about it to me.”

“Of course,” said Townsley, his voice

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trembling with inward elation over her acceptance of his invitation, "I shall speak to Percy, so that he will not ——"

"Please, do not say a word to Percy. My poor, honest, old Charlie boy, don't you see it will spoil all my fun, if you do? I want to surprise Percy—he's so blasé, you know."

"All right. If you prefer me to say nothing to him, I'll keep mum. Only, I would not offend him for the world."

"Oh, Percy is anything but thin skinned. Don't let that worry you. I shall have a new gown made especially for the dinner. Let me see. Oh, yes, lavender is your favorite color; it shall be a lavender silk, Marie Antoinette style, *et cetera*. I'll try not to disgrace you, Charlie."

And in a similar strain Mrs. Porter rattled on until Townsley, murmuring his thanks, departed in no little confusion.

Dave Hartley went to work to obtain his queen of beauty in quite a different way from the others. Though several years older than any of his confrères, he was more of a Bohemian than all of them put together. Well connected so far as family ties were concerned, he was essentially a man's man and made no pretense of keeping in touch with the conven-

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tionalities of society. Dave possessed sufficient tact and *finesse* for a carpet knight, if his tastes had led him in that direction; but roughing it in the West and aimless wandering in foreign lands had given him a cosmopolitan independence of character. He lived on a comfortable annuity left by a bachelor uncle who had been a partner in the wholesale mercantile house of Hartley, Hartley & Co., of which his father remained the head. He usually passed his winters in New York, and the rest of the year he traveled whither his fancy listed. As a consequence of this mode of life, Dave Hartley's list of beautiful women friends and acquaintances in the metropolis was extremely limited. Soon after making the wager he became painfully aware of this fact. It is true he had met Mabel Olcott two or three times, and was an intimate friend of her brother Will. But it was simply out of the question to ask her—an engaged girl—to go with him to that dinner. Moreover, he doubted whether the personal quality of the women who would be there would harmonize very well with her refined nature—even supposing she were not engaged and would be willing to accompany him. But Dave was not discouraged by the fact that he knew no

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beautiful woman who was available for his present purpose. His ready brain fell to thinking, and soon he conjured up a method. In a prominent Sunday newspaper he caused to be inserted in the personal column the following notice : —

FOUR CLUB MEN HAVE A BET AS TO WHO will bring the handsomest woman to a dinner in New York ; some beautiful creature can make \$100 and have a good dinner ; no nonsense ; state age, give description, and send photograph. Address EUREKA, Post Office Box 18333, New York City.

Dave had hired that box, and two days after the notice was published he visited the post office for his mail. He found sixty-seven letters awaiting him, in every one of which except two photographs were inclosed, the others promising to send them in a few days. Mr. Hartley's heart fluttered with hope as he stuffed the missives into his pockets and returned to his carriage. He did not open any of them until he had reached his own sleeping apartment, in his father's house on Madison Avenue, and had locked the door. Then he tore them open, one by one, read the various communications they contained, and critically

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scrutinized the counterfeits of the writers. Some of the letters were well worded and fascinating, but usually the photographs of the writers proved them to be anything but beautiful. On the other hand, there were several photographs of women who seemed beautiful, but whose letters were abominable in literary construction, orthography, and chirography.

For several days Dave found a mild diversion in riding down to the post office for his mail, but most of his letters and nearly all of the photographs were simply irritating. At length one morning, when his mail had begun to lessen materially in volume, he received a package done up in common straw-colored wrapping paper, tied with a pink string such as druggists use. In this package was a cabinet photograph, taken in Hartford. It not only riveted his attention, but challenged his admiration. It pictured a blonde girl not more than twenty, with features of classic symmetry and elegance.

“Voluptuous angel!” exclaimed Dave, as he opened the letter that was also inclosed. It was written in the broad English style affected by young ladies who have attended a boarding or finishing school, and read thus:—

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BROOKSIDE, CONN., November 1st.

MR. EUREKA.

Dear Sir:—I read your announcement in last Sunday's New York —, and was much interested in it. Permit me to tell you that I am a young woman who has been carefully reared in a family which has suffered reverses of fortune. After my father's financial collapse we were obliged to give up our lovely home in the city of Hartford and come to this desolate neighborhood. It was a great shock to us all; and though it happened two years ago, none of us is reconciled to our present lot, which, I may add, is about five acres in extent, with a shabby, old-fashioned farmhouse in one corner, wherein we just exist. I send you my photograph, taken while I was visiting a friend in Hartford about six months ago. No one has ever intimated that it flatters me, and I do not think it does.

If you can assure me that you are a respectable gentleman and mean no harm, I should be pleased to accompany you to the dinner mentioned in the newspaper, but I wish you to understand beforehand that I will permit no familiarities in word or action. Whether you see fit to reply or not, please return my photograph, as I should not care to have it remain in the hands of an entire stranger.

Yours truly,

SYLVIA TILTON.

"I like the tone of that letter, Mistress Sylvia" (again surveying the photograph); "you will answer very well indeed. With you in evidence I shall have an easy victory."

Thereupon Dave penned a courteous message to Miss Tilton, inclosing a ten-dollar bill

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for her traveling expenses, and asking her to meet him at a popular up-town hotel the next day at 1 P. M. At the appointed hour Miss Tilton appeared in the public parlor of this hostelry, and a few minutes later Dave presented himself. He knew her at once by her faithful photograph, though her face was veiled. Advancing toward her with the easy grace of a gentleman, both hands grasping the rim of his hat,—held gently against his breast,—he bowed politely, saying, “Miss Tilton, I believe?” and receiving a timid, smiling “Yes” as a response, he led the way to a vacant corner, where their conversation began.

“To break the ice at once,” said Dave, “My name is David Hartley and not Mr. Eureka. You know the firm of Hartley, Hartley & Co., I dare say; I belong to that family.”

“Indeed,” quavered Miss Tilton as she removed her veil. “You must think it most extraordinary of me to have answered that personal in the paper. It is something I never did before.”

“I believe you,” said Dave, studying the fresh blooming face in which he could not discover the semblance of a flaw.

“The fact is,” she continued, “I regard this matter purely in the light of business.

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Any other construction put upon my conduct I should resent at once. But before proceeding, I want to ask you, Mr. Hartley, if I suit you? ”

“ Entirely, perfectly, ” promptly replied the infatuated Dave.

“ And you are quite decided that you wish to escort me to that dinner? ”

“ Most assuredly. ”

“ Very well, then. I perceive the kind of gentleman you are. I believe I can trust you. But please do not think I am a flirt, or that I wish to dine with fine people for the sake of their society. It will be a painful sacrifice for me to appear there and be ogled and commented upon as a raw country girl. But I need a hundred dollars for a certain purpose. ”

“ Oh, believe me, Miss Tilton, I think everything good of you. But may I ask if you need the money now? You can just as well have it if you do. ”

“ You are very kind. The fact is that my poor mother has an internal trouble from which she may be relieved by a surgical operation, the local doctors say. But delay will prove fatal. That is why I am so anxious to get the funds as soon as possible to pay for the operation. ”

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"Say no more, Miss Tilton, I will assist you."

Excusing himself, Dave went into the hotel office, and drew his check for \$200. The manager, who knew him, cashed it, and he returned to the parlor with the money neatly stowed away in an envelope. Miss Tilton's eyes were suffused with tears as he handed her the little package.

"This will enable you," he said, "to accomplish your present urgent desire, and perhaps you will find cash enough left to provide yourself with a new gown. I shall want you to look your best at that dinner, you know."

Miss Tilton nearly broke down under the unexpected beneficence of this sturdy stranger. She thanked him over and over again, until he begged her to desist from her explosions of gratitude. Then he invited her to luncheon, but she declined, saying she must be starting for home. She also refused his offer of a hansom, and, bidding him good-bye, went to the station.

Two days later she wrote him a letter, in which she expressed her surprise at the amount he had given her, and declared that she could only accept the extra \$100 as a temporary loan. She would certainly pay it

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back soon, for she had accepted a certain position at a salary out of which she could save a few dollars a week, and thus reimburse him. Her mother, thanks to his kindness, had been sent that morning to a private hospital in Hartford. She concluded her letter with an assurance that she had begun personal preparations against the momentous tenth of November. It did Dave's heart good to think that he had been able to render so valuable a service to so deserving a young woman.

As the date of the dinner came on apace, he felt a real anxiety concerning the probable impression Sylvia Tilton would make at Viallo's. Would she be diffident and gawky and provincial? That certainly would weigh against her. He speculated on the subject night and day. It finally occurred to him that he should leave no stone unturned to show her off to the best advantage. So he went to a certain well-known firm of jewelers, selected several beautiful rings variously set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, a pair of large first-water earrings, a tiara, and a pearl necklace, which he hired for two weeks, giving adequate security for them. These precious trinkets were placed in a secure little lacquer box and sent in a registered package

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to Sylvia Tilton, together with the latest book on table etiquette, in which she found a letter from Dave, explaining that the jewels were loaned for her adornment at the dinner, and that the book might serve to entertain her leisure hours. He never knew how much the mere title of the little volume stung Sylvia's pride.

Bob Ritchie, a member of the bar, with a growing practice, was by far the most intelligent young man in this quartet. He possessed two extremes of temperament — a lively sense of the ridiculous, and tremendous seriousness. His friends were never certain which of these manifestations would be called forth by any given circumstance or situation, so that Bob was always something of an enigma, and many people on this account stood in respectful awe of him. He was an accomplished athlete, his particular prowess having been gained in boxing, football, and those more rigorous recreations in which muscle and mettle are absolutely indispensable. In his cogitations over the wager, and the possibilities the dinner offered for a practical joke, he hit upon an idea which so thoroughly amused him—being in one of his humorous moods during the progress of these

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reflections—that he determined to carry it out. To this end, on a certain afternoon, he rang the bell of the Hartley residence on Madison Avenue. Now, it may as well be explained here that the present Mrs. Hartley was Mr. Hartley's second wife, and Dave's stepmother. She was just one year younger than Dave, and Dave was—but that would not be fair to Mrs. Hartley. She had been, and was still, a remarkably beautiful woman of the brunette type. Carping critics might have called her too plump and florid, but they surely could not have found fault with her prematurely gray hair, which heightened her look of distinction. She was every inch a lady, and so gracious and sympathetic and sociable that she was always in favor with every one. Dave was wont to declare that he adored her as a woman, but hated her as a mother.

Mrs. Hartley was entertaining a lady, when Bob reached the house, but the caller soon went away.

“Now, Bob, don't tell me that you have come to take me to some cricket or football match. I have been up three nights and am just fagged out.”

“Please don't alarm yourself. I have some-

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thing on hand for November 10th. What does your engagement book say?"

"I am quite positive something is jotted down for that day. Let me think. No, the Boltons give their ball on the 11th. Is this an important function?"

"Very."

"Bob, you are mischievous to-day. You must have won a big lawsuit. Come, sit down and tell me about it."

"Well, it's a state secret, but it will be such fun that I wanted you in it. You see, four of us Amsterdam men have made a bet. Each man is to bring to Viadello's for dinner the rarest specimen of feminine beauty he can get hold of. Percy Porter is to act as judge. The fellow who brings the handsomest woman rakes in the stakes, \$800."

"Very clever," commented Mrs. Hartley, seeing through the whole affair as clearly as though Bob had taken half an hour to explain it. "And you want me to accompany you and display myself in all my dotage."

"Precisely."

"Bob, my dear fellow, I should be terribly *de trop* in that company and where would the fun be for me?"

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"I will guarantee that you will laugh your sides sore. Now, will you go?"

"Bob, you are a gigantic humbug. Why don't you ask some stunning young girl like Florence Watts or Edna Sharot? And there's Mariam Lawson, of Baltimore, who is visiting the Hymans. She is what you fellows call a peach. Why, the town is crowded with beautiful young women."

"But none of them has your charm, which surpasses mere beauty."

"Very fine of you, Bob. It's hard to refuse you after that. However, I fear it will be impossible—"

"I have another strong reason for wanting you to be there."

"Well, counselor?"

"Dave will be present. He is in the wager."

This piece of information threw Mrs. Hartley into convulsions of laughter. She swayed backward and forward, her face fairly writhing in merriment. She only stopped to take in a breath now and then. All the rest of the time her risibles were in full action. After a while she calmed down long enough to ask: "Whom does Dave intend to take?" Of course Bob could throw no light on that point,

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and Mrs. Hartley broke out afresh, but she kept herself under better control this time. She said she had never heard anything so ridiculous in all her life. Bob kept up a low series of chuckles, amused at her amusement. Finally, wiping the dew of laughter from her eyes with her handkerchief, she simply said : " Bob, you may count on me to accompany you. But not a word to Dave that I'm to be present."

" Trust me for that. Mrs. Hartley, you're a trump if there ever was one. I'll remember you in my will."

II

THE best dining-room in Viadello's establishment was brilliantly illuminated. The dinner was to begin at seven o'clock ; it was now half-past six. At this hour Dave Hartley met Sylvia Tilton by appointment in the lady's reception room of the Holland House. As they were shaking hands he complimented her on her personal appearance. He had feared somehow that she would come in dowdy attire. On the contrary, her dress and hat were up to date and elegant in their simplicity.

" But where are the jewels — your earrings,

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the sunburst?" he asked, having observed that she was not wearing them.

"Here," she responded, handing him the lacquer box. "Mr. Hartley, I have never been accustomed to wearing such costly ornaments, and I should only feel awkward with them on. Please do not insist on my wearing them. Really, I cannot do it. I must go on my own merits or not at all."

"Bless me! What a sensitive plant you are. Ah, well, beauty unadorned is adorned the most, they say. You will at least wear one or two of the rings—the marquise for instance."

"No," said Sylvia, with decision. "It is quite impossible."

Dave tried to conceal his annoyance, as he placed the box in the right-hand pocket of his topcoat, but it was several moments before he became reconciled to her not wearing the jewels. Then he ordered a carriage, in which they were conveyed rapidly to Viadello's. As they ascended the steps under the striped awning, Dave saw in the vestibule Miss Olcott and Sydney Van Loan, who had just arrived. A moment later he greeted them and introduced Miss Tilton. The ladies were escorted to the reception room, after which the young

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men excused themselves and returned to the vestibule arm in arm.

"In the name of heaven, where did you get it?" whispered Van Loan. "She's a daisy."

"That's the reason she's here. Oh, you haven't such a dead cinch as you thought you had."

"Who is she? where is she from?"

"Now, don't get inquisitive, old chap."

Just then Mrs. Porter and Charlie Townsley entered.

"Look, Dave!" exclaimed Van Loan. "See whom Charlie Townsley has brought."

"Hello, fellows," saluted Townsley.

"Good evening, Mr. Van Loan," said Mrs. Porter, extending her hand.

"Mr. Hartley — Mrs. Porter," introduced Van Loan.

"Most charmed," said Mrs. Porter, bowing with graceful dignity.

"Most honored, Mrs. Porter," returned Dave, gallantly. "I have the pleasure of your husband's acquaintance," he added.

"Yes, I have often heard him speak of you, Mr. Hartley. You are a great traveler, I believe."

"Well, I am not a chronic stay-at-home."

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"Let us go into the reception room," suggested Van Loan. Then, *sotto voce* to Townsley, he added: "If we all get into a devilish scrape, it will be your fault. What possessed you to bring Mrs. Porter? But you must see the girl Dave has brought."

"Who is she?"

"That is to be learned hereafter."

They proceeded to the reception room, where necessary introductions followed. Mrs. Porter evinced an interest at once in Sylvia Tilton, who did not seem in the least embarrassed. Charlie Townsley meanwhile made himself agreeable to Mabel Olcott, whom he had met occasionally in society. Dave Hartley and Van Loan stood near the door, consulting their watches and furtively glancing at the three women present, as though eager to determine which of them stood the best chance of carrying off the honors.

"I say, Van," remarked Dave, in an undertone, "it is not going to be a fair contest with Mrs. Porter here. Of course, Percy wouldn't have the heart, to say nothing of the nerve, to decide against his wife. I must say, she's a little daisy."

"Makes a fine contrast to the other two, eh?" commented Van Loan.

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Presently Mrs. Henry Hartley rustled into the room, followed by Bob Ritchie. Their appearance created a genuine sensation. Sylvia Tilton wondered who the gray-haired woman might be. As for Dave, he stood aghast for a moment, at the sight of his step-mother, then reeled against the wall, and hid his face in his hands as though to ward off an attacking bogey. In the meantime, with admirable presence of mind, Van Loan presented Mrs. Hartley to Miss Tilton, and those whom she had not met before. Bob stood with folded arms between Miss Olcott and Charlie Townsley, a mischievous smile hidden behind his luxurious black moustache. By this time, Dave had pulled himself together and when Mrs. Hartley advanced to greet him, he met her half-way, threw his arms around her shoulders, and gave a resounding smack full on the lips, with the remark: "So glad you came, dear mamma."

"Please don't flatten out my sleeves," urged Mrs. Hartley. "Dave, you are so rough."

Everybody wanted to laugh outright, except Dave. His face was as red as a boiled lobster. He endeavored to speak, but words failed him. Mrs. Hartley turned away with the

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injunction, spoken so that all could hear: "Now see how well you can behave this evening," and began conversing in a most animated fashion with Mrs. Porter, whom she knew very well. Charlie Townsley walked over to the sofa where Sylvia sat and engaged her in an effervescent conversation; somehow the presence of Dave's stepmother had given her a qualm of humiliation. Mrs. Hartley had greeted her in such a patronizing way. But it all seemed so ridiculous to her, that she saw it would be foolish to take offense at anything. Dave had informally disappeared in quest of a bracing cocktail.

"What a jolly party it is," said Bob to Miss Olcott. "Don't you think informal occasions like this are the most enjoyable?"

"I think, Mr. Ritchie, you are a hopeless tease," returned Miss Olcott, who realized that it was a queer assemblage. She feared a *contretemps*. And poor Jack—would he not be furious because of the deception she had practiced on him? He had invited her to the theatre for this very evening, and she had put him off with some lame excuse. Dear, faithful Jack—she could never forgive herself. Mrs. Porter had the art of dissimulation down fine, to use a bit of harmless slang, but

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she began to think that perhaps she had been indiscreet in coming. Percy might feel aggrieved over it.

The two people who thoroughly enjoyed themselves were Mrs. Hartley and her escort. They covertly made signs to each other that they relished the growing discomfiture of certain people present. Dave reappeared, partially composed by the potent stimulant he had imbibed, but his manner was not altogether free from nervousness.

At ten minutes past seven, the head waiter appeared, saying that Signor Viadello, who was personally superintending the dinner, was anxious to have them take their places at the table, as the viands were ready to serve and would spoil if kept long in the kitchen.

"But Percy hasn't come," said Van Loan.

"He will probably be here soon," said Charlie Townsley. "Viadello's reputation is at stake, you know."

"Let's not wait for Percy," suggested Mrs. Porter. "I am sure he will show up before the first course is finished."

"All right," put in Van Loan, who volunteered to act as master of ceremonies. "Let's besiege the festive board at once."

Thereupon he offered his arm to Mabel

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Olcott and let the way to the dining-room, followed by the others, paired off as they had come.

Viadello had composed a *menu* that was choice, if not elaborate. He knew the young men who had ordered the dinner,—they had been there before,—and he had the caterer's pride in pleasing his patrons. The table was a bower of flowers and ferns, among which were placed several silver candelabrams with mauve, yellow, pink, white, and green shades. A Hungarian orchestra began to discourse a weird rhapsody from the balcony above as the guests seated themselves. Promptly the oysters came on and were leisurely dispatched, and the *potage à la Reine Julienne* was being served when Percy Porter walked in. His entrance made eating a secondary consideration for the time being. He was greeted with wild shouts of welcome, in which Mrs. Porter joined with almost superfluous enthusiasm. Percy looked at his wife with an expression so mixed in character as to be wholly beyond interpretation for a moment. It indicated surprise, doubt, partial indignation, amusement, anxiety—and then his countenance cleared and he burst into a hearty laugh. It was rather awkward for him to be introduced to

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Miss Tilton and two or three others and to adopt the spirit of the occasion on the spur of the moment. Van Loan conducted him to the vacant chair at the head of the table which had been reserved for him. With what grace and wit he could summon he answered some of Charlie Townsley's chaff, but he was manifestly disconcerted and perplexed by the presence of his wife. To make matters a little more uncomfortable for him, the irrepressible Mrs. Porter accused him of woolgathering, and rallied him on his lack of interest in the Beauty Show, as she termed it. With the best of intentions, Dave proposed Percy's health in a glass of Sauterne, to which everybody but Sylvia responded.

"Don't you like your wine?" Dave asked her, in a muffled voice.

"I never drink it," was her answer, which seemed to depress Dave immeasurably.

"How perfectly sweet Dave's companion is," observed Mrs. Hartley to her escort, while the terrapin was being served. "Quite a Madonna, so delightfully unsophisticated, you know. I wonder where she is from."

"Ask Dave," responded Bob, who added to himself, "Miss Tilton is far and away the handsomest woman at the table."

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The ladies and gentlemen tried to be entirely happy as the courses proceeded. Champagne always loosened Mrs. Porter's tongue, if anything were needed beyond what nature had provided for that purpose. Indeed, this beverage had a similar effect upon Mrs. Hartley, who scarcely needed it for stimulating loquacity. Mabel Olcott sipped very guardedly of her portion, and Sylvia ignored her glass entirely. Through the courses of *filet de boeuf à la Rothschild*, *pommes croquettes*, *suprême de volaille merigeux*, with Montpensier, *aspic de fois gras*, with sorbet, canvasback ducks and cailles, and celery mayonnaise with Château la Rose, the company in the main became more *en rapport*, but there were two soreheads in the party, and one of them was Dave. This gentleman, just as the roast came on, excused himself, went to the office and sent word to Jack Church as follows :—

Your friend, Sydney Van Loan, is in trouble. Come to Viadello's at once.

DAVE HARTLEY.

It so happened that Jack Church lived only three blocks away from Viadello's, and that he received the message within five minutes after it was sent.

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The other sorehead referred to was Percy Porter. He was annoyed and all but disgusted because his wife was present, though he was broad enough to see Townsley's intention in bringing her. He also saw in Miss Tilton the inspiration of an ideal study in oil, and wondered if she would consent to sit for him. But here was Mrs. Porter, and he was judge. Though not very religious, Percy invoked Providence to assist him.

The *glacé*, *compote merveilleuse*, *gâteaux*, *bonbons*, and *café* were served, and during one of the lulls Van Loan rose to his feet and in his quaint manner and drawling voice said: "Mr. Judge, Ladies, and Gentlemen — It becomes my urgent duty to announce that these exceptional festivities are drawing to a close; that having enjoyed a pleasant repast, we are now to receive from the mouth of an authority his verdict—which must concern everyone present—especially those who have put up \$200 on the issue. May we, Mr. Judge, ask you to deliver your decision?"

"It will be necessary," responded Percy Porter, rising from his chair at the head of the table, "for me to ask your indulgence for a little time, in order that I may reach what every honest judge wishes to render—an

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impartial decision. To this end permit me to withdraw for a few moments."

With these words, Percy Porter disappeared into a rear room, and he had scarcely gone, when Jack Church, in his business suit, and looking the picture of trouble, flashed into the dining-room, saying: "Sidney, where are you?"

"Here I am, old boy," said Sydney. "You are just in time. Come here."

But Jack Church stood quite still. He had seen Mabel, and his eyes swam and his brain reeled. Dave Hartley sprang from his seat, and went to the rescue.

"See here, Jack," said Dave, "this looks queer to you, but it's all right."

Jack did not answer, for at this instant Mabel left the table and advanced toward him. He was being urged to join the party by those who knew him. He returned every one's salutation civilly, but went with Mabel into the reception room, where it may be supposed she explained the whole situation to him satisfactorily. Something like a tumult was going on, when Percy, paler than any one had ever seen him before, returned and, standing in his place, said: "As umpire, I call this wager off, and as stakeholder, I have the money to

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return to each individual who may rightfully claim it. Every woman here is so beautiful that it would be beyond human intelligence to decide which one definitely excels. Please accept my box at the opera house for the rest of the evening.''

The party went to the Metropolitan Opera House and enjoyed Calvé as *Carmen*.

Three weeks later Mabel and Jack were married, and all that were at the Viadello dinner were favored guests. Mrs. Porter sees a new wrinkle in Percy, and loves him more than ever. Sydney Van Loan, Charley Townsley, and Bob Ritchie are poor benighted bachelors, who may sometime see the error of their ways, and marry.

Dave Hartley is the happy husband of Sylvia, who has long since congratulated herself that she answered his personal in the newspaper. For she is safe in Dave's loyal love and in his assurance that if Mrs. Porter had not been at the dinner, Percy would have decided that she (Sylvia) could give the rest double discount in the game of beauty. And Sylvia, though now a mother, is inclined to look back upon that occasion with tolerance, for she knows, as well as everybody else, that she was in truth the Belle of the Dinner.

The Rise of Regan

BART REGAN belonged to Bohemia. Like the poet John Boyle O'Reilly, he —

“ . . . would rather live in Bohemia
Than in any other land.”

But his grotesque presence was not welcome in its upper circles. He hung on the outskirts of the cheap *table d'hôte* set, who tell *risqué* stories and are not particular about their linen.

No one knew where he came from, though from his own admissions he had lived in California, and his stories of Australia and the South Seas were sufficiently circumstantial and embroidered with local color to substantiate his claims that he had been there.

Some years ago he appeared in the chorus of a company of which a noted Irish comedian was at the head. He could sing with a voice of trumpet power, but his engagement did not last long. After leaving the company he began to drift. Often on Broadway he was seen

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among the pedestrians. He wore a rakish-looking cloth cap, set on a shock of tousled, red-bronze hair. His face was florid and smooth-shaven. He wore spectacles. His clothing was shabby and picturesquely made up of misfit, if not cast-off, garments.

He lived on the East Side, in a small bare room. His meals were an uncertain quantity—he trusted to luck for them. Month after month dragged by and Bart was still drifting. He sought engagements at the theatres, but his uncouth appearance was against him. No manager gave him the slightest encouragement.

There were days when none of his acquaintances saw him. At such times he remained in his cell-like apartment, pacing the floor, wringing his hands in morbid despair, and threatening to kill himself. A part of the time he held a pencil in his hand and wrote on scraps of paper. Sometimes he wrote late into the night. Once he stayed in his room for two days on a stretch. His landlady, wondering whether he was sick, sent her daughter to inquire about him. She rapped timidly on the door. Presently there was a click in the lock and the door opened. She saw the lodger. He looked wild and disheveled.

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"Hello, Rosa!" he saluted. "What is the matter?"

"I came to see if you were sick," said Rosa, who was a little afraid of him.

"Bless your heart, no. Only a trifle faint for want of something to eat. Come in, Rosa. I want to read you what I have written. If it doesn't sell, the river is left for me."

Rosa Kress came into the room and sat down in the one chair, while Bart, taking up his manuscript, seated himself on the edge of the narrow, hard bed.

"This story has to do with the psychology of murder. Have you read Edgar Allen Poe's 'Tales'?"

"No," said Rosa ingenuously, "but I like Laura Jean Libbey."

Bart laughed.

"Well, now listen and see what you think of it."

He began to read. It was the weirdest concoction ever put down on paper. But it was strong, bold, epigrammatic. Rosa listened with awe. His sonorous voice thrilled her. The story affected her to tears. She was an emotional German girl.

"It is very fine," said Rosa, after he had finished. "I did not know you could write

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such grand things. Where is it to be published?"

"Oh, there's the rub. You see Rosa, I never have had anything printed. But when I hear alleged writers telling about their stuff, and see what they get published, it gives me a pain. So I thought I'd try what I could do. I said to myself, 'I have traveled; I have seen the world; I have *suffered*'; why can't I write?' Do you really think it good?"

"Indeed I do," said Rosa, "It is so strange and horrible. Was there ever such a wicked woman as the Lilith in your story?"

"She is the Lilith of old, but there have been and are many Liliths."

"But you must be almost starved. I will go and make you some' soup," and Rosa started out of the room.

"Never mind, Rosa; I am going out and will find something to eat."

But Rosa was already half-way down stairs. Bart went to the window and looked out. The skies had been gray and opaque with March clouds, but were now brightening as the sun blazed his way through them. And similarly into Bart's tired and embittered heart laughing sunshine seemed suddenly to have come. It was the smile of little Rosa Kress

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that already had steeled his mind to all the rigors and opposition of the cold, sardonic world. This human flower of the East Side, innocent and sweet in the midst of the slums, henceforth should be the inspiration of his writings. Had she not told him with her own scarlet lips that she believed in him? Had she not made his life endurable by a kind act — a few simple words?

Presently Rosa returned, bearing a tray on which were a bowl of steaming soup, a cup of coffee, and half a loaf of swartz bread and butter. Bart tackled the meal without ceremony, for he was half famished — thanking Rosa profusely the while and calling her an angel.

An hour later he walked down to Park Row with his manuscript, and dropped into a café where he was sure of meeting some one he knew. Yes, there was Forbes Andrews, the great "free lance," standing treat for half a dozen journalistic parasites. Bart was invited to drink. He joined the others, managing to whisper to Andrews that he wished to show him something. Soon Andrews and Bart repaired to an alcove where they could be confidential. Bart produced his roll of manuscript.

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"Now, Andrews, you are a successful writer, and I want your honest opinion of this, and a tip as to where I can sell it. You know I need money more than flattery; and if you don't think it will pass muster anywhere, I'll destroy it, and that will end it."

Andrews made a pretense of reading it. He turned over the pages hurriedly, without trying to grasp the nature of the story, and finally asked: "How many words are there?"

"I should say about three thousand."

"It is a pretty tough-looking document, Bart, but take it around to the *Investigator* office; inquire for Jim Perry, the managing editor. I think he'll accept it on account of your curious use of English."

Bart acted on Andrew's suggestion. He was told to come to the office in a week for a decision about it. To the unconventional Bart, it was the longest week he ever lived. During that interval he visited many haunts where men sit and guzzle beer all day and more than half the night. If not in one place, then in another, he would meet some one who asked him what he would have; and by accepting a treat he was privileged to make frequent trips to the free lunch counter and help himself to the coarse viands set there for custo-

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mers. He had existed in this manner for many months, and he is not the only man who has resorted to this method of foraging.

He was considerably in arrears to his landlady, but she was a patient soul and he was so enthusiastically certain he would make a "strike" soon, that she did not press him for the money he owed her. He went to the *Investigator* office—only to be told that they could not use his story, it was too hyperbolic, etc. Not altogether discouraged, however, he went to another newspaper with it. A sub-editor told him to drop in about ten days later. At the end of that time he was informed that the story would not answer; they advised him to try some of the weeklies.

He visited the *Every Saturday* sanctum. Here he met more civil treatment; the editor condescended to inquire concerning his past career. Bart frankly confided the particulars of his knock-about existence. Within three days his story was accepted, and he received a check for \$15 for it. Delirious with joy, he ran all the way home and gave the check to his landlady, asking her to let him have a dollar out of it, to enable him to get some clean "laundry" at the Chinaman's. Though he still owed her more than \$50 (at the rate

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of \$2 per week rent), Mrs. Kress humored the request, and a few minutes later, Rosa brought up to him some cheese, cake, and a cup of coffee. She congratulated him on having disposed of his story, and Bart told her he was going to make literature his profession. He met her often in the ground-floor hall, and in their informal chats he outlined to her some of his concepts, of which his mind seemed full to overflowing. And sometimes of an evening, he dawdled with her in the parlor, and heard her sing to the accompaniment of an organ, whose defective bellows made some queer modulations, which amused them both. She was ambitious to sing in public, and Bart told her it would be worth while for her to take lessons in vocal culture. She believed him, and her mother at last consented to pay a teacher for one term.

In the meantime, Bart wrote more short stories and tried to sell them. He was not a good peddler of his wares, which he recklessly depreciated in a way that would have been sheer blackguardism had the statements emanated from some one else. *Every Saturday* bought two other stories of his and published them after they had been edited. All of his work required revision, for he used words un-

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authorized by the lexicographers and his punctuation and spelling were often ambiguous. Despite these defects, the editor of *Every Saturday* pronounced Bart a genius—a diamond in the rough. When he received a check he hastened to Mrs. Kress with it, as though he was afraid it would somehow slip away from him. How to convert it into cash was a process he did not understand. By degrees he paid Mrs. Kress all but about ten dollars back rent. By this time he was head over heels in love with Rosa, and Rosa was at least intensely interested in him. His material condition remained visibly unaltered. He still wore seedy raiment and his diet was dangerously irregular. He went nearly every day to the Astor Library, where he read a number of books, particularly those of Darwin and Herbert Spencer. He talked vaguely about protoplasm and the proletariat when some friend dined him at “The Black Cat” or the Hungarian Café. Now that some of his work had gotten into print, he enjoyed a certain prestige he had not commanded in his obscure days. He talked with more assurance and authority on mysterious problems of life and death, and even ventured to lay down canons for writers.

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At length it occurred to him to cross the ocean in the steerage and write an account of his experiences. He proposed the idea to several editors, one of whom, the manager of a big patent plate concern, thought so well of it that he advanced Bart sufficient money to purchase a steerage ticket to Liverpool, promising to pay him one cent a word for such of his matter as should be used. It was a great hardship to leave Rosa, but she should hear from him often, and when he came back, suppose he should have enough capital — sublime dream! — to offer his hand to her in marriage! Rosa gave him a fine cambric handkerchief with his initials worked in the corner with her own hands, and let him kiss her when he said good-bye.

Bart sailed away on the *Majestic*. During the voyage he saw a man, who suddenly had become insane, jump over the rail into the sea and disappear forever beneath the fluted waves. He had other grewsome experiences, which were duly recorded and given to the American public in print.

II

Two years later Forbes Andrews was standing in the lobby of a prominent New York

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hotel one afternoon, when a gentleman in a dress suit and crush hat approached him with extended hand and the salutation: "How a-r-r-e you, old fellow?"

The burrs in his speech and his rich Irish brogue still clung to Bart. Andrews knew him in a glance, notwithstanding his sartorial transformation.

"Well, I'll be ——! Bart Regan! Where in the —— did you spring from?"

"London," was the laconic answer. "Landed yesterday. Just here for a short stay—to pay up old scores, 'blow' the fellows who ever did me a good turn,—yourself among them,—and to get married."

"Ha! ha! You have your hands full, I should say. Bart, you're looking out o' sight. Had a windfall from some rich uncle, eh?"

"Better than that. I've won it with my pen, which you always said was a feeble, clumsy implement. Come to Del's and dine with me and I'll tell you all about it. I owe you a good dinner for all the hospitality I have had from you."

"Bah! let your maudlin gratitude go to grass. But I'll go you on the dinner proposi-

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tion. I don't happen to have an engagement to-night."

They rode up to Delmonico's in an automobile. Bart made selections from the bill of fare like a veteran epicure. During the repast he pulled out of his pocket a large wad of greenbacks, with the remark: "Want to borrow some money?"

"I don't mind," replied Andrews, making a grab, but missing the roll. "Been cracking the bank of England?"

"I'll tell you all there is to it," said Bart, putting his money back in his coat pocket. "When I struck London, my cash assets amounted to about five dollars. They didn't go far, though I lived as cheaply as a hobo. But I had some stories on hand that I had not been able to do anything with on this side. I began offering them to London editors. After a while I met Billy Ruffum, editor of the *Cackler*, who is an American, you know. He thought I was interesting and bought four of my stories, paying liberally for them on acceptance. He dined me at the Quill Club in Fleet Street, and introduced me to many of the literary moguls over there. They had some fun with me at first. But I bought some checked clothes and began to put on British

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swagger, and the first thing I knew I was taken up in a social way and had invitations galore. There was a demand for my work and I pegged away at it as steady as clock-work — making hay while the sun shone. Soon I had an offer for a collection of short stories — to be published in book form this week. The publisher advanced me £200 on it, and the money you just saw in my possession amounts to about \$750 — what is left of the original sum. I am going to see all the boys, give them good dinners, pay back small sums they've loaned me, and then back to dear old London for new conquests. And, by the way, the most delightful thing of all is this: I shall take back with me a wife — the daughter of my old landlady. The young woman's name is Rosa Kress, the sweetest little creature in the world. We are to be married in the — Church, on Second Avenue, next Friday morning. I herewith invite you to be present and also to attend the wedding breakfast afterward at the Hungarian Café. If you see any of the boys that were my friends, tell them about it and say they are invited. By the way, what is the matter with your being my best man?"

"Nothing at all. But how did you get there, Bart?"

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“Oh, I can’t explain it. Fate just got tired of tormenting me and while she was looking for another victim I slipped away from her and crawled up the mountain side. The glorious Peak of Success is away up there in the azure, but I’m going to scale it, and don’t you make any mistake about it.”



Mrs. Tubbs's Manœuvres

“**I** WONDER what that man is up to?”

Though Mrs. Tubbs addressed the inquiry to herself, she hastily glanced at a dozen or more articles in the room, as if to wheedle from them an answer. The fact was, Mrs. Tubbs had become impatient. She could hear the last faint summons of the church bell in the village, a good two miles away, and to be late at service she always had considered a useless, not to say an irreverent, proceeding. Coming after the contribution box of regulation black walnut, with its long handle, like an old-fashioned corn-popper, had been passed, seemed to her like an intentional avoidance of charitable duty.

Mrs. Tubbs stood in the middle of the room working on her black kids, with that unctuous precision which most women exercise in such a performance. She was on the point of calling her husband when he made his appearance in the doorway. Mrs. Tubbs surveyed him, in his tall hat and Sunday suit, with evident

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approval, for Chauncey was not a real bad-looking man when he was "dressed up." His long, angular, smooth-shaven face and his drooping violet eyes gave him a certain order of distinction. But her silent admiration suffered a reaction when she gazed at his boots.

"For Heaven's sake, Chauncey Tubbs, what on earth's the matter with your boots? They look like *iron*. Well, I never!"

Mr. Tubbs bowed his head and inspected his feet. His wife had hit the bullseye of verisimilitude when she said his boots looked like iron.

"They do look a little mite queer," he acknowledged, a moment later.

"Well, I should say as much," returned Mrs. Tubbs, with exuberant sarcasm. "What have you been puttin' on them? Surely it's not blackin'. I declare it's stove polish. Oh, if that ain't exasperatin', I don't know what is. It's just like a stupid man for all the world. You've just spoilt my Sunday, for I wouldn't be seen dead with you in them boots up to the village."

"Come, Hannah, don't git all worked up over nothin'. Folks ain't goin' to think any the less of me for a little mistake like that.

Mrs. Tubbs's Manœuvres

Come, we'll jump in the wagon and be off in a jiffy."

"Not a step will I go," said Mrs. Tubbs, snappishly, "unless you change them boots and put on something respectable."

"Well, I'll go and see if I can borrow a pair of Jake's."

And Chauncey disappeared in search of the hired man.

Mrs. Tubbs seated herself on a haircloth chair and began to meditate upon her sad lot. It did seem sometimes as though Chauncey Tubbs had lost his senses. He was always getting into hot water. Where would the farm go to if it wasn't for her level head and unerring judgment? All to smash, of course.

Mr. Tubbs did not succeed in his mission to the hired man. Jake was going over to Sunset Hollow to see his girl and he needed his good boots very much, but he was awful sorry, because he would like to accommodate Mr. Tubbs. The latter entertained no serious desire to return defeated to the irritable presence of his wife, and it occurred to him to interview Matilda Ryer on his way back to the parlor. Accordingly, he crept up the back stairs and knocked at her bedroom door. Matilda was a

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large buxom girl, and Chauncey conjectured that he could wear her shoes—on a pinch anyway. He briefly explained his dilemma, taking out his watch to emphasize the fact that he had no time to lose, and ended by asking her for the loan of her shoes. She blushed as red as a ripe peach, laid down the sensational story paper she had been excitedly reading, and produced her best kid shoes. With the aid of a formidable hairpin Mr. Tubbs soon had them buttoned, and, with a smile three-fourths gratitude and one-fourth satisfaction, he repaired to the parlor.

“How do you like these? Jake needs his best boots to-day, so I borrowed Matilda’s shoes. Ain’t they all right, Hannah?”

“Gracious goodness, Chauncey Tubbs, if you ain’t the most aggravatin’ man I ever see. Are you losin’ the little mind you ever had? The idea of puttin’ on them things. Supposin’ anybody should find out that you wore our hired girl’s shoes to church, you never would hear the last on’t to your dyin’ day, *never!* If you ain’t the most ridiculous man I ever see. You better put the horses back in the barn, for you’ve fussed around till its too late for meetin’ now.”

“Come, Hannah,” entreated Mr. Tubbs,

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humbly, "don't take on that way. 'Tnis foot gearin's plenty good enough."

Mrs. Tubbs was implacable. She had her own opinions and she thought—in result, at least—for her husband most of the time.

Somewhat crestfallen, Chauncey went to put the horses in the barn, while Mrs. Tubbs, thoroughly exasperated, went to the door of the back-stairs and shouted, "Matilda."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You needn't cook the chickens that Jake killed this morning for dinner. When it comes time just put on the table some stale bread and butter, and what's left of the apple sauce we had last night, and some tea."

Closing the door vigorously, without waiting to hear the servant's meek answer, "All right, ma'am," Mrs. Tubbs proceeded to her bedroom to lay aside her new bonnet which she had purchased on the preceding Thursday at the village milliner's. She had been expecting to make something of an impression among the "sistren" when she walked into church to-day. But alas! all on account of that fussy man of hers she was deprived of the blessed privilege of attending divine service—she who never intended to miss a Sunday from church unless there was sickness in

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the family. She also removed her vari-colored cashmere shawl which she had worn on dress occasions for the last fifteen years. It smelt strongly of musk—Mrs. Tubbs favorite “odor”—and she prized it very highly, as it was a present from her first husband. She did not however change her Sunday gown—a rather ancient fabrication of black silk. In the capacious pocket of that dress Mrs. Tubbs always kept a plentiful assortment of allspice, which it was her wont to eat a goodly portion of during the progress of the sermon. As Mrs. Tubbs’s teeth were artificial and did not fit her mouth as well as they might have done, she was apt to make no dainty noise while masticating cloves, cassiabuds, cinnamon, etc., to the general annoyance or intense amusement of those within earshot.

Coming down stairs Mrs. Tubbs, still in something of a “pet” over her husband’s recent conduct, sought consolation in the words of Holy Writ. She was reading in her favorite Book of Proverbs the words, “Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty; open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread,” when Chauncey rather gingerly entered the parlor. He still wore the buttoned shoes he had borrowed from Matilda, and as his trou-

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sers were what is known as the "high-water" kind, his pedal appearance was little short of ludicrous.

"Chauncey," said she, looking over her glasses with hypercritical severity, "did you hear what I was just readin' in the blessed Word?"

"Can't say I did exactly," replied Chauncey, as he proceeded to poke the logs in the grate, in default of anything better to occupy his attention.

"There, let the fire alone and listen to what I'm a-sayin.' That passage in Scripture I was just readin' applies to you. I do believe you try to oversleep Sunday mornings just on purpose to git rid of goin' to church."

And thus Mrs. Tubbs continued to prate until she was quite worn out. After these venomous discourses, it was her custom to relapse into an iron silence, so to speak, which she would maintain for hours on a stretch, paying no heed to the conciliatory efforts and occasional questions of her husband. For the next two hours she read her Bible with deep absorption, while Mr. Tubbs composed himself on the sofa and fell asleep.

At length Matilda rang the bell for dinner.

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Stolidly Mrs. Tubbs walked into the dining-room, followed by her passive liege lord.

"Is this all you've got to eat?" inquired Mr. Tubbs, with a hungry look.

"It's more than you deserve this day," Mrs. Tubbs deigned to reply.

Mr. Tubbs indulged in a few indignant thoughts which he was wise enough not to utter aloud. He ate the stale bread and butter and apple sauce and drank his tea in silence, and Mrs. Tubbs did likewise. The latter was seated opposite a window that commanded a view of the turnpike. Suddenly her face crimsoned as she exclaimed: "There come the Twomblys, and as sure as I live they are going to stop here! Of course, they'll expect to stay to dinner. Oh, what shall we do, what shall we do?"

Sure enough John Twombly drove up to the horse block in front of the Tubbs's mansion. Presently they rang the doorbell. Mrs. Tubbs, in a flutter of confusion, opened the door.

"Why, how d'do," she exclaimed, with a very good simulation of cordiality; "I'm so glad you stopped. Come right in. How d'do, Mr. Twombly. Now you can stay to dinner with us. I was just goin' to tell Matilda to put on the chickens to boil."

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“ We was surprised not to see you to meetin’ to-day,” said Mrs. Twombly as she removed her wraps in the deliberate manner of large, phlegmatic women. “ We missed you very much. We did have such a good sermon to-day. I told Mrs. Peachblow as we was comin’ out of church, that I thought our minister preached better and better, and she said she thought so, too. Ha, ha, ha!”

“ Yes,” put in Mr. Twombly, “ you ought to heard that sermon, Mrs. Tubbs. You missed a grand treat. Where is Chauncey?”

But before Mrs. Tubbs could reply, Chauncey came into the parlor. He was chewing some of the stale bread, and in his vest was tucked a napkin which plainly evidenced the fact that he had come from the dinner-table. His appearance mortified Mrs. Tubbs beyond measure. Had she not just intimated that dinner was not yet ready? She had been about to say that she and Mr. Tubbs, having gone to bed tired the night before, had concluded to sleep late this morning and try and get “ rested out.”

“ Hallo, John,” saluted Chauncey, addressing Mr. Twombly, with whom he shook hands. “ How d’do, Mrs. Twombly? Been to meetin’ I s’pose. ”

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"Yes," said John, "but you are having dinner now ain't you?" he added, glancing at Mr. Tubbs's napkin.

"I'll tell you how it is," broke in Mrs. Tubbs, with a nervous titter. "We slept so late this mornin' we thought we'd eat a little something now, and then have dinner about three. I thought maybe you'd stop and see us on your way home, and now I'm glad we put off our regular dinner so you can have it with us."

"That's about the way it was," remarked Mr. Tubbs. "John, I'll go and put your horses in the barn and give 'em some feed. Jake's gone away for the day. He's gettin' pretty soft on one of Bill Ulum's daughters."

"I don't know as we'd better stay to dinner," said Mrs. Twombly. "We left the children at home to-day in charge of Miss Wilby, the school-teacher, who boards with us. I've cooked up enough to last 'em, but maybe, John, we'd better drive on home. I'm afraid it's going to put you out."

"Now, don't say that," urged Mrs. Tubbs, "you know I'd be only too glad to have you stay to dinner. Now just make yourself right to home. I'll go out in the kitchen and see how Matilda is gettin' on. Chauncey, show

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Mrs. Twombly our new album. Brother George, who lives out in Colorado, sent us a photograph of himself last week. You remember him?"

"Oh, yes."

"The picture looks real natural."

"Well, I s'pose we might as well stay, then, Mary," observed John Twombly. "Chauncey, I'll go out with you to the barn and fix the horses."

While the two men were unhitching the horses in the barn, John said: "Been getting a new pair of shoes, I see, Chauncey."

"Well, yes," said Tubbs, hesitatingly.

"They are a new kind for you, aint they?" inquired John, eyeing them with close scrutiny. "They look more like women's shoes."

Chauncey laughed.

"What you laughin' at?" asked John.

"Oh, nothin'."

Chauncey was obviously ill at ease. But he did not dare to confess to John that he was wearing Matilda's shoes. If it ever reached the ears of Mrs. Twombly the whole township would be certain to know all about it.

When the men returned to the house, busy preparations were going on for dinner. Mrs. Twombly insisted on donning an apron and

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helping Mrs. Tubbs and Matilda. Mrs. Tubbs protested, but it was no use. Mrs. Twombly was a great gossip and she had a number of choice bits of information and "hear-say" to impart to her eager listener, Mrs. Tubbs.

Chauncey managed to steal upstairs and get on his slippers, returning the tell-tale shoes to their owner's room. He felt better after that, and was able to hold his own in conversation with John Twombly on such topics as crops, the present price of butter, the next town supervisor, the death of old farmer Tardy in his 98th year, etc.

Finally a dinner to tempt an epicure was announced, and before the Sabbath sun had set, Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs had regained their wonted composure, and the Twomblys went home well pleased with the exceptional hospitality they had received.



A Parlor-Car Romance

THE train moved out of the Albany station with a mellow rumble and was soon rushing westward over level vistas of waving green. In the Wagner car, wherein I occupied chair No. 12, there were seven persons, five gentlemen, including myself, and two ladies, who sat nearly opposite to me. One of them was an elderly woman with a sallow, careworn countenance. The other was a young lady not over twenty-four, and a more strikingly beautiful face I never before had seen. Anon her rose-red lips moved in murmurs too low to be caught by the ear, but which seemed to be framing happy phrases.

The elderly woman gazed with a dull, curious concern at the young lady for a time, and then composing herself in a half-recumbent position, closed her eyes, and evidently was soon sound asleep. The young lady continued her soft whisperings to herself, now smiling with sudden transport, now lapsing into abstraction. On a sudden, observing that I was

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watching her intently, she bowed cordially and smiled. I returned the salutation with hastily summoned gallantry.

She immediately rose from her chair, crossed the narrow aisle of the car, and extended her hand to me.

“How do you do, Mr. Dering?” she said with unaffected courtesy. “I little dreamed of meeting any one on this train I should know. When did you leave New York?”

When did I leave—ha! ha! evidently a case of mistaken identity. I had not been to New York in six months. I was both perplexed and embarrassed. The confidence game had been played on me once or twice with ill-starred success, but I could not bring myself to associate her with any such employment. No; this delicious creature thought she knew me, and, in view of the fact that I was completely fascinated with her, I felt mischievously inclined to lead her on.

So I said: “I left New York last night.”

“Indeed! so did we. By the way, Mr. Dering, I heard you had gone abroad. You told me the last time we met at the Academy of Design, you remember, that you were going.”

“I did intend to go,” I ventured, “but was

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obliged to postpone the journey on account of business."

"Business!" she retorted with testy sarcasm, "why, I thought you were going on that account. But I never knew that an artist, who deals exclusively with the ideal, could degrade his art by calling it business."

She laughed heartily, as though conscious of having said a good thing. While speaking, she seated herself in the chair next to mine. I was now somewhat puzzled for an answer. Not knowing how much I might say without betraying myself, I concluded that it would be a wise policy to remain silent until another subject was broached.

"How is your friend, the Professor?" she asked, after a brief pause.

"He was feeling very well the last time I saw him," I replied, with an assumed air of interest.

"Then he has entirely recovered from the gout?"

"Oh, he always will have occasional attacks of it, I suppose."

"It is such a pity," she went on, "for a man of his talent to be so afflicted. They say his wife is very devoted to him. The Professor gave me eight terms on the piano, you

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know. I think his method of instruction is simply perfect. I was informed the other day that his son — let me see, what is his Christian name? ”

A painful silence ensued. I would have given a year's salary to have been able to tell her the name of the Professor's son.

“ His name? Well, really, it escapes me just at this moment. I never knew him very well. ”

“ How strange! he is one of your pupils in drawing, is he not? ”

“ Yes, but forgetting names is one of my weaknesses, ” I said evasively. She never finished what she started to say about the Professor's son, and I was exceedingly glad she changed the subject. For five minutes she seemed lost in sober reverie.

Then suddenly she exclaimed, her eyes grown large and distended, and signs of nervous perturbation in her manner, “ Julian, there's no use of our masquerading before each other any longer. You know very well you were jealous of me because I went to the Rivington's ball with my cousin, Brooklyn Percy, and out of sheer revenge you escorted that silly plebeian Cora Walsingham to the Italian Opera. After we became engaged you

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always declared that whatever faults I might discover in you, I should not find an atom of jealousy among them, for, in any emergency, you insisted that you could trust me. And the very first test I put upon your confidence showed how little you knew yourself. Don't you think it was scandalous and cruel to treat me in that way? But I forgive you. We must make up, Julian, and have no more unpleasantness. I won't go to any more parties with my cousin—first cousin, mind you—Brooklyn, and of course I cannot allow you after this to be even civil to Cora."

"This is getting rather melo-dramatic," said I to myself. Now and then the elderly woman moved restlessly in her sleep, and fearing she would awaken and make it even more exciting for me, my anxiety to terminate the interview became agonizing before the lady had finished her mysterious monologue. The singular turn of her conversation had set me all agog. Was she trying to impose upon me for the sake of amusement, or was she administering what she considered a deserved punishment for my impudent stare? Yet the magic by which she held me robbed my mind of reason, and it mattered not that her words were inexplicable, so charmingly were they

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uttered. If she really mistook me for her lover Julian, I was not going to object. It was a truly novel sensation to me to feel that I was engaged, especially to such a goddess. I only hoped the illusion would never desert her, and that it would all end in our being married. I know that some people who read this will deplore my lack of good equine sense, and deny such a thing as love at first sight in these extraordinary circumstances. I can only recommend those who take this view of the case mentally to put themselves in my romantic place; otherwise their criticism will not possess the justice of impartiality. Love is blind, they say, and in the present instance he was deaf to the meaning, though not to the music and charm of this fair woman's discourse.

"We must bear and forbear with each other," she continued. "I believe you are the greatest man in the world, and will do great and heroic deeds, and you must believe me the dearest, sweetest, and most affectionate woman on earth."

"I do," I said, in quavering tones.

"Do you, dear?"

She supplemented the query by an unexpected action. She threw her arms about my neck and lavished upon my lips rapid, burning

A Parlor-Car Romance

kisses. The men in the car regarded my situation with intense amusement. At this juncture a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the rear door of the car, approached rapidly to where the lady sat, and, touching her arm, said gently: "Come, Constance, sit over here, I have something to tell you."

She allowed him to assist her to her chair, in which she leaned forward as he whispered something in her ear and pointed out of the window. He then roused the elderly woman from her nap, and, with a look of displeasure, if not of anger, spoke to her in an undertone. The beautiful young lady's attention evidently had been wholly transferred from me to something at which she was gazing intently out of the window. The gentleman, now motioning me to follow him, proceeded forward to the smoking compartment. I noticed his disturbed expression, and as I rose to comply with his request I wondered if he intended to end my existence with a bullet.

"I trust," he began, after we were seated, "that you will overlook—that you will pardon the unusual behavior of the lady who has been addressing you. My wife is hopelessly insane, and we are now taking her to the Utica Asylum."

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Tear-drops stood in his eyes as he spoke, and his sorrow deeply impressed me. He offered no further explanation, and stammering out a few awkwardly assorted words of sympathy, I returned to my chair—for my hand-bag. I knew it would be torture to remain in her presence and be ogled by the passengers. With feelings shocked and ashamed, I glanced for the last time at my fair divinity, who was gazing serenely out of the window. I sighed, and went into the next car.



A Telling Speech

I

“**I** DECLARE, it seems as though folks in this place git stingier ev’ry year. Squire Huggleton and Mr. Kerr, the store-keeper, and Jerry Hix, who keeps the tavern, have all put their feet down on subscribin’ for any doin’s, and so Accident Centre ain’t goin’ to have any Fourth o’ July. Them that wants to celebrate real bad ’ll have to ride thirteen miles to Crowville, but I’ll warrant the show they git up ’ll be pretty slim to what we’re used to when we do anything ’tall in that line.”

The widow Crumps, while giving utterance to the foregoing remarks, proceeded to tidy up the chamber wherein her one summer guest, Mrs. Van Ness, of New York, also a widow, languidly endeavored to make herself at home.

“But,” asked Mrs. Van Ness, “cannot other people in the village get up a celebration

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without the aid of the men you mention, if they try?"

"I s'pose they could," answered Mrs. Crumps somewhat dubiously, "but it wouldn't be worth talkin' about afterwards. I'm so sorry they're goin' to let the Fourth slip by this year without so much as liftin' a finger. The reason for my havin' these feelin's, Mrs. Van Ness, is just this: You know, they generally have a greased pole, with a silver watch or some other valuable prize on top of it. The person that climbs the pole first gits it. Well, Zeb has been practicin' climbin' a greased pole that he fixed up in our barn, for quite a spell back, and he says he's larnt how it's done. So you see, Mrs. Van Ness, why I'm anxious for a celebration. I'm sure Zeb could win the silver watch, or whatever it was, and we do need all we can git our hands on without stealin'."

By way of consolation to Mrs. Crumps, Mrs. Van Ness ventured the suggestion that the squire, the merchant, and the landlord might be more public-spirited and patriotic the following year. The idea afforded a bit of comfort to the widow Crumps, and presently she went into the kitchen, smiling with the hope that twelve months and a fortnight

A Telling Speech

from that time her only child, Zeb, a strapping youth of nineteen, would accomplish his ambition successfully, by climbing the greased pole and thereby adding to the family possessions.

Accident Centre is a trim little village of six hundred inhabitants, situated in a fine valley in one of our great Middle States. Within a few miles of the town, the mountain streams for years have lured the metropolitan angler, who is fond of bringing to his summer cottage a creditable catch of the finny beauties that disport in those laughing waters. Among the New Yorkers who had become enamored of the region on account of the recreation to be had along its leaping ghylls, was Richard Treadwell, a rising young attorney. Mrs. Van Ness had employed young Treadwell as counsel to defend a suit brought against her husband's estate by a son and daughter by his first wife, the children's claim being that they were entitled to a larger amount of the property than was named in the old gentleman's will, which they tried to prove was the outcome of "undue influence" on the part of the second wife, to whom the major portion of the estate had been bequeathed. After a long litigation, Treadwell won the suit, and also,

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though quite unwittingly, the affections of Mrs. Van Ness, his client. The fees he had intended to ask for his professional services were by herself voluntarily doubled, and he was soon made aware of the fact that Mrs. Van Ness was rather desperately in love with him.

Though unusually attractive in person, well bred, and in a way gifted, and a later arrival on earth by several months than himself, the young widow Van Ness was not the ideal woman concerning whom Treadwell had indulged in more or less vague speculation. His sentimental indifference to her nettled her pride, while at the same time it goaded her to a feminine determination to bring him, in the course of time, to her feet. She unexpectedly appeared in public places where a study of his course of life led her to know he would be. Thus it was that soon after he went to Accident Centre with some friends one summer, he met Hortense Van Ness face to face in the village street. In his not exuberant greeting he naturally expressed his wonder at seeing her in this out-of-the-way and, for a Gotham woman of fashion, uninteresting place. But did Mr. Treadwell remember, if he ever had known, that she was very fond of trout fishing her-

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self, and that she asked no odds of any masculine manipulator of a fly-rod along a mountain stream? Treadwell honestly exhibited surprise at this revelation, but experience with her enabled him to penetrate her mask. On the whole, he was displeased, and somewhat abruptly bade her good-day.

Contrary to her usual habit, Mrs. Van Ness did not arrive in the village with a big splurge of Saratoga trunks, maids, and her own horses; she did not engage the best suite of rooms at the Hix House. She came unheralded, with one modest trunk and some minor luggage, and found a quiet home—painfully quiet to her—at the widow Crumps’.

Now it chanced that in Accident Centre there dwelt a young woman by the name of Marian Forsyth. She could grand discount any other lass or matron in the village or township in the tournament of beauty; nor in the county, if in the State, was there her equal. Treadwell fell in love with her the first time he saw her, at a private picnic in the balsamic woods. On that occasion he betrayed his infatuation many times, but his perceptions were sufficiently keen to discern that she did not exactly fancy him. Marian was an orphan. Disappointed in his political ambitions, her

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father had died the previous year. Colonel Forsyth had served with honor in the Civil War and had enjoyed an extensive legal practice after leaving the army. He had left his only child motherless, but with a comfortable annuity, and a maiden aunt had since come to live with her as a companion. Marian was still in mourning for her father.

II

THE Fourth of July—not to be celebrated in Accident Centre, because the three leading citizens had so determined by their refusal to provide the requisite funds for the purpose—promised to be a dreary day to all the inhabitants, but to two city visitors in particular. Mrs. Van Ness half wished she were at Saratoga or elsewhere, because she was out of conceit with the probability that Mr. Treadwell, though but a few rods away, would call on her.

To Richard Treadwell it was a gloomy day, though the skies themselves were bright and cloudless, because he did not know what to do with himself. His proposed trip to a certain trout preserve had been postponed on account of the failure of other members of the party to appear. He finally concluded to send a note to Marian asking if she would let him pay her

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a call. He sent the message by Zeb, who was hostler and man-of-all-work at the Hix House. After some delay Zeb bounced into Treadwell's room in the hotel, without stopping to knock, and said: "Here, sir, this letter's from Marian; and as I come down the street, that ere Mrs. Van Ness that is stoppin' at ma's house tole me to give this to ye, too."

Two notes: one perfumed and written on delicately tinted stationery; the other on coarse, commercial note paper, placed in an envelope that did not match its size. But think you on which Treadwell's eyes lingered the longer? In the order that he read them follow the two communications:—

MR. RICHARD TREADWELL.

Dear Sir:—As Mr. Tom Levine is on probation, which means that if he proves to be all I dare think he is now, it would not be right for me to receive you to-day as a caller,—knowing as I do your thoughts,—I suggest that you defer your call indefinitely.

MARIAN FORSYTH.

And thus ran the other note:—

MY DEAR MR. TREADWELL:—

It would be cruel of you not to know that, pent-up as we are in this dull, benighted hamlet, with not even a church festival to look forward to, it is your chivalrous duty to call on one who has reposed in you such

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implicit confidence in the past. By the way, we have never fished together for trout, so you do not know my skill. But ugly rumors are afloat that you have a fair divinity in this town. If this be true I herewith cancel my invitation, unless you really care to see me.

Sincerely,

HORTENSE VAN NESS.

Treadwell spent the day in his room smoking, reading a French novel, and thinking in a very serious vein.

III

ONE year later. The morning of the "Ever Glorious." All the inhabitants of Accident Centre early leave their beds. Anon thunderous reports are heard from the hillside, where several boys are engaged in loading and "touching off" the "Old Mortar," made years ago by Sandy Dow, the blacksmith. As the sun climbs higher up the eastern azure, country folk begin to pour into the village. Some of them come in creaking "lumber" wagons, some in spic-and-span "buggies," others on foot. Accident Centre wears quite a gala air. From the cupola of the Academy waves a bright flag; another floats in the breeze from an upper window of the Hix House, and other smaller flags are to be seen

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here and there the entire length of Main Street. Bob Yokam, the hunchback, has with much exertion erected a wayside booth on a vacant lot next to the tin-shop, and here expects to do a thriving day's trade in peanuts, ginger-snaps made by his mother, red lemonade, rootbeer brewed by himself, and cheap cigars. Rustic urchins are already burning punk, setting off fire crackers, and hurling torpedoes in the street. It is going to be a great day.

At nine o'clock the Rocky Dell Fife and Drum Corps enter the village playing a martial tune. They stop in front of the Hix House and render "The Girl I Left Behind Me," with thrilling effect. A fat man plays the bass drum, which is strapped in front of him. He pounds on both heads of the instrument with two neatly-turned, knobbed sticks. In certain passages he seems to get in more beats than the showy snare drummer himself.

At ten o'clock the procession forms opposite the hotel for the march to the grove, where patriotic exercises are to be held. It is headed by the marshal of the day, Squire Huggleton, who has "come down handsomely" this year to help defray the expenses of the celebration. Next comes the Accident Centre Silver Cornet

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Band, every one of whose twelve members appears fully to appreciate the importance of the occasion, especially the drum major. Then follow in pairs the leading citizens of the village: Doctor Peters; Rev. Mr. Kirby, pastor of the Methodist Church; Rev. Mr. Harding, of the Baptist Church; Mr. Gabble, editor of the Accident Centre *Defender*, beside whom walks Richard Treadwell, Esquire, of New York, who has accepted the invitation to deliver an oration.

The exercises in the Grove begin with prayer, offered by the Baptist clergyman. Then the band plays, and then little Willie Gordon, the prodigy of the village, "speaks a piece," which elicits from certain females in the assemblage such exclamations as, "Ain't he jest too cute?" "Did you ever?" "Well, if he ain't cunnin'!" etc. Miss Lucy Smart, the teacher of the primary department in the Academy, follows with a trembling and flustered reading of the Declaration of Independence. The Clover Valley Glee Club sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," and for an encore "Oh, Promise Me," and then merchant Kerr, the President of the Day, expresses his rare pleasure in introducing Richard Treadwell. The latter, dressed in a close-but-

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toned Prince Albert, rises, and in an easy, graceful manner enters upon his discourse. There is no spread eagle or bombast in his peroration. Occasionally he rises to true eloquence. The dark eyes of the widow Van Ness are riveted upon him, but he does not recognize her in the sea of up-turned faces. Marian Forsyth is also there, but she gives little heed to what he is saying, until, in referring to the brave men who went to the front in the Civil War, he mentions the name of Col. John L. Forsyth, to whose memory he pays an impassioned and glowing tribute. Whatever may be Treadwell's motive, certain it is these tender allusions to her father go home to Marian's heart. The tactful and eloquent words bring tears to her eyes, and through them she sees Richard Treadwell in a new, not to say fonder, light—magnified to the proportions of a hero. The address makes a profound impression on every one and is conceded to be quite worthy of Colonel Forsyth himself, who, when alive, was acknowledged to be the greatest orator in that section.

Many people have arranged to take dinner in the Grove, but Richard, refusing a number of invitations, returns to the hotel. After dinner

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he sends a note by a small boy to Marian Forsyth, asking if he may call. The small boy comes back with word that she has gone to the cemetery. Thither he loses no time in making his way.

At this very moment the afternoon sports and revels are beginning. The Procession of Horribles, young fellows on stilts and dressed in outlandish feminine attire, etc., creates much mirth. The wheelbarrow races are equally interesting to the excited mob. But the greased pole seems to gather the greatest crowd. On its top is fastened a new silver watch, donated by Mrs. Van Ness, who hopes Zeb will capture it. Great fun is it, indeed, to watch those who endeavor to climb the pole. Jack Hagan, something of a local athlete, gets about a quarter of the way up, and then slips to the ground exhausted. Then Zeb, his jaw firmly set, determination in his eyes, clasps the base of the greasy pole in his brawny arms. Slowly he begins to climb. The crowd applauds. But his ears are deaf to the cries: "Go it Zeb! He'll git the ticker! He's been practicin'," etc. He has gained half the distance up the pole and, panting, pauses to rest. Alas! when he resumes his task, he suddenly loses his grip and falls to the ground with a groan. Poor

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Zeb! he leaves the jeering throng, a picture of dejection. The watch is not for him. . . .

Richard Treadwell has one good reason for assuming that Marian will pleasantly receive him. Some months ago Tom Levine was discovered in the act of taking money from a registered letter, by Postmaster Kerr, his employer. Before he could be prosecuted Tom fled from Accident Centre. Where he now is no citizen of the place knows, though it is rumored that he is in Canada.

Richard finds Marian kneeling over her father's grave. He apologizes for his intrusion. She extends her hand, and in a quavering voice thanks him for his public tribute to her father. Before releasing her hand he begs the priceless gift for life. She cannot speak at once—but as the afternoon wears on she knows her own heart better. As the twilight comes they leave the cemetery. They are both superlatively, silently happy, as plighted lovers are, in the first dawning of their troth. Sauntering leisurely toward Marian's home, they meet Zeb.

"I didn't git the watch, Mr. Treadwell," he exclaims. "A feller I didn't know from up the river, jest went up that pole like a monkey, and pocketed the watch. Somebody

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said he had some kind of clamps on his hands. But in the washtub race on the creek, I beat 'em all, Galley West ! and here's the ten-dollar gold piece to prove it."

"I am glad you won something, Zeb."

"Oh, say, Mr. Treadwell, I almost forgot. Mrs. Van Ness wanted me to tell you she wanted to see you most partic'lar to-day. She's over to ma's house now."

"Tell Mrs. Van Ness she will have to excuse me to-day, as I am most *particularly engaged*," answers Richard, with a significant glance at Marian, as they go onward together.



The Great Sparrow Dispute

. I

BRABAN HOLLENBECK had been robbed of over six hundred thousand dollars—nearly all he had in the world. Matthew Rayfield, his guardian, had fled to parts unknown with the money, leaving the young man to hustle for himself as best he could.

Naturally Braban Hollenbeck was very much crushed and humiliated by the loss of his fortune. He was also very much enraged with Matt Rayfield, and disgusted with the human race in general. Hollenbeck's previous record for honesty had never been questioned, but now a mad desire possessed him to earn his livelihood by some sort of cunning mendacity. Because he himself had been victimized, he illogically and wrongly reasoned that it would be all right to dupe others.

It was several weeks, however, before Hollenbeck proceeded to act upon his desperate

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resolution. He never had done any hard work in his life, and during his idle existence he had acquired a love of ease which is a common characteristic of the well-circumstanced young man of America. Whenever Hollenbeck ran out of cash he would sell some of his books, *objects d'art*, or clothing, and thus he managed until he had disposed of nearly all of his domestic and personal effects.

On a particular morning in April he was impressed, for the first time, with the contrast between his past and present surroundings. The walls of his cozy library that had been covered with canvases of celebrated artists were now destitute—even of the four little water-color studies by Tadema, which had been taken to Slee & Blake's gallery and there disposed of at a shameful sacrifice.

“My lot is becoming very forlorn, indeed,” said Hollenbeck to himself, as he began to strop his razor preparatory to removing from his face a three-day's growth of blonde stubble. “About the only thing remaining is the six-hundred-dollar music box I bought in Florence. That would not probably bring more than a hundred now. Thank heaven, I have in my pocket two hundred and fifty of the mighty dollars—the proceeds of the sale

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yesterday of my two handsome Limoges vases."

Having completed his toilet, Braban Hollenbeck ceased his dismal monologue and went to one of the many Italian restaurants that are becoming so popular among Bohemians in the metropolis, to eat his breakfast. While thus engaged he casually picked up a morning newspaper, and soon his attention was arrested by the following advertisement:—

"A GENTLEMAN who is dying desires to sell a secret by which much money can be made. Apply personally to-day at — Houston Street. Inquire for Mr. Dunglison."

"This is rather odd," observed the young man as he rose from the table. "But a dying man would not be likely to play tricks on people. I think I will call on Mr. Dunglison, and if he can point out to me the way to a lucrative business I don't mind paying for the information."

Within a quarter of an hour Hollenbeck was entering a narrow doorway on East Houston Street. A slatternly-looking Irish woman met him in the dark and not over-clean hall, and he asked her to direct him to Mr. Dunglison's room.

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"Poor soul," said the woman, resting her arms akimbo and evidencing a willingness to be communicative. "He is not long for this world. He had another bad spell yesterday, and the doctor says he will not live till sundown. His room, sorr, is up three flights. Just knock on the back door to the left."

Following these directions, the young man presently stood in a dingy chamber, in one corner of which was a rude cot. On it an emaciated old man was lying. His eyes, deeply ringed with blue-black lines, were terribly sunken. His whole appearance was pathetic, and a simple glance at him proved to the visitor that Mr. Dungleison was dying. The old man stretched out his gaunt hands, saying:—

"Young man, you have come in answer to my advertisement?"

"Yes," said Hollenbeck.

"The doctor had it inserted in the paper for me. I only want one hundred dollars—enough to give me a decent burial. Will you give me that sum for my great secret?"

Hollenbeck hesitated for a moment. The pitiful sight of the old man, however, prompted him, irrespective of the possible value of the secret, to answer "Yes."

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“Promise me on your honor, young man.”

“I promise,” declared Hollenbeck, solemnly.

“Well, I have the recipe for dyeing sparrows yellow, so that they look exactly like canary birds.”

After making this statement, Mr. Dungleison succeeded in raising himself partially on his elbow. The effort set him to coughing violently, and he sank back on the ragged pillow quite exhausted. In a few moments he recovered his voice, though it was huskier than before and resumed:—

“After you dye these birds you can sell them for canaries for a dollar or more apiece. See? The recipe is there on the mantel with some other directions. You can hire boys to trap the sparrows and sell them for you on the streets after they are treated. There’s money in it. There’s a great deal of money in it. I carried on this business in London for many years, but one of my boys finally peached on me because I would not raise his wages, and I had to fly. On the voyage to this country—that was over a year ago—I caught a heavy cold, and I have been ailing ever since. I have spent all my money in living and medicines, and you see how near the grave I am.”

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The old man's throat rattled, and Hollenbeck shuddered.

II

As THE doctor had predicted, Mr. Dunglison died before sundown on that day. Hollenbeck stayed with him until he ceased to breathe, and then with a dumb awe he placed in his pocket the recipe, below which a half-dozen bits of advice were jotted down in a clumsy chirography, and went to an undertaker, to whom he gave one hundred dollars on condition that he would take charge of Mr. Dunglison's remains and properly inter them—a task, be it said, that the undertaker faithfully performed.

Hollenbeck went to his room deeply musing over the strange suggestion he had received from the lips of the dying man. He asked himself if it would be ridiculous for him to try to prosecute this deceitful enterprise, but he could not answer the question satisfactorily, and he went to bed in a fever of bewilderment, not being able to decide what to do. For days he remained irresolute and baffled, and the intensity of his absorbed ruminations on this subject began to affect his health. Insomnia seized him for its own. Great hollow circles

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appeared under his eyes and an abnormal palor rested on his emaciated face. He lost his appetite, and went about with the morbid look and manner of a hypochondriac. Sad to relate, Braban Hollenbeck had become half mad. The gleam of incipient insanity could be distinguished in his eyes. But he did not sit idly, and sulk. His mania was to retrieve his lost fortune, and he resolved to carry out old Dungleison's scheme.

Converting all of his remaining Lares and Penates, including the music box, into cash, Hollenbeck rented four rear rooms in a tenement house on the East Side. He purchased a large copper kettle in which to make the chemical dye, and in course of a fortnight completed all other necessary preparations. He advertised for assistants between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five, and more applicants appeared than he could engage. He hired ten men to set forth into different surrounding parts of the country to catch sparrows, promising the sum of twenty-five dollars to each one who should bring him two hundred of the live birds. None of these assistants was informed why Hollenbeck wanted these sparrows, and in his eagerness to gain the offered money he did not pause to

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inquire. Moreover, each man was advanced five dollars for expenses, and furnished an apparatus with which to trap the birds.

After deciding to embark in the tentative pursuit recommended to him by poor old Dunglison, Hollenbeck had made some investigations not only as to the character and habits of the sparrow,—the very pariah of ornithology,—but also as to the most effective devices and methods employed in its capture. His researches acquainted him with the fact that the so-called English sparrow does not fall an easy prey to an ordinary trap, for it is a cunning and suspicious bird, that quickly takes alarm. He learned that one method of capture was by the use of nets, with the assistance of decoy and braced birds. The outfits and appliances Hollenbeck obtained at no great expense, and with them his ten hirelings departed for the wilds of New Jersey, up the Hudson, into the agricultural section of Westchester County, and into “darkest” Long Island. It was on a Monday in the latter part of May when they left their employer, with comprehensive instructions.

In the meantime, Hollenbeck set his copper pot boiling, and prepared some of the wonder-

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ful dye. He experimented on half a dozen or more sparrows that he had purchased at a bird dealer's, and the result was remarkably successful. The sparrows in their yellow garb looked unmistakably like canaries, and when fed a little yellow corn or wheat, or soaked stale bread, they indulged in a musical chirp, that one could easily fancy was a canary's cadenza.

On the following Wednesday one Joe Belloc came to Hollenbeck with three hundred and six specimens of the *passer domestica*. That day Hollenbeck dyed all these sparrows and placed them in a large wire cage built from the sanded floor to the ceiling. He also had had constructed a receiving-cage extending around three walls of another room.

At twilight two young men came in answer to an advertisement Hollenbeck had put in the papers under the heading, "Bird Sellers Wanted." Both of these young men thought they could do well selling these canaries on the street, on a commission of twenty per cent. They were instructed to sell them at one dollar apiece, if it could be got, if not, then for fifty cents.

Then he cautioned them as to the proper way of handling the birds and of feeding

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them, and each young man went away with twenty-five of the bright-yellow canaries, with instructions to report on the following Saturday.

During the next day three of Hollenbeck's trappers came in with a combined catch of eight hundred and thirty-four birds. He paid the men liberally and sent them out again. He also engaged seven additional men to sell the canaries, assigning two of them to Brooklyn, one to Newark, one to Jersey City, and the others to the streets of New York. Hollenbeck was very careful in dipping each sparrow in the dye, which process he repeated three times, according to the recipe. His establishment soon began to resemble the nest of some great industry, and he entertained high hopes of amassing a fortune within a short time. He found that more captive sparrows were accumulating on his hands than he could readily sell as canary birds, and began to cudgel his brains to ascertain in what manner he could dispose advantageously of the surplus. At last it occurred to him that the sparrows must have some merchantable value as an article of food, and straightway he went to Maracelli, Viadello, and one or two other Italian *restaurateurs*, who agreed to take

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all the sparrows he could supply them at fifty cents per dozen. He then made a new arrangement with his trappers whom he discovered he was paying altogether too much money to guarantee him a reasonable profit. He contracted to give them two cents apiece for all the dead sparrows brought him, and five cents for all the live ones.

By this time Hollenbeck's business was very prosperous, and the way in which he had systematized it showed that there was method in his madness. Not only did his own trappers bring him sparrows now, but hundreds of specimens of this graminivorous and gregarious bird were shipped alive to him from various parts of the West and South. He sold a great many of them to Italian restaurants. As a matter of fact, the sparrow for centuries has been used as an article of food and is regarded by some people as equal in flavor to many of the smaller game birds. Sparrows galore are actually served in metropolitan restaurants as rice-birds and reed-birds, and sometimes as larks, in *table d'hôte* places run by foreigners, and they have been quoted in the market—at prices, however, considerably lower than those commanded by Hollenbeck.

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III

SOME six months later New York society was set in a flutter by reading the following piece of information published in a morning newspaper : —

“Yesterday afternoon Mr. Braban Hollenbeck, formerly an esteemed member of aristocratic circles in this city, was arrested by Officer Maloney on several charges of fraud preferred by aggrieved parties. All the particulars of the case, which promises to be a highly sensational one, have not been revealed as yet, but enough has been learned to put readers of *Gotham Gossip* into possession of the main facts.

“It will be remembered that Braban Hollenbeck’s guardian, Matthew Rayfield, a church deacon, and supposed to be one of the most upright and respectable business men in New York, absconded with all of the young man’s fortune, aggregating over half a million, most of which was in transferable bonds and other securities. Where Matthew Rayfield went or where he is now keeping himself, echo gives but a vague and mocking answer. The loss of his fortune is said to have greatly embittered young Hollenbeck’s cup of existence,—in short, to have partially unseated his reason, and he was driven to such straits that he became desperate and, at length, joined the grand army of fakirs who outrage the credulity of the public and pause at no alternative—unless it be murder, and not always then—to earn a livelihood.

“This young Hollenbeck,—an only child,—born in the lap of luxury, reared tenderly by parents who for several years have been lying at rest in Greenwood,

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given a college education and the untold benefits of cultured surroundings, the moment fortune ceased to smile on him, fell to the level of a petty swindler. For a number of months he has been devoting himself to the singular occupation of dyeing sparrows and selling them on the streets, through agents, as canary birds. His revenue from the business is said to have been fabulously large. Several complaints from parties victimized have been sent to police headquarters from time to time, and last week the Inspector put detectives on the track of the offender. The latter was traced to a tenement on Avenue A, and was apprehended in the very act of dyeing a poor, innocent, little sparrow, to be hawked on the street as a real South American singing canary. The man who was found guilty of this misdemeanor was taken to the station house, and there gave his name as Braban Hollenbeck. He will be remanded to a cell in the Tombs to-day to await a hearing. He doubtless will be tried during the coming week, and it will be interesting to learn what line of defense his counsel will follow. More concerning this absurd young scion of a reputable family will appear in these columns anon."

Many people who knew of Braban Hollenbeck read the foregoing article at their breakfast tables and were more or less amazed. Old Mr. Yuling, after reading it, said to his daughter, in whose set the accused had once been a conspicuous figure :—

"Sybil, I see your friend, Braban Hollenbeck, has fallen into trouble, poor fellow."

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“In what way, papa?”

“Oh,” replied the old gentleman, “he’s been vending sparrows, dyed yellow, under false pretenses, making folks believe they were canary birds.”

“How appalling!”

“I don’t know about that,” protested Mr. Yuling, taking a sip of coffee. “It shows the young man is not wholly wanting in ingenuity. He knew he had to do something for a living, and probably he did not think it was imposing on the public to go into this scheme, especially as the public never seems to get its fill of humbuggery.”

“Oh, papa,” broke in Sybil, with a vanity-engendered pout that through long indulgence had become a confirmed habit with her, “how can you say that it was honest for Braban to do such a low thing?”

“Nonsense, child. You haven’t lived long enough to know half the things a man is willing to be guilty of for money. Besides, I haven’t any sympathy with sparrows. They are the greatest pests ever introduced into this country. Why, you know very well how many times I have called them names—the little sinners. They have done more harm to the crops on the old Hardenburgh farm up in

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Dutchess County, on which I hold a mortgage that I shall be obliged to foreclose one of these days, than anything else. Talk about the sparrow being an insectivorous bird ! Well, there's nothing in it, Sybil ; there's nothing in it."

"Still," ventured Sybil, boldly, "a sparrow is not a canary bird, is it?"

"No," said Mr. Yuling, sarcastically, "a sparrow is—a curse to any country. It was first brought into the United States in the fall of 1850, I believe, and it has been creating havoc here ever since. For my part, I rather approve young Hollenbeck's scheme to put into captivity a bird that can and will eat nearly every vegetable product grown on a farm or in a garden. It would have been more sensible, however, if he had set about to exterminate them altogether, which, unfortunately, he could not have done. Oh, I hate sparrows!"

At the same hour, in a house situated a little farther up Fifth Avenue, the widow Cresswell and her daughter Teresa were discussing Hollenbeck's arrest.

"Oh," exclaimed Teresa, "I think Braban's conduct is simply atrocious ! But how glad I am that he is no longer my admirer.

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If he were known to be now, I should be humiliated to death. The idea of his stooping to such a low and ignominious thing to make money."

"Well," said Mrs. Cresswell, "you must remember he was desperate over the loss of his property, and I don't believe people will blame him so much, after all, when all the facts are disclosed. I know your uncle, John Pettigrew, up in Sullivan County, never can say enough against sparrows. He says they breed faster than any express train can travel, and they have nearly eaten him out of house and home. I suppose there are many other farmers who agree with brother John about it."

"But how do Uncle John's opinions excuse Braban's dishonest course?" put in Teresa somewhat testily.

"I don't know that they do," replied her mother, "but it doesn't seem so wicked to deal with sparrows in that way as it would if they were — robins, for instance."

But Teresa was quite convinced of the enormity of Hollenbeck's guilt; and other young ladies who had met him, but did not know him so well as Teresa, shared her conviction. There were others who openly sym-

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pathized with Hollenbeck. The case began to make an unusual stir among the newspapers after a certain well-known naturalist had come out in cold print in an indirect defence of the young man. He maintained that there were many reasons to refute the claim that the sparrow was essentially an insectivorous bird ; that while the sparrow was known to destroy certain insects injurious to fruit, the sparrow itself fed upon fruit and cereals, and, in fact, upon almost anything that can be devoured by a worm or insect. He further pointed out the fact that the sparrow is a jealous and malicious enemy of many of our cherished native species, and that it molests, wages war against, and kills robins, mocking birds, wrens, martins, yellow warblers, etc. According to this naturalist, four-fifths of all the evidence published in Government reports concerning the English sparrow in North America, especially in its relation to agriculture, had been disparaging, if not condemnatory. In conclusion, he said that the tide of public opinion had turned against the sparrow, and that the desire now to get rid of this bird pest was stronger than had been the desire fifty years ago to import and introduce it throughout the country.

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A practical nurseryman and fruit-grower then took up his pen in protest against the sparrow, and he indorsed not only everything the naturalist had written, but added several opinions of his own, and he particularly urged that, owing to the inestimable numerical increase of the *passer domestica* each year, every State in the Union should offer a bounty for its destruction. Then several champions of the sparrow offered their views in print, and the controversy assumed national importance. It especially interested society on account of young Hollenbeck, who meanwhile was languishing in the Tombs.

One morning Bob Varick sought and obtained admission into Hollenbeck's cell. He had not been talking five minutes with his old friend when he detected that the latter was not his mental self; in a word, that he was as good as *non compos mentis*.

On the following day, through Varick's efforts, Hollenbeck was examined as to his sanity by two competent physicians, who pronounced him to be "disturbed in mind." That same afternoon, by an order of the court, the charges against Hollenbeck were dismissed, and he was taken to Bloomingdale

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under the escort of Bob Varick and a police officer. In that institution Braban Hollenbeck is still confined, but, as he has not been declared incurable, there are hopes that he will yet walk forth into God's sunshine and free air—a restored man.

Meanwhile, the great sparrow dispute is still in progress, with the odds against the sparrow.



“Brooms ”

I S'POSE folks think I am a-goin' for her money. Well, I don't care if they do. You see, George, it wasn't altogether my fault. She is one of them girls that is a stalwart in her likes and dislikes. She couldn't have been more than twelve years old when she first said that she liked me, and she stuck to it up to the minute I bid her good-bye, and started for Japan. What's a feller to do when a girl keeps tellin' him she's in love with him? Of course, I had to give in after awhile. I knew her father would fume over it, and call me a rascal ; but, to tell the truth, I couldn't help likin' her, and I thought to myself, if she liked me well enough to marry me, it would not make so much difference what her Governor said, anyway.''

These remarks were made by Tom Abercorn on the deck of an American man-of-war, anchored in an Eastern port. We spent many idle afternoons, as old friends will, in reminis-

“*Brooms*”

cent conversation. I had been cruising about the world for nearly three years before it occurred to me that I was tired of it. A mere romantic caprice, considerably reënforced by Tom Abercorn's brusque persuasion, had led me into the service in the first place, and now that the glamor of marine experience had worn off, I began to wonder whether I would not be happier on land.

There was some reason to believe that Tom was also growing dissatisfied, though he seldom hinted anything to that effect. He was a rough-and-ready fellow, and the life of the sea was more suited to his nature than to mine. While I was at college, breaking down a naturally delicate constitution by hard study, he was in a machine shop, developing an iron muscle that I had occasion to envy more than all the erudition I had acquired.

But while Tom was physically adapted to cope with ocean vicissitudes, there was a magnet that ever drew his thoughts ashore. He was engaged to be married. The father of his inamorata was a large and wealthy broom manufacturer in Philadelphia, and Tom always spoke facetiously of the young lady as “*Brooms*.” In fact, that was the nickname by which she was called by the mem-

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bers of her family and her most intimate friends.

“But Mr. Grayling knows all about it now,” continued Tom, after a pause. “Brooms told him. I fancy he would have been pretty mulish, if he hadn’t seen it was no use; so he said: ‘Do you love him?’ and Brooms replied: ‘What do you take me for, papa, a hypocrite?’ Then the old man said, ‘All right, marry him.’”

Any further conversation was cut off by the gruff voice of the executive officer. The vessel was trespassing upon the channel, and the harbor master had sent an order for it to anchor further out in the roadstead, so that it would not be an obstacle in the course which ships entering or leaving port were obliged to take.

Tom immediately went to his duties in the engine room, where he met with an accident which nearly cost him his life. At nearly the foot of the iron hatchway he slipped and fell, so that his left foot caught in a rapidly revolving crank. Before he could throw his arms over his shoulders and grasp an iron rod to extricate himself, his leg was horribly mangled just below the knee, by another revolution of the crank. He fainted away before help could be summoned.

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After Tom had been carried, unconscious, to the deck, I set about, in the absence of the surgeon, who was ashore, to check the flow of blood from the wound by twisting a handkerchief around the upper part of the limb with a tourniquet. When the surgeon appeared on the scene, he assured me that I had saved my friend's life, though the leg must be amputated at once, he declared, as he gazed on the poor man groaning with agony.

And against all of Tom's protestations he was borne into a cockpit and laid on a table. The surgeon insisted that there was not even time to administer ether. I have forgotten how many men were required to hold him. It was wholly beyond my courage to stand by and see them mutilate my comrade with all those knives and saws. Into his mouth they forced woolen cloth, to serve the double purpose of muffling his cries and furnishing him something to bite on.

At last it was over, and then they gave him opiates. From the time his wound was bandaged I became his nurse, and watched over him through the long days and nights as though he were a brother. He grew so emaciated and weak that no one would have recognized him as the whilom strong, muscu-

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lar Tom Abercorn. But he began to mend after a few weeks, though his convalescence was slow.

He grew nervously morbid, and frequently when reading to him I would look from my book and find him sobbing hysterically. I did not interrupt his grief, thinking it was but the natural result of physical weakness. But one day when I was about to read to him his favorite poem, "The Lady of the Lake," he begged me to defer it. He was unusually pale and thoughtful on this occasion. On the previous night he had been in great pain, and exceedingly restless.

"George," said he, in a serious tone, "I am going to write Brooms that our engagement is off, and tell her why. I am only half a man now," and he made a droll feint of taking off his shoe from the foot that had been amputated.

"If I were to insist upon marrying her she would be dreadfully disappointed, because Brooms is the proudest woman I ever did see. It would cut her to the quick to know she had to be the wife of a one-legged man. I'm sure she would be too much ashamed to walk out with a husband who always had to carry a

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crutch. Yes, I'm going to give Brooms her freedom.”

An interval of silence followed, and then I commenced to reason with him, but he shook his head stubbornly, and would not listen. He requested me to get pen and paper and write down his dictation. It was useless putting him off; he would call another shipmate if I refused, so I brought writing materials, propped him up on the pillows, and indited the following, substantially, as it came from his lips : —

My Darling Brooms :—I address you thus for the last time. I have met with an accident, and only have one leg left to meet another of like nature. I am very sorry for both our sakes that all this has happened, because, through the loss of my limb, I must lose you, for I know you have enough sense not to care for only *half* a man. Burn up my letters and picture. The latter, I believe, is full length, and no longer a correct likeness. Keep the parrot I brought you from the South Seas, by which to remember me as I once was when I could climb to the maintop quicker than any jolly tar aboard the *Natalie*. I hope, by the time I get back, you'll be married and settled down, with a baby named after me. If Tom were a longer name, I'd insist upon you splitting it in two, just because—but never mind why, Brooms. You'll make some solid man the sweetest little wife on earth. There, good-bye, Brooms! I could add to the brine of the old sea, if I were leaning over the deck rail. As it is, I am

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wetting a handkerchief, and my friend who writes this for me is a witness. Brooms, I'll never forget you, and am your old friend always. TOM.

Tom managed to scratch down his own signature. He requested me to mail the letter, and sinking back in the folds of the pillows, exhausted, was soon in slumber. I did not dare detain the note. After struggling against a strong desire to do so, I took it ashore with me in the afternoon.

Tom was calmer after that ; he seemed stotically resigned. He refused to take any more thin broth, and demanded "something to eat." His irritability was a sign of improvement in health. Tom's bluntness sometimes might have been mistaken for anger.

One morning, about three months afterward, he surprised everybody by calling for his clothes and the crutch that had been provided for him. Having been up in a chair several times, we assisted him into his clothes and had the satisfaction of seeing him totter on deck.

That afternoon he received a letter from Brooms, and this is what it said :—

My Precious Old Boy:—For you are precious now that there isn't so much left of you; I want you distinctly to understand that your relics belong to me. What there is of you I want, if it isn't more than a

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little finger. You needn't think I'm going to let you off, even if you do sacrifice a member in the hopes that I will. No, indeed! I am not that kind of a woman.

Oh, Tom, I am so sorry that you have lost a leg. It will spoil all our pleasure at dances, and you did use to enjoy waltzing so much; but I don't care if you will only come home and marry me. If you write such a letter as your last after you get this one, I shall go stark mad and not try to recover. I think I shall be able to bring you under the domestic yoke, because you cannot run away from me. I am going to let my finger nails grow and get in training, as pugilistic parlance has it, for you. I do hope you've got about enough of the service to last you for life. Oh, dear Tom, won't you come back? I would love you just as much if both your legs were gone. Have you received the box of neckties, etc., yet?

With undying, unaltering love, I am yours only,

BROOMS.

I knew, before Tom had finished perusing the letter, by the joyful expression on his face, that Brooms had not consented to the discontinuance of their relations. He sprang up, grasped his crutch, bade me follow him, and hobbled into a corner where he read me Brooms's letter.

“Ain't she a darlin'?” he asked, carefully placing the message in his pocket.

Our vessel was a Government cruiser, and

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had put into this port for repairs. When she was finally released from the dry dock, the *Natalie* set out for New York, where, in due course, we arrived. Tom and myself were honorably discharged from the service, and parted, he going to Philadelphia and I to Boston.

A few weeks later I received an invitation to Tom's wedding, and decided to attend it. The occasion was almost pathetic. The beauty of Brooms, upon which I had heard Tom dilate so often, was undeniable. As she stood up with him, her beryl-tinted eyes flashing with the fire of a woman's love, her cheeks suffused, her lips, like wet coral, murmuring the responses tremulously, the white serge all about her graceful throat, and the orange blossoms in her Titian hair, I must confess that for once the matter-of-fact Tom Abercorn excited my envy. And when it was all over and the guests' presents had been duly examined and admired, Brooms's father, with redundant graciousness, handed her a deed to an elegant stone house in Germantown, and told the bride and groom it was to be their future home. One of the guests informed me that Mr. Grayling had settled upon his daughter an annuity, and I came away fully convinced

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that I should be willing to spare one of my legs for such a wife and such a father-in-law.

Tom is at present a slap-up official in the Philadelphia navy yard. He doesn't half earn his handsome salary, the rascal. There is scarcely anything for him to do. Tom is lazy, I fear,—but then, he can afford to be; and Brooms, who is sole heir to her recently deceased father's estate, is constantly teasing him to resign and let the old navy yard go to grass.



The Bearded Wife

I

FOUR days in the saddle on the hot alkali plains of Texas had fatigued every one in the party, and we were glad to find a haven of rest at Nat Veley's ranch. As we rode up to his trim cabin, he saluted us cheerily, invited us to dismount and spend the night.

"There's plenty o' room up in the loft, boys. Jes' bring your nags round to the corral. They look as if they needed some fodder."

Not waiting for a second invitation, we tethered our horses and soon made friends with our generous host. He was a loose-jointed, grizzled plainsman, with a rough exterior, but with a heart as tender as a child's. On entering the cabin we observed a singular-looking little boy, dressed in a buckskin suit, elaborately trimmed with party-colored beads, black velvet and fringe. It was not his attire, however, that surprised us, but his silken whiskers and moustache. Fancy a fair-faced youth of twelve years, with all the hirsute development

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of a grown man, and you will have some idea of this little fellow's appearance. He was engaged in making some kind of a trap.

"This is my son, Toby," said Nat, as he pointed to the youngster. "Toby, shake hands with the gen'lemen. They have come all the way from New York city to hunt."

Toby advanced ingenuously and shook hands with the four visitors.

"He's a smart kid," Nat whispered in my ear. "Them whiskers on him are the genuine article. I'll tell you 'bout it bimeby."

"Shot anything yet?" asked Toby, addressing us all in general.

"A few grouse and jack rabbits," said Colonel Alabaster. "I suppose you are a dead shot, Toby."

"That's what they say," was the proud answer, the speaker stroking his whiskers like a man of fifty.

"Yes, sir," put in Nat. "The kid handles a rifle as well as I do. See that stuffed eagle on top o' the cupboard? Wal, he knocked that bird off the limb of a cottonwood 'bout six months ago. He's the champion snake killer in these parts. He's made over a hundred dollars out o' reptile pelts."

"A regular St. Hubert," remarked Profes-

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sor Broadbent, who had come along for the good of his health.

At this juncture there entered from an adjoining room a picturesquely-garbed person, whom Nat immediately introduced as his wife. We were almost stupefied by the announcement, for the new-comer, with her wavy black whiskers, jauntily tilted sombrero, buckskin suit, and muscular physique, resembled a man more than a woman. She wore gold hoops in her ears, and round her neck a string of coral beads, with a pendant ending in a silver cross. It was when she spoke, that we knew she was a woman.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," was her polite greeting. "Sit down and make yourselves at home. I'll get supper at once, for I know you must be hungry. Now, Toby, you just pick up those shavings and put those tools where they belong. Nat, get a pail of fresh water right away."

Her orders were not delivered in a peremptory or testy manner, and she was promptly obeyed. We begged Mrs. Veley not to put herself to any extra trouble on our account, to which she responded: "Don't mention it. The best we can offer will be poor enough for you."

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Mrs. Veley proceeded at once with bustling preparations for the evening meal, spreading a coarse, snowy cloth over a square deal table drawn into the centre of the room. By this time, we were somewhat recovered from our astonishment at the sight of the bewhiskered woman, who went down cellar singing a sentimental ditty with a not unpleasant phrasing, as though not conscious of our presence in the dwelling.

"What have we struck anyway?" queried Colonel Alabaster, with a comical expression. "I thought at first we had found the original What is It."

"She is merely a whimsey of nature," said the professor, with an austerity of look which frequently attended his erudite utterances.

"Such cases are not so very rare."

"The boy's case is rather remarkable," I ventured.

"Heredity," said the professor, with the manner of one whose authority could not be questioned with impunity.

In the long twilight we sat quietly reviewing our recent experiences on the prairies, while the kid, perched cross-legged on the top of an ancient hair trunk, drank in every word that was said. Occasionally he would chuckle

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to himself and murmur, "Tenderfeet." Nat came and went, assisting his wife with a rough grace that commended him the more to our esteem.

At length supper was announced, and a more enjoyable meal I never ate anywhere. Beefsteak and potatoes, green corn on the cob, cold slaw, hot biscuits, tea, molasses cake, and American cheese made up the menu. As a postprandial treat Toby recited a long poem by Larry Chittenden, the "poet ranchman," who then lived about fifteen miles from Nat's home. Being vociferously encored, the kid gave another recitation which, if little else, revealed a wonderful memory. During the evening we played a few modest games of poker, to which the professor was a rather indifferent spectator.

When his bedtime arrived, Master Toby was marched off to his downy, after bidding us a hearty good night, and Mrs. Veley declared her intention of retiring; too, as she wished to get up early the next morning and help round up some steers.

We finished our game at ten o'clock and sat quietly smoking, when Nat, who was pouring out into glasses some rum punch, which he had just made, exclaimed: "Boys, you've

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seen that my wife is out o' the ord'nary run 'o women, an' I'll jest tell ye a leedle story. But first, I want to know if you ever heerd of *Alva Juarez*?"

None of us remembered having heard the name, and Nat resumed:—

"Wal, that was what they billed her when she was showin' in dime museums, but I mustn't git ahead o' my yarn. Her real name was Tillie Dillon, an' she comes frum a good fam'ly. Her an' me used to go to school together, an' it ain't no braggin' to say she was the smartest gal o' her age in Dallas. Wal, when she was 'long 'bout fifteen year old, she began to grow a beard. It was the strangest thing that had ever happened in that town up to that time. I guess it was all o' two year afore her whiskers and moustache growed out, but fin'lly they got to be so thick and bushy that no man would have been ashamed to wear 'em. But they was the plague o' her life. I b'lieve one o' her aunts told her to shave 'em an' keep her face well powdered; an' a barber did shave her four or five times, till the doctor was called in, an' he advised her not to tech her face with a razor, 'cause shavin' only made the hair come out faster an' tougher. But the doctor didn't

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pertend to understand the case. He jes' said 'twas a freak o' natur', an' she might as well be resigned to it, fur he didn't know no remedy fur it.

"Tillie got more sensertive 'bout it all the time, fur her playmates an' some o' the villagers poked fun at her over it. I used to walk home from school with her purty nigh ev'ry day, 'cause I thought a good deal o' her. One afternoon on the way from school we met Josh Jaquish, a big lunkhead of a feller, an' the mos' shiftless son of a sea cook in the whole State. He hollered out: 'Hello, Nat! Ye courtin' whiskers yit?' Them insultin' words was 'nough for me. Askin' Tillie to hold my books, I run up to the pesky loafer an' sailed into him. I could give a sledge-hammer blow in them days. Wal', I give that Josh Jaquish as hard a thrashin' as he ever had, though he was taller an' five or six years older'n me. It teachd him a lesson, though. But lickin' him didn't have much 'fect on others, 'specially the gals, who kep' right on a-teasin' Tillie 'bout her whiskers. An' even her own folks, 'cept her ma, made fun o' her beard day arter day, till she was more'n half crazy.

"She stood it as long as she could, an' then

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one mornin' she went away, pretendin' to her folks she was goin' to visit her cousin, Sophy Gaines, in Waco. She was then 'bout nineteen year old, an' a full-grown woman. They didn't hear frum her fur 'bout two weeks, an' then her ma got a letter posted frum Galveston, sayin' she was goin' away in a ship an' that she might never come home ag'in. She'd stood bein' taunted an' jeered 'at long as her narves'd 'low, an' she'd made up her mind to try an' find some place in the world where she could earn her own livin'. The only person outside the fam'ly she asked to be remembered to was me. Her folks tuk on turrible 'bout her runnin' away, an' her pa said he could understand now why Tillie had asked fur one hundred dollars to go travelin' with. She'd never been away frum hum afore, an' seein' as how hard she coaxed fur it, an' realizin' her misfortun' an' all together, he'd let her have the money. He was quite a prosp'rous storekeeper in them times.

"Everybody felt the worst for Mrs. Dillon, who went out o' her head fur a spell. She done nothin' but walk the floor, an' wring her hands an' cry: 'I want my Tillie to come hum! I want my darlin' child!' O' course, I tuk Tillie's disappearance purty

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hard. I'd ben payin' her 'tentions right along as much as she'd 'low, but she was gettin' shyer'n ever to'ard the last, an' it must be understood that she was allus super'or to me. So it run along fur 'bout two years, an' durin' that time no one in Dallas had heerd a word frum 'Tillie. I had gone to work on a ranch some fifteen mile frum town, an' was doin' purty wal. Not bein' given to lushin' like mos' o' the cowboys, I salted my wages in a bank where they would draw a leedle int'rest. Wal, one afternoon when I was callin' on the Dillons, who should come in but Jedge Crum-pet, who'd lately ben on a trip clean to St. Louis on law business. Says he to Mrs. Dillon, the fust thing arter he got in the house, 'My dear woman, I've some good news fur you. I've seen 'Tillie.'

"Wal, ye should seen the look o' joy on that mother's face. An' then the jedge went on to relate how he'd been on a trip to St. Louis an' how, bein' fond o' shows an' sech things, he went into the Excelsior Dime Museum there, an' settin' on the platform, with the other freaks, he reco'nized 'Tillie. He walked right up an' shook hands with her, an' they had quite a confab. 'Tillie said she was gettin' seventy-five dollars a week in some

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places, an' a hundred dollars in others, an' ev'rything was a-goin' wal with her. She inquired 'bout her folks an' ev'rybody in Dallas, an' the jedge tried to git her to come hum with him, but she said that was out o' the question."

II

JUST at this point the kid opened the door softly and stole into the room in his bare feet, dressed in a nightgown much too large for him. His father was seated with his back to the door through which the lad had come, and was so absorbed in his narrative that he had not heard the door open. The kid tiptoed up behind his father's chair and squatted on the floor, motioning the visitors, with his fingers perpendicularly across his lips, not to betray his presence.

"Mrs. Dillon thanked the jedge," continued Nat, "fur bringin' the news, an' she immegetly wrote to Tillie, but got no answer. Then her pa made some show o' tryin' to trace her, with the help o' Jedge Crumpet, but they couldn't git no track o' her arter she left St. Louis.

"Two year arterwards I was hired to go and look arter a big shipment o' live stock to

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New York, an' the night afore I started, Mrs. Dillon sent fur me to call on her. She was now a widder. Mr. Dillon had failed an' was so broken up over his bad luck that he tuk p'ison, they say. Young Will Dillon had went to work an' so had the youngest gal, Bertha, to support their ma, who was sick an' mos' worried to death 'bout Tillie. When I see how poorly she was, I felt awful sorry fur her. She says, 'Oh, Nat, when you are in New York, won't you look all round an' find Tillie, if you can, an' bring her hum? I'll go to my grave very soon if I don't see her.'

"I promised to do my very best to find her darter, an' it was on my mind all the way goin' North. It only tuk two days to do my business with the cattle-buyers in Jersey City, an' then I started out on my search. Somebody told me there was a museum up on Eighth Avenue, near Twenty-Eighth Street, an' I inquired my way there arter gettin' off the ferryboat. There wan't no one in that shebang as looked like Tillie, an' so I come out. Jes' then there was one o' them horseless wagons comin' along, an' havin' read a good deal 'bout 'em I thought I'd try one. Nobody was in this one but the driver, an' I hailed him. 'Take me to a good dime mu-

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seum,' I says, as I stepped aboard. Wal, that feller whirled me through a lot o' cross-streets, an' arter awhile he stopped in front o' a showy-lookin' place which had a big red sign over the doorway readin', 'Old Reliable Bowery Museum.' I told him to wait, bought a ticket an' went inside. It was a purty tough hole, an' Tillie wasn't there. I asked a feller that was nothin' but skin an' bones, a-settin' on the platform, if he knowed Miss Tillie Dillon. 'What's her specialty?' says he. 'Wal,' says I kindy sheepish-like, 'she's got whiskers on her face.' 'Oh,' says he, 'I don't know her, but I know *Alva Juarez, the Bearded Lady.*'

"Then I come out an' told the man to take me to another museum. He tuk me to three other jints on that Bowery Street, but I seen nothin' o' Tillie. Then the driver says, 'I'll take ye up to Huber's on Fourteenth Street; that's the crackerjack o' 'em all.' So I rode up there. No sooner was I in the big room on the ground floor where they had the livin' cur'osities 'n I spied Tillie—settin' next to the fattest man I ever see or 'spect to see agin. He was talkin' an' laughin' with her, an' she didn't look at me till I was plumb in front of her. Jeewili-

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kins! but wan't she surprised! 'Why, Nat Veley! What b-brings you here?' she stammered, as she put out her hand to shake. I told her I'd brought a train-load o' cattle North fur the owner o' the ranch I worked on. She was so startled-like she couldn't say nothin' 'tall fur a spell, but at last she said, 'How's ma an' all the folks?' I told her her ma wan't very well, an' then I says, 'When do you git through here to-day?' 'Not till ten o'clock to-night, but I have an hour off for supper. Why?' says she. 'Oh,' says I, 'I want to see you as much as I can while I'm here. Can't you take supper with me?' 'I guess so, but I'll have to ask the manager,' says she. We talked a little more, an' then the baldheaded professor begun lecturin', an' she told me to come back at six o'clock.

"I went out an' paid the driver an' discharged him, an' walked out to Union Square an' sot down on a bench, where I waited fur nigh two mortal hours fur it to git to be six o'clock. The time dragged worse 'n old Deacon Skudd when he sings in church. I met Tillie, sharp on the hour, an' we went to a eatin' house that she knowed 'bout clost by. I didn't notice that ev'rybody stared at her,

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I was so int'ested in talkin' to her. Wal, when we got to eatin,' I gently led up to the subject of her pa's death. She didn't take it so hyster'cal as I thought she would, but she seemed a good deal consarned when I told her 'bout her ma, an' how Will an' Bertha was workin' like slaves to keep the wolf frum the door. Afore we knowed it, it was time fur her to be back to the museum. She told me I could come round at ten o'clock an' 'scort her to her 'boardin' house, an' I did. She invited me in, an' we had a long talk in the parlor. She said, by way o' jokin', the Fat Man was dead in love with her, an' killin' jealous o' me, an' that I better look out fur him. Bimeby I says, 'Tillie, you've ben away from hum goin' on five year. Your pa left his affairs in bad shape, an' your ma is gettin' old and is failin' very fast. If you want to see her alive, you must go hum with me. Why don't ye give up this business? It ain't the kind o' life fur a nice, decent gal like you to live. You know I allus thought the world o' ye, an' do now, an' I meant to ask ye to be my pard'ner, but you run away afore I got up the courage to do so. But I ask ye now. I'm ocean-deep in love with ye, 'an I'll make ye jes' as good a husband as I know how. What

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do ye say, 'Tillie?' Arter a long silence, she says, 'I'll give you my answer to-morrow, Nat. Now go away.'

"I managed to get a kiss as I said good night, and went to a hotel—the Morton House—not fur off. I didn't git a chance to have much of a talk with her till the next night arter the show closed. But the answer she give me was wuth waitin' fur, you bet your bottom dollar. She said she had decided to go hum with me an' visit her ma. Wal, boys, I jes' felt like flyin'. The next day was Saturday, an' we left for Washin'ton on the midnight train Saturday night, arter her week's engagement was up. We stopped in Washin'ton, thinkin' we'd stay over a couple o' days to see the sights.

"Wal, the day we was to leave there I was tuk sick an' had to go to bed. I was sick fur five long turrible weeks, an' 'Tillie was my nurse all through it. The doctor said if it hadn't been fur her 'tendin' me I wouldn't a-pulled through. But she stuck right by me night an' day, till the crisis was passed. I made big strides gettin' better, and when I was strong 'nough we started on South.

"There was great rejoicin', you better b'lieve, when we got to Dallas. 'Tillie hadn't

The Bearded Wife

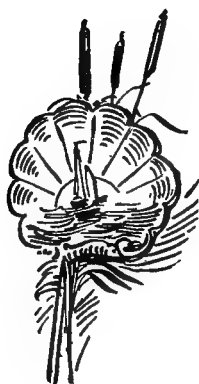
ben hum three days when her ma begun to git better. Ye see, Tillie all this time hadn't said she'd be my wife yit, but I noticed she seemed a good deal more tender to'ard me durin' an' arter my illness. So afore long I perposed agin fair an' square, an' she says, 'I can't go back on ye, Nat. You've ben the best friend I ever had, next to ma. So 'bout a fortnight later there was a weddin' at the widder Dillon's, an' I was the bridegroom. Maybe the cowboys an' guests didn't cut up like they was possessed that night.

"The next move we made was to buy this ranch. Tillie, durin' her career under the name of *Alva Juarez*, had cumerlated over \$20,000, while I had saved 'bout \$1,200. Tillie bought the property, an' it's in her name, God bless her! I put my money in cattle. We built this cabin, an' moved into it. Tillie's ma lived with us till she died — a year ago. Her last days was peaceful an' comfortable, an' I can say that Tillie an' me is the happiest couple in the Southwest. The kid — wal, as you've seen, he takes arter his ma. That is my story, gentlemen."

Rising to his feet, the kid, who afterward explained that he had come to get something to put into an aching tooth, threw his arms

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round his father's neck, and said very solemnly: "I'm glad pa married ma, instead of the *Rubber Skin Woman* or the *Snake Charmer*, that ma tells about."



Montessor

The Story of an Epidemic, an Exploit, and an Epitaph

I

THE railroad had been constructed across the wide, cactus-dotted plain to the base of the mountains, when work was suspended until the officials could determine whether it would be best to push up Redwood Valley and take their chances of in some way getting over them, or make an extended northern route around them. During this pause the town of Allegan sprang up and grew like a mushroom. A large immigration poured in. Within four months Allegan claimed six hotels, double that number of boarding houses, ten stores, two savings banks, and fifteen faro banks ; besides, in that time, the foundations of three church structures had been laid.

At length the railroad was extended, but not up the Redwood Valley, as every one in Allegan hoped it would. It was feared there

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might come into existence a rival town that would encroach upon the interests of Allegan, should the northern route be prosecuted. But the rival town did not appear, though Allegan suffered a reaction such as visits many frontier settlements prematurely developed. A considerable number of the population either returned East or straggled up Redwood Valley with agricultural designs.

To compensate, perhaps, for her lack of fertility, at just that point where the beautiful Redwood Valley merged abruptly into the rugged Redwood Canyon, nature revealed a treasure vault of gold in one of the mountains.

This discovery aided Allegan not a little in regaining her prosperity, a Government assay office and smelting works being established there, to which all the ore from the mine was shipped. Prospectors probed in vain for auriferous deposits above the so-called "Miss Alice" mine; the gold seemed confined to this one peak. It is true, a few meagre outcroppings appeared here and there, but none which would warrant labor.

A party of agriculturists had followed the canyon for sixty miles, until it lost its incline on a level, grassy summit of some area, pierced by a silver-tinted stream that came out of a

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mountain ravine on the left, and, gurgling across the green plateau, retreated down a precipitous gulch at the northeastern extremity.

It was nearly a year before any additions were made to the colony, but in due time the village of Observation Point was about equally blessed and cursed with a census of one thousand eight hundred souls.

Of all the institutions in Observation Point, the graded school was the greatest. Visitors to the village were always impressed with that fact. How could it have been other than great, under the direction of Alice Crofton?

The young lady just alluded to was an orphan. She had come West with the only living relative that she knew of in the world — an uncle, who was superintendent of the mine which had been named in her honor. Alice was twenty-five, by no means considered an old maid, since the fairness of her skin was still enhanced by a girlish bloom — skin that had not taken on either the sallow pallor or the rough, beefy floridity which are the inevitable extremes of a spinster's complexion.

She was what her early companions at school in Connecticut called "smart," what in this section of the West was known as a "good un." Alice was well adapted for a teacher,

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possessing that faculty — not rare in women — by which she was able to disburse her knowledge in the most wholesale, direct, and effectual manner.

It was during a protracted drought that Observation Point fell a collective victim, so to speak, to the most-violent attack of cholera. Alice's Uncle Dan was paying her a visit at the time. All the children became prostrated with the appalling epidemic, and the school was discontinued.

The rate of mortality was something frightful. The driver of the stage between Allegan and Observation Point was seized with it while *en route* down the canyon, and died before reaching his earthly destination. There were only two passengers in the stage that day — a Presbyterian clergyman and an old lady, who had been to Observation Point to attend the funeral of her son.

The clergyman lifted the dead driver into the stage, boosted the old lady up on the outside seat, as she declined to be any nearer the corpse than possible, and drove on. After that, stage drivers were more difficult to get than they had been.

Meanwhile, Alice Crofton had become a nurse. Early and late she was in the midst

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of the sick, doing all in her power to relieve their sufferings. At last, Uncle Dan was taken. He lingered with the ravaging disease only two days, and passed away. Three undertakers had come up from Allegan with coffins, and only one got back alive.

Strange it was that Allegan remained undisturbed by this scourging visitant, where it would have been quite as naturally assigned by this arch enemy of Hygeia, for about Observation Point the madroña scented breezes blew fresh from the mountains, and it seemed the very last place in the world where a contagion of this kind would assert itself. In the course of five weeks, the cemetery contained over one thousand six hundred new mounds.

During his last—and probably delirious—moments Uncle Dan had requested that all his money invested in the mine should be released by a sale of his interest therein, and be used in the purchase of monuments for all the dead victims of the cholera. Upon Alice did the faithful performance of this trust devolve. She went down to the mine with her uncle's deed and papers, and sold out his claim to the highest bidder for \$71,000. She then contracted with Mr. Bates, a marble dealer in Allegan,

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to furnish each grave in Observation Point cemetery with a marble slab. For her Uncle Dan she selected a very elaborately carved and costly column, upon which was inscribed this original epitaph: —

“ ‘Neath the ground in a bier,
A gentleman true
Sleeps silently thro’
The long, weary year.

Daniel Crofton, died July 10, 18—, aged 62.”

This was placed, under her own supervision, at the hallowed grave of her uncle. The other stones varied in size and shape, but with few exceptions, bore no inscriptions, as the graves, for the most part, could not be identified. When this had been accomplished, Observation Point was deserted by all save Alice and one man, a hermit, who dwelt in a rude cave beside the stream that came out of the mountain.

Late in the succeeding autumn the final slab was planted, and Uncle Dan’s wish had been fulfilled at an expense of \$68,000, the balance of the old man’s estate being very properly claimed by Alice.

The latter sauntered through the abandoned streets of Observation Point with a distressed

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sense of the surrounding desolation. She said adieu to the tenantless houses in which scenes of agony and death had occurred — too vividly impressed upon her mind ever to be forgotten. How pale and worn she looked as she wandered about on a cold November day, pausing anon to peer in through unhinged doors and broken windows, whence still issued the nauseating odors of the sick-room.

She gazed longest and last upon the school building, wherein she had made so many dear friends among her pupils, nearly all of whom, alas! were now dead. Then passing out through the gates of the cemetery, she stepped into a carriage and was driven to Allegan.

II

THE first man who ever went up Boulder Canyon, with no intention of returning to Boulder City, was Owen Montressor. In fact, he was the first man who ever went so far up Boulder Canyon with any intention whatever. It was absolutely necessary that Owen Montressor should not linger in Boulder City. His record there had been investigated by a vigilance committee, pending his all but fatal shooting of a rival gambler, and the disclosures were by no means in his favor.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Realizing the probabilities of capture if he chose the railroad as a means of escape, Owen Montessor galloped up the canyon one bleak February night, on a spirited horse he had borrowed for the occasion, without the permission of its owner. He was ignorant as to his destination, but he pulled his heavy black coat over his shoulders, lighted a cigar, and kept on.

Once or twice he looked back at the distant glimmer of the street lights in Boulder City, and then, like the solitary brigand that he was, resigned himself to his uncomfortable isolation from all human surroundings, as the rough, projecting rocks prevented his seeing more. Had he not been hardened and fearless, he would have shuddered in dread of unknown chasms every time his horse stumbled.

The dawn finally broke through the heaviest and grayest of skies, and Owen Montessor wore the same expression born of desperation. As the day brightened a little, he discerned one snow-capped peak after another towering above and around him. The canyon bore no evidence of a near termination; it promised to lead him on until he perished of starvation. But at about noon he reached a level waste, and lo ! beyond were habitations.

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A few minutes later Owen Montressor halted his animal in front of an oblong frame building, over the battered door of which a weather-worn sign bore the legend :—

National Hotel.
R. Shanley, Proprietor.

“Looks as if Mr. Shanley and his guests are away,” said Montressor to himself, dismounting, with the design of making a tour of inspection over the premises.

He pushed the creaking door open and stepped into what had once been the barroom. A torn and dirty circus poster still emblazoned the walls. A tin tank for ice water stood at the end of the warped counter, having for its neighbors a rusty cigar-cutter, an ink-blotched register, and two or three empty bottles lying on their sides.

Scraps of paper, corks, industriously chewed quids of tobacco, a spool of green thread, a piece of soap, the remnants of a soiled flannel shirt, broken dishes, and other miscellany, were scattered over the floor without any apparent effort toward harmony of effect.

Montressor's investigations in other parts of the house were not of a technical nature. He was too disgusted to play the rôle of con-

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noisseur, after the hope of finding something to relieve his hunger had been dispelled by the sight of a barren larder.

Sauntering out into the air, he began grooming his steaming horse with a handful of straw, and, while thus engaged, perceived a whiff of smoke rising from a chimney down the street a few rods. He was soon opposite the house that indicated occupancy, shouting loudly in a sort of patois calculated to attract the attention of any one within.

Presently there appeared at the door a middle-aged man, with a grizzly beard which grew all over his face, except where his little watery blue eyes, flat nose, and capacious mouth were. He kept his hand on the edge of the door, at first looking in blank amazement at the apparition of Montessor, and then, by peculiar gradations of facial emotion, contriving to grin suspiciously at last.

“Wal, 'pears to me yer kindy quick, stranger. Whar do yer persume to come frum, anyhow?”

“My good man, on such an empty stomach I scarcely feel able to cope with my autobiography. I hail from the dear old Quaker City. There I was born and educated. I had once the honor of being the youngest

Montressor

bank cashier in Philadelphia; and," continued Montressor, *sotto voce*, "I should have the honor of being the youngest one in State prison if they could find me."

Then aloud, "But I have heard a great many pleasant tidings from the West, and became impatient to see it; so here I am. It's a nice country through here—a little cold I should judge."

"Thar, thar, don't stan' out thar a-chat-terin' an' freezin'. It's not me as 'll go plumb agin a stranger in these parts. But the beast—she's a durn prutty beast, ain't she? Jes' come right in an' make yersel' ter hum. I'll jine ye soon's I git the mare in the stable."

Montressor went inside. In the rear room, off the hall, he found a welcome fire in an open grate. The apartment was filled with groceries and high rows of canned goods of all descriptions.

"Been getting in your winter supplies, I see," remarked Montressor, with much affability, when his host reappeared.

"I reckon yer don't know much 'bout Observation Point, do ye?"

"You are quite accurate in your reckoning, sir. This is my first visit to the town, and

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you are the only citizen that I have had the pleasure of meeting."

"Yer hain't likely to meet over two citizens in this place now; thum's me and myself. He! he! he! The rest on 'em is snorin' away down thar in the graveyard."

The speaker busied himself opening a can of lobsters and went on.

"Ye see, Observation Point was no slouch of a place awhile ago. I used to live in a hole in that mountain 'fore anybody thunk er makin' a town here. Many's the time I've run squar outen bar meat, an' hed to go wadin' through the drifts for any animal as crossed my path. 'Tany rate, thet makes no odds how 'Already Joe'—thet's what the boys used to call me in the mines, 'cause I was prutty near ready to have a far' deal ev'ry time—but, as I was sayin', that makes no odds.

"They got a town here quicker'n a dose er strychnine. I jes' hung to my own den an' bothered no un, an' no un bothered me. I'll have yer somethin' ter eat in a smart minute, stranger. Wal, yer never seed a town bust up like Observation Point, arter a while. Holy Moses! didn't she galavant down grade like a han' car without any brake.

Montressor

“They got cholery here all-fired bad, and talk about them morgue things in the city! — they couldn’t tech a candle to the stiffes they hed to chuck in the groun’ ev’ry day. Spades were trumps, now I’m tellin’ ye. Things kep’ gittin’ tarnally worse, till there wa’n’t no one left in the camp but me. An’ the dangest thing ’bout it, there was a gal what teeched the edercashun school; she was a prutty gal, too, goin’ roun’ givin’ castor ile an’ sech stuff to them as was sickest, till they turned up thar toes; an’ when they all got planted she comes up from Allegan with marble stuns, an’ puts one on each grave. How’s that fur a gal?

“Thar was some good fodder them cholery folks couldn’t take to Heaven with um, an’ it was too good to spile, so I cleaned out some of the stores an’ housins er thar valuables, an’ brought um here. I’ve got it packed overhead with dry goods an’ truck ’nough to las’ me all my nateral born life. I don’t mind ’lowin’ I struck it rich by stickin’ to Observation Point.”

Then Joe gave other details in answer to inquiries of Montressor, who evidently was amused by the rough host. He had fallen to eating the meal prepared by “Already Joe”

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before the story of Observation Point's demolition was concluded.

"I suppose you collared a few cigars?" said Montessor, pushing his chair away from the table.

"Five thousand boxes or more of um," was the reply.

"Already Joe" produced a choice brand of Havanas, and handed the box to his visitor.

The afternoon was waning, but Montessor felt very comfortable. The brandy and soda water were really better than any he had tasted in Boulder. Without any over-cordial invitation to do so, he had resolved to spend the night with "Already Joe." They both became volubly interested in a game of poker.

"By the way," broke out Montessor suddenly, in a tone slightly accentuated by a gleam of avariciousness in his eyes, "don't you suppose the people will turn up some time and claim their property?"

"Thar ain't much danger, onless they git tired er the graveyard. Thum as got away alive is mighty glad ter stay away, I reckon. Ef they do come back fur their chattels they can have all I got; otherwise, I'll see they don't spile."

Montressor

"About ⁸what do you estimate the property they left worth?" asked Montressor with a business-like assumption of manner.

"Wal, now, stranger, 'twon't do to be too quersitive. I don't keep other folks' 'counts, as it's none er my business."

Montressor took alarm at this blunt reply, and changed the subject.

"Is there a piano in the house?" he inquired awhile afterward.

"No, I have no use fur sech foolishness. But thar is several of um in the town," he added.

"They were too heavy to haul in a jiffy, I presume. Let's go and find one. I used to be what a Boulder critic would term a 'fine executioner' on the piano."

"Already Joe" had no objection to offer to this. He lighted a lantern, for it was now dark, and they started out in quest of an instrument. After a short walk they entered a house whose interior bespoke the refined taste of its former occupants; but the damp, musty atmosphere, the rotting Brussels carpet, and discolored lace curtains, exposed to the weather through shattered windows, told of the merciless work of Father Time. Montressor smote the tarnished keys of the piano

The Bow-Legged Ghost

that stood in the parlor. They were like ice, and the responses, where they sounded, were sadly out of tune.

A little provoked, he literally pounded the keyboard, breaking three or four keys. After this he carefully sought the best set of chords, and, though the key was pitched altogether too high for his voice, he sang all the songs he could think of, adding some instrumental improvisations, until his fingers became so cold that he was obliged to give it up.

Upon their return, "Already Joe" brewed some hot punch, after partaking generously of which Montessor, observing that his host was preoccupied, begged leave to retire for the sake of needed rest.

III

MONTRESSOR had said adieu early the next morning, and before ten o'clock was half way to Allegan. His experience with "Already Joe" and the strange cemetery with its marbles all huddled together, that he had passed, engaged his mind in reverie.

He reached Allegan late in the afternoon and proceeded to a hotel, where he sojourned in a quiet and exclusive manner for nearly two months, not deeming it prudent to appear in

Montressor

public until his doings in Boulder City had ceased to be talked about.

At length he began to show himself on the streets, and indulged his taste for music at a piano in the public parlor of the hotel. He represented himself as a wealthy lawyer from New York, and it was not long before Montressor's reputation for culture was sufficient to admit him into the best social circles of the town. He was much sought after by musical people, because he could sing and play, and not less did the intellectual patronize him, because he could make a clever after-dinner speech.

At a fashionable evening reception, Montressor first met Alice Crofton. She seemed to him the embodiment of beauty; he was most devoted in his attentions to her throughout the evening. The next day he visited her at the High School of which she had become the principal. Rumors soon associated their names as lovers. That they frequently were seen at church and theatre together was evidence tending to substantiate the gossip. And so their thriving intimacy resulted in an engagement the succeeding April.

Meanwhile Montressor had secretly gambled with success, and was able to muster from his

The Bow-Legged Ghost

haunts a force of men, not over-exacting on points of honor, to aid him in a scheme that he had been revolving in his mind ever since he reached Allegan.

It was a bold plan—one that, perhaps, no man ever before had conceived or tried, for lack of opportunity, and one that required sagacity of the highest order, involving, as it did, no end of risks.

One morning in May, before daybreak, four heavy trucks, carrying a dozen men, among whom was Montessor, in disguise, started up the Redwood Canyon. No one in the party, had he known Montessor, would have recognized him as he sat on the forward truck, engaged in earnest conversation with his deputy. An iron-gray wig and false whiskers of the same color had transformed him into a venerable-looking man.

All day they lumbered up the canyon, killing time in singing songs and telling stories, reaching the Observation Point Cemetery in the night. Every one was silent now, every voice spoke in whispers, every footfall was cautious, every heart beat wildly with a sense of adventurous duty.

By the aid of lanterns, the men found their way among the tombs, and formed a shiver-

Montressor

ing group around the man who was to give the instructions.

He said his purpose in coming here was to redeem the wealth that had been squandered upon the monuments, and of which he, the lawful heir, had been unjustly deprived. He dwelt with effusive bitterness upon the fraudulent charges which the dishonest marble dealer had imposed, denouncing it all as a deliberate swindle.

This feigned indignation on the part of Montressor was simply intended for effect. Five of the listeners were boss marble-cutters and trimmers, who, while in the employ of Mr. Bates, had organized a strike, which had procured their unconditional discharge. Hence, in ignorance of Montressor's design, they had pledged their skilled services to him, under the gloating impression that by so doing they could cripple Mr. Bates's interests, and thus secure their coveted revenge. They were willing to lend their assistance to this mysterious work, so strong was their hatred of Mr. Bates ; besides, the remuneration promised was large and tempting.

Concluding his appeal, Montressor, known among his henchmen as Gilrain, turned to his lieutenant and said in a low tone: "Set them

The Bow-Legged Ghost

to work at once. I will take a couple of men with me and trap 'Already Joe,' so that he cannot interfere with our operations.'

The men were soon lifting the monuments from their lodgment in the green turf and carrying them to the trucks. Montessoror, as we will still call him, led his accomplices to the house where "Already Joe" lived, and before the latter could comprehend the situation, he was a bound and helpless captive, the victim of all sorts of banter.

"You wouldn't let the stuff spile, eh?" said Montessoror, with a tantalizing sneer. "Well, Mr. 'Already Joe,' you can have your three meals a day, providing you are respectful to these two gentlemen, who will entertain you until I decide what is best to do with you."

Leaving a few authoritative instructions to Joe's guards, Montessoror returned to the cemetery, where considerable progress had been made.

In two hours the trucks were loaded, and the monuments were hauled up to Shanley's hotel, which had been decided upon as the place where they should be cut into square blocks.

On the morning of the fourth day, four cargoes of the cut marble left for Allegan. Montessoror accompanied the first shipment.

Montressor

On the following night Montressor and his gang started up the canyon, meeting the laden trucks returning about midnight. Montressor smiled approval when informed that everything was all right up at the Point. He flattered himself that few men could better have systematized the "job."

Arriving at the cemetery, he found the workmen just renewing their labors after a short rest. He called upon "Already Joe," who had become so sullen that it was out of the question to get him to talk. That night Montressor returned to Allegan with the trucks. He did not go back to Observation Point the next trip. Matters demanding his attention compelled him to remain in Allegan.

Curious people had already begun to seek admittance into the shanty, and they had been refused. They must be content with the explanation that the mechanics could not be disturbed by the presence of visitors. "The foundations of a large and beautiful mansion are in the course of construction for Owen Montressor, Esq.," was all that one of the Allegan dailies had announced. No one in Boulder suspected that Montressor was the *alias* of Duval, by which name he was there known.

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Slowly the marble walls of the structure went up, and Owen Montessor was by far the most prominent citizen in the place. So far his scheme had worked well through all its ramifications. But he was on the alert for surprises.

Montessor's trimmers came down from Allegan one Saturday night to spend the Sabbath, and while under the influence of liquor had divulged enough to put the sheriff on the trail of Mr. Gilrain. But the clue was vague, and Montessor, hearing the matter publicly discussed, acted with subtle caution. He determined to get these marble-cutters somehow out of the way. Having no more use for them, he made them prisoners and placed them under "Already Joe's" guards. It was not until after a fierce struggle, which required the recruiting force of the drivers, that the marble-cutters surrendered themselves.

The other part of the undertaking was the removal of all the portable property which the citizens of Observation Point had abandoned in their flight. In one of the banks, Montessor had found \$20,000 in specie and bank notes, and in the tills of most of the stores he had found sums ranging from \$10 to \$500; besides, in private houses, every one of which

Montressor

he thoroughly ransacked, he had found money.

Load after load of canned goods, dry goods, miscellaneous merchandise, furniture, stoves, timber, etc., etc., came down the Redwood Canyon in the darkness. All these things were placed in a warehouse which Montressor rented. He sold them at good bargains, through agents, and thus obtained ready money to pay his help liberally. It was rumored finally that he had purchased nearly all the property in Observation Point, and Allegan people, who were unaware that the Point for months had been completely deserted, credited the story.

..... Montressor circulated reports that the cholera was still raging violently up there, and thus deterred the people who had fled from going back to claim their property. Half a dozen or more men did attempt to return to Observation Point, but when within about three miles of the place they were halted by two men in military uniform, who came out of a tent on which the word "Quarantine" was painted in big, black letters, and were told they could not go any further. Accepting these appearances in good faith, the men retraced their way to Allegan.

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Of course, the quarantine was a dodge of Montessor to keep away from Observation Point all of its former living citizens, especially those who held there extensive interests.

Busy as he was, Montessor was a frequent caller upon Alice Crofton. He told her he was building such a palace as only his extraordinary income could make possible, a palace in which they would live in conjugal felicity. In her innocence and faith she was delighted.

Four months elapsed. Observation Point was rifled of everything of value. The house in which "Already Joe" and the five marble-cutters were still confined was the only one that had not been robbed of doors, windows, and like material. The truck "Already Joe" had mentioned was no longer there. The marble edifice built of tombstones lacked completion only in furnishing.

In order that Alice might offer her suggestions as to the interior decorations, Montessor escorted her over to the mansion one day. They entered the building through a side wing, and passing through different suites of rooms upstairs and down, came into the main hall. Alice had been dazzled by the magnificent proportions of the establishment, and was

Montressor

musings over it, like one in a dream, when she happened to glance at the newel post supporting the marble baluster. Her eye, sweeping down the graceful column, was arrested by these lines:—

“ ‘Neath the ground in a bier,
A gentleman true
Sleeps silently thro’
The long, weary year.”

On the following day she was to have been married. All at once Montressor had insisted upon hastening the event.

But now she was asking herself why her uncle’s monument—yes, it was his! Her face grew wan, colorless, and rigid with horror; she was fainting.

Montressor caught her in his arms as she swooned backward, and with angry curses carried her out into the open air. He, too, had observed the tell-tale epitaph.

Uncle Dan’s monument had needed little remodeling by the trimmers, so Montressor’s overseer said. It had been placed on the truck, and in the gloom the inscription had not been noticed. Those who had been employed in the erection of the house were not aware whence it came, and if they had seen

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the epitaph at all, they had attributed it to some odd whim of Montessor.

Before Alice revived, Montessor saw three figures coming rapidly toward him. They were the sheriff, his deputy, and "Already Joe." Then the latter had escaped? Yes, and it was too late for Montessor to attempt the same thing.

He gave himself up with a dogged indifference, so characteristic of the hardened criminal. They took him to jail, where he would await trial.

Two days before, "Already Joe" had twisted out of his shackles, while his keepers were asleep, and set the marble-cutters free. They never appeared in Allegan again, nor did the keepers—probably fearing the punishment of the law.

Montessor is serving a fifteen years' sentence in the penitentiary, and his famous marble palace has been converted into an academy for both sexes. Alice Crofton is its respected principal, and scouts matrimony.



Mrs. Beveridge's Adventure .

A BALMY evening in early spring. The full-orbed moon hung like a great golden disk in the heavens, bathing the green Southern landscape in a radiant sheen. The magnolia and orange trees had already put forth their white blossoms, which exhaled a delicious fragrance.

Mrs. Beveridge stepped out upon the wide veranda, extending round two sides of the fine old colonial mansion, where as a happy bride she had come ten years before. She was now alone. Her latest guests, friends from Memphis, had left for home on the preceding day. For almost the first time since her marriage, she was without company. Both she and her husband had been fond of entertaining, and their success in the art had been unrivaled. Prostrated with grief for some months over the sudden death of her husband three years before, Mrs. Beveridge had been surrounded during that period by friends who feared the shock would leave her a mental

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wreck or a lifelong invalid. Gradually, however, she was restored to a semblance of her former self, though by no means to the gay, vivacious woman she had been.

. On the evening referred to, her servants had trooped off to a country dance.

Mrs. Beveridge would have been enraptured with the beauties of the night, as her plump, shapely shoulders leaned against a pillar of the veranda, had not a nameless dread possessed her. The heavy stillness was oppressive. The scent of the magnolia blossoms reminded her of the romantic period of her married life, and thoughts of her dead husband brought on an attack of melancholy.

Going into the library, she picked up a novel and tried to read it. Page after page she mechanically perused, without understanding a word. She continued to read, now and then sensing a passage, but mainly absorbed in her own vaguely disturbing reverie.

At last, she grew too nervous to persist longer in the effort. Throwing down the book, she passed into the dining-room and lighted the candelabra. Then she walked briskly into the drawing-room and lighted the chandelier and piano lamp. Seating herself before the piano, she began playing a Wald-

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teufel waltz. But the music only served to sadden her spirits. She placed on the rack a favorite vocal composition, and sang it in a rich contralto voice. The sentiment of the song seemed to lift from her soul a great weight of depression, but she was still ill at ease.

Time dragged on until a few minutes after midnight, when Mrs. Beveridge resolved to go to her boudoir, on the floor above. Leaving the lights glowing in the library, dining-room, front hall, and drawing-room, she ascended to her sleeping apartment. The succeeding hour she devoted to writing to several friends.

Shortly after one o'clock Mrs. Beveridge stepped into bed. She courted sleep by some of those mental recourses which are said to win the presence of Morpheus. But it was futile. She could not even lie quietly. Finally she heard the hall clock strike two. Soon after, she began to feel the first symptoms of sleep. But suddenly, being nervously roused from her drowsiness, she dropped one arm limply over the side of the bed. Her hand came in contact with a shock of curly hair.

Instinctively Mrs. Beveridge knew she had touched the head of a man—a man who had been concealing himself under her bed. The

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blood in her veins seemed to congeal, but, strangely enough, her senses did not desert her. Stifling her first impulse to raise an outcry, with admirable presence of mind she gave a very good imitation of a person yawning in sleep, and remained silent.

After an interval of a few seconds, she heard a noise beneath her bed, and presently a dark form stood beside her.

"Don't pretend you're asleep," said a deep, gruff voice, "for I know you ain't. I've seen that kind o' make-believe before. Come, now, I want no nonsense. You jes' git up and shell out your fine diamonds and all your ready cash."

The villain, while thus speaking, had whipped out a formidable-looking revolver, which he held recklessly pointed at Mrs. Beveridge's head.

"I shan't do you any harm," he went on, "if you do as I tell you to. But set up any howlin' or try to play any tricks on me, and I'll put you to sleep for good, and don't you make any mistake about it."

Mrs. Beveridge wholly appreciated the situation. In no steady accents she replied: "If you will step into the hall while I dress, I will do as you ask."

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The burglar went into the hall to wait, while Mrs. Beveridge quickly clad herself, managing to hide in her bosom several papers representing many thousands of dollars. At that juncture the burglar re-entered the apartment.

"Out with your precious stones," he exclaimed harshly, "every one you've got."

Burning with indignation and alarm, yet outwardly composed, the widow produced a magnificent jewel case which she promptly handed to him.

"They all here?" he asked. Then, looking at her hands, he added: "No, I see some pretty rings on your fingers. Take 'em off and fork 'em over."

With great reluctance Mrs. Beveridge parted with the treasures she removed from her fingers.

"Surely you will spare me this simple gold band — my wedding ring?" she entreated, with genuine earnestness.

"Yes, you can keep that. But git out your cash — greenbacks. I haven't much time."

Mrs. Beveridge told him her purse was down stairs in the library.

"Well, go and git it. Start on, and I'll follow. But don't you try to run away, if you don't want to git shot in the back."

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A moment later she surrendered her purse, containing nearly one hundred dollars. But he insisted that she must have more money somewhere in the house. Then she handed him a wallet taken from her dead husband's writing-table, in which the burglar found over seven hundred dollars in banknotes. In the same drawer he spied Mr. Beveridge's watch and chain, which he appropriated. Then he said he would like to have the best of the silverware, and thereupon drew from his capacious pocket a cotton bag which, he intimated, would hold all the other valuables that he could lug away conveniently.

They entered the dining-room, and from an adjoining closet the burglar soon selected as much sterling ware as filled his bag to overflowing.

"It now lacks a quarter to three," said he, consulting the dining-room clock. "I can stay a little longer. Have you got anything to eat? I'm hungry as an Indian."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Beveridge, her heart fluttering with a hope that she could detain the monster until some of the male servants should return and capture him. "There are cold meats, preserves, good bread and butter, pickles —."

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"By Gorry," interrupted the burglar, his mouth watering, "you're a real nice woman. I'll try some of your victuals. Hustle 'em right on."

Lighting a small hand lamp, Mrs. Beveridge led the way into the pantry, and began to prepare a luncheon for her frowzy visitor. The burglar immediately addressed himself to the edibles with gusto. At every other mouthful he complimented "the lady," as he called her, upon the excellence of the "grub."

"But," he ventured, "it would go better if I had something to wash it down. Now, you don't mean to tell me you ain't got some nice old brandy."

"Yes," replied the handsome widow, who had been obliged to seat herself on the opposite side of the table. "But would you not prefer some wine? We have in the cellar a vat of pomegranate which my husband imported from Spain."

"Jes' what I want. I never tasted any, as I know, but I'll bet it's daisy stuff."

Mrs. Beveridge picked up the hand lamp, and saying: "Bring that silver tankard on the buffet," led the way to the cellar. The burglar followed, having left the bag of valuables

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on the dining-room table. The stairs were spiral in construction, and after they reached the cellar floor there were several dark and winding passages to traverse before coming to the wine vats.

"Where the devil are you leadin' me, anyhow?" queried the burglar. There was a note of suspicion in his tone.

"A few more steps will bring us to the wine chamber," said she, with no sign of the agitation she felt. "Here is the vat of pomegranate."

"Yes, and it smells like a big bouquet of posies," said the burglar, as he stooped over the edge of the vat to dip up a full tankard of the sparkling vintage.

Now was Mrs. Beveridge's moment! She had been waiting for it with incredible self-possession. With all her might she pushed the cause of her night's torment and alarm headforemost into the wine vat. The burglar's body and head were completely submerged, but she did not pause to watch his struggles. Blowing out the light, she cautiously but speedily made her way through the cellar and gained the spiral steps. Mounting them in panic-stricken haste, she closed and locked the door communicating with the

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kitchen, and placed against it several pieces of furniture as an additional barricade.

For several minutes she had heard no sound of the man she had so cleverly imprisoned. Then she heard his voice faintly from below. He had managed to climb out of the vat, and was trying to find his way out. Presently she heard him tottering up the stairs, fairly roaring with rage, and uttering the most furious expletives.

Oh, if some of the servants would only come! Some horrible fascination prevented her from running out into the night and calling for help. But who would hear her cries, save possibly the ears of the wretch's accomplices, waiting for him outside?

Suddenly the burglar reached the landing behind the cellar door, on which he began to thump and pound and kick with all his vigor,—a course he would vary by begging to be let in, promising he would offer no violence and that he would leave the house without taking a single article of the plunder he had gathered together.

Mrs. Beveridge remained silent, thereby leading her prisoner to believe that she had fled from the house. He continued to try to break the door open, but the oaken panels re-

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fused to yield to his fists and feet ; and, as he had lost his revolver during his struggles to escape from drowning in the vat, he did not have that weapon to use as a battering ram.

For two hours Mrs. Beveridge remained in the kitchen watching and praying for daylight and assistance. Worn out by fatigue and excitement, she finally lapsed into a faint, in which state she was discovered later by the colored coachman, who was first to return from Aunt Eunice's birthday dance. By the time she was able to tell what she had experienced, most of the domestics had arrived and now stood huddled about her in quaking consternation. The stableboy was dispatched to the nearest town for the constable, who put in a prompt appearance, accompanied by two deputies.

Well armed, they opened the cellar door, but the burglar was no longer on the landing. He evidently had given up all hope of escape through that door, and had returned to the cellar. They had a hard search before they found him—lurking in a corner of the coal bin. He fought desperately to resist arrest, but a blow on the head with a hickory club brought him to terms.

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At the next term of the county court, "Jimmy Hoolan," *alias* "Max Smith," was tried and sentenced to a long term of years. The evidence brought out the fact that he was one of the most notorious "crooks" along the lower Mississippi, that he had committed a murder in New Orleans, and had served in prison for a robbery.

When asked by the judge what he had to say in his own behalf, he remarked, with a droll expression of countenance: "Well, I'll say that that air woman is the bravest little woman I ever did see. And no one can beat her gittin' up a meal o' victuals. I didn't relish her pomergrantic wine quite so well. But I'm willin' to take the sentence of the court like a man, jes' because—well, jes' because I was outdone by a woman."



A Poet's Passion

*"Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."*

—HAMLET, Act iii, sc. i.

I

THE old concierge introduced him to me one afternoon, and invited me to call upon him. His talk and manners impressed me with the idea that he was an original character, and I decided to patronize him. I had taken rooms in this lively neighborhood of the Latin Quarter for a short time in order to observe student types, and Jean Renaud interested me. I called upon him two days after our first meeting, his rooms being one flight of stairs below my own.

As I entered his artistically decorated chamber, he threw aside his cigar and advanced toward me with extended hand. He evidently was in the act of making his toilet, for he was only half dressed. I quickly apologized for the inopportunity of my visit, and was about to withdraw, when he seized me gently by the arm and conducted me to a chair, saying I was welcome at any time.

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He informed me that he was preparing to call upon a young lady, who lived "on the other side of the river," but he had plenty of time, and I must remain until he was quite ready—which would take another hour.

I never met a more accomplished man of the world than Jean Renaud, but you shall have more of him as my story progresses. While he was chatting away agreeably on divers casual themes, my attention became fixed upon the peculiar figures on his shirt, his coat and vest being off. Observing that I was gazing at them, he came closer to me and said: "I see you are interested in my shirt; odd, isn't it?"

I remarked, with no little wonder, that it was; for I saw verses in different colors, stamped all over the bosom and sleeves.

"I am a poet, you know," he continued, "and I have published some of my best work in this way. It's very convenient to have a verse of your own you cannot recall, printed on your cuffs in artistic form. You see, this ordinarily passes for a figured cambric shirt—until I call attention to the fact that it isn't!"

I felt a droll impulse to laugh outright, which I did. Jean Renaud seemed offended at my laughter, and I promptly subdued it.

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"Read this poem and then laugh," he said, standing close beside me and pointing to a poem entitled "Andromeda," in the centre of his bosom. The lines were by no means wanting in poetic fire. I complimented him on his genius, and soon he seemed to forget the offense created by my laughter. He leisurely donned his collar, which was covered with verses, and then buttoned on his cuffs, also verse-dotted, talking meanwhile of his many creations, for, according to his own admissions, he was a prolific bard.

The hour which he had intimated was to be the limit of my stay was up before I knew it—so entertaining had been Jean Renaud. But he had not become so absorbed in what he was saying as to be unaware of the exact time.

"Now I must be going," he said with the utmost civility. "You will excuse me under the circumstances, I am certain. Monsieur Glenwood, you must call on me often. We shall be the best of friends, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

"I see no reason why we shouldn't," I answered laconically, and so we parted—he to make his call and I to take a stroll through the Jardin du Luxembourg.

Jean Renaud and I became fast friends. We were opposites in temperament, though

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many of our tastes were identical. In the exchange of confidences that passed between us, I learned that he had some genuine patrician blood in his veins from the maternal stock. His family estate, located near Melun, yielded him an annuity of sixty thousand francs, and, having no one dependent on him, his temporal condition entailed upon him no anxiety.

Jean was an orphan. His only sister, Antoinette, shortly after the death of the father, had married a French colonel, now stationed at Algiers. She had received by her father's will—the mother being dead—the bulk of the personal property, while Jean had inherited the paternal estate, which was an equable division.

Since the death of his father, who had made his fortune on the Paris Bourse, Jean had been living a gay existence, but he had always lived well within his income; riches had not turned his head. He was now thirty-two, tall, slender, with a bronzed complexion, due to the climate of Algiers, where he had lived, as his sister's guest, for eighteen months. For the rest, his black eyes and wavy black hair, and the contour of his rather angular face, readily proclaimed him a Frenchman. His figure was elegant, both as to form and car-

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riage, save when, in his intense poetic moods, he affected the careless, slouching movements of a Bohemian. His face was scarcely attractive, except in moments when argumentative excitement brought a sparkle into his eyes and a flush into his usually pale cheeks.

There was a peculiar charm in his smile, which disclosed his evenly shaped, white teeth. He was a fluent linguist, speaking English with barely a *soupeçon* of accent.

Certainly, Jean Renaud was eccentric ; but to me he was not obtrusively so. A strong individuality characterized everything he did. He acted largely on impulse ; but, nevertheless, if occasion called for it, he was ready with some reason or justification of his conduct. He was as many-sided and emotional as a woman, and quite as obstinate at times.

Of a Saturday night he would drag me to the Nouveau Cirque, on the Rue St. Honore, or to a *Café Chantant*,—perhaps the Alcazar, in the *Faubourg Poissonniere*,—and afterwards to a restaurant for a bird and a bottle. Then on the morrow he might be filled with that morbid piety which some people display on Sabbath days. He would declare it to be our duty to attend early mass in Notre Dame, or,

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as he sometimes urged, in the temple of the common people, Saint Sulpice.

After service he would pack me off in a *voiture* to the cemetery of Montmartre, where he would point out the graves and tombs of distinguished poets, musicians, and painters, often uttering a mournful monologue concerning each defunct celebrity. Then in all probability on the way home he would visit the Morgue, to see what assassinated, drowned, or killed persons were exposed to curious public view. Returning to his apartments, there was no such thing as my leaving him, unless, perchance, he was seized with divine afflatus, which seldom happened on Sundays; and, being interested in this man, who with all his caprices was a magnificent companion, I had little or no wish to wander off by myself.

Sometimes after sundown on holy days, Jean's peculiar piety would relax suddenly, and frivolities galore suggested themselves to the apostate. His favorite recreation was to pilot me into a haunt on the Rue Voltaire, not far from our lodgings, much frequented by students and Bohemians. It was called the *Café Gambetta*, because that flamboyant and somewhat misdirected genius had once honored the establishment with his presence for

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an entire evening. None but men of supposed tremendous intellect and professional promise were allowed in the place, though the only effective passport to the inner circle was seedy raiment and a duly manifested bravado of egotism. Consequently, Jean was careful to see that for these occasions I was befittingly arrayed in one of his cast-off, threadbare suits which he had spared for the purpose. His own attire was in that state of shabby uncertainty where a friendly tussle, even in his own physical favor, would have almost denuded him. Everything we wore, barring our respective underwear, was old and tattered, not to say greasy. But we were always received by that nonconventional coterie with acclaim.

At that period my shock of long, blonde hair, tinged with gray threads, gave me—if you will allow me to say it—a literary air. As for Jean Renaud—they all knew him. How many times had his aggressive powers of discussion and expedience of suggestion convinced the Bohemians of his indispensability in their midst—where money, even with Jean and myself, seemed so unknown a quantity! How eager were the thirty or more eyes to note any intention of liberality on the part of

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some one still possessed of a few francs ! Or with what dependent interest did they listen to some bold spirit who was openly threatening "to hang up the establishment" for the next round of *vin ordinaire*.

Jean always directed me to distribute an even two francs in centimes through my various pockets, which request he implicitly complied with himself. Ergo we could plead to being "hard up" as well as the next man, who probably really was. No one in this highly confidential, though somewhat hilarious circle, knew Jean as a man of desperate alternatives to obtain a breakfast or a dinner, though one man present had seen him once in his dress suit, but having accosted him had gone up the avenue satisfied that Jean Renaud was not Jean Renaud, but another — a double — in short, the Prince Motilla of Spain. . . .

Jean had always been secretive concerning the young lady whom he went so often to see across the river, but one day he volunteered to confess his fears that his suit—for his intentions were serious—was not progressing so favorably as he would have it.

"You see," he declared, "she is bent upon becoming an artist. I never saw such a unique woman, Glenwood. I will make a

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clean breast of it. She is a countrywoman of yours."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. She hails from Chicago."

I gave a start. Chicago is my birthplace. Some all too tender memories to me hover about that much-maligned city.

"Let me try to describe Adele Hargrift," continued Jean; but I interrupted him with an exclamation of consternation that some people would have considered blasphemous.

Adele Hargrift!

Why should he try to describe her to me? I knew her. Five long years before she had been my betrothed. Yes, five long years. She was a petted darling of society then—the daughter of a wealthy railroad magnate. I was a poor civil engineer, with only alleged prospects of a brilliant career ahead. In spite of my self-acknowledged poverty, Adele had given me her hand. But alack! we had a simple lovers' quarrel which a single word of concession on the part of either would have patched up. But pride made us both stubborn, and we became estranged.

Soon afterwards I went to Mexico to do some surveying for that government. At

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the end of a year my services were no longer required. As I had no other more definite aim at the time, I cast my fortunes with a bright but adventurous young fellow by the name of Tobias Shirley, who was daft on discovering something in the way of a rich mineral deposit in the northern mountains. Tobias was a Yale man. He had tried his speculative mettle and small paternal legacy in Wall Street—to the total dissolution of the legacy. Since then he had drifted and kicked about the world up to the time when I met him in the City of Mexico. Being nearly of an age, and discovering that we possessed tastes in common, we naturally agreed to like each other; for it is ever so lonesome in the City of Mexico without a friend—a friend, I mean, who does not employ you or whom you do not employ. However, for the matter of that, Tobias had several traits that one could not help liking, and this being the case, one could not help liking Tobias.

We set forth on our journey on the fifteenth day of May. Five weeks afterwards we made a discovery, that is to say, with all becoming modesty, I did. We were in the deep declivity of a giant peak, or, in other words, in the crater of an exhausted volcano. After

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making an extended examination, I was ready to make a thousand affidavits that the uncanny looking walls of the used-up volcano inclosed a deep quarry of precious onyx. When I so informed Tobias, who, in truth, was anything but a geologist of even the most primitive kind (though, of course, he must have answered more or less correctly some questions at Yale, pertinent to the "Story of the Rocks,") he fairly leaped with jubilation. We went back to the City of Mexico in hot haste, organized a company, and four months later the "Excelsior Onyx Mines" were in operation. There was comparatively little trouble in introducing our onyx on the market, for it was of a superior quality. In three years I was a millionaire, and sold out my interest in the mines to Tobias, who wanted to make two millions — or more.

Returning to Chicago, one of the first things told me was that Adele Hargrft's father had failed in business, and that she herself had gone abroad on a limited stipend, furnished by a maternal uncle, to study art. I still loved Adele Hargrft, and, after learning of the misfortunes of her family, I experienced a great longing to see her again. A

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year later I had come to Paris, where I knew she was sojourning, but as yet I had made no special effort to find her. So my emotion may be realized when Jean Renaud mentioned her name.

"What on earth ails you?" asked Jean, in adversion to my exclamation.

"Only a twinge of sciatica," I explained, with a farcical attempt to imitate a sudden victim of that dread ailment.

"Too bad," said my companion. "Let me call the doctor."

"No, thank you, the pain will vanish in a moment."

Jean resumed. His description of Adele Hargrift did not make her out a day older than when I had said a cold adieu to her five years before. Jean's eloquent eulogy of my whilom *fiancée* set my blood boiling. It was all I could do not furiously to demand her present address, that I might fly to her and call her my own. Yes, my own; for she could never become the wife of Jean Renaud, according to my heart's jealous prophecy. How almost abnormally cool and collected some men can appear, when the vital currents of their being are surging in wild excitement. Such was my exterior calm at that instant,

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that I said to Jean Renaud, with every sign of a mad devil's friendliness:—

“Jean, I should like to meet your fair divinity. Where does she live?”

“55, Avenue Marceau,” said Jean, unsuspectingly. “You shall come with me tomorrow to see her. But you must keep your eyes open, and tell me afterwards if you think I have a shred of hope to cling to.”

II

FROM that moment Jean Renaud ceased to interest me in the way he had previously done. I came to look upon him as an interloper—a poacher on my preserves. But three days later, as though we were still the bosom friends we had been, Jean and I went to call on Adele Hargrft.

I shall never forget the instant she saw and recognized me. She came as near fainting away as any woman ever did or could, and I stood like a confused schoolboy able to offer neither relief nor sympathy. Jean suggested cold water on her forehead and a glass of Cognac, and rang for a servant. The remedies Jean had proposed seemed of avail, for Adele soon broke away from the thralldom of her faint, which she explained

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was due to exacting work in the *atelier* of her teacher during the morning, without a scrap of food.

"You should not work without eating, Miss Hargrift," I managed to philosophize, being conscious as I uttered the words that I could not remember the time before when I had been constrained to call her Miss Hargrift.

At my remark she pulled herself together, and, with a little air of her own, said: "As a rule, I obey the calls of the inner man, or, I suppose I should say in my case, the inner woman. To-day, Monsieur Durget had a particularly interesting figure for me to copy in oil, and probably I lingered over it too long for my physical good."

"My friend, Glenwood, is not only from your country," said Jean Renaud, "but from your own city — Chicago."

"How strange!" said Adele Hargrift, her radiant smile giving the lie to her fluttering eyelids. Then she added: "But the world is not so large after all."

"Perhaps you knew each other when you were little," suggested Jean, "before the city of Chicago grew to be so enormous."

"Perhaps," caught up Adele in a quick, combative way, "but should you think it

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probable? You have never been in America, you know, Monsieur Renaud."

"Quite true, Mademoiselle," responded Jean, thoughtfully. "It was only a little fancy, nothing more. Excuse my haste in showing it to you, but my latest poem is done in English." With these words Jean Renaud produced his silk hat, which he went for in the vestibule, and handed it, top downwards, to Adele. The latter looked into it for a moment, and, motioning me to look also, I stepped behind her, and, with her permission, peered over her shoulder, while in a clear, unwavering voice, she read the following lines, stamped in the silk hat: —

A PROMISE

COULD I speak thro' the lips of the rose,
Sweet things I'd disclose,
Quite as rare as its leaves ere they fold
Up the wings of their fragrance untold.
Sweet things I'd disclose,
Could I speak thro' the lips of the rose.

Perhaps from my dust will arise
A rose that is lovely and fair;
Oh, spirit of mine, guard the prize,
And think of my fanciful pray'r.

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If then thou canst utter a word,
Speak loud that my voice may be heard,
For I shall such sweet things disclose
As I speak thro' the lips of the rose.

Adele complimented the lines, but not profusely. My presence was evidently disconcerting her, though I endeavored to be nothing more than politely casual in my demeanor and words. Presently, unable to witness her discomfiture longer, I proposed going to Jean, who assented.

"What do you think of her?" asked my companion, as we were riding homeward through the Champs Elysees.

"She seems very agreeable. Her charms are many," I commented in a half-abstracted manner.

"She knows I am in love with her," continued Jean, "but I cannot perceive that my affection is reciprocated."

It was far from my liking to discuss the subject, though it seemed to be Jean's greatest wish to prolong it. I treated his raptures with a civil silence.

On the following day I left Jean on the pretense of having business to transact with my bankers in the Rue Scribe. As a matter of fact, I instructed the *cocher* to drive

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me directly to 55, Avenue Marceau. Adele Hargrft received me. Neither of us could dissemble in the least—now that Jean Renaud was not with us. How uncalled for and foolish seemed our lovers' quarrel as we reverted to it! Time had made charitable her memory of me as it had my memory of her. Our souls were drawn together by those indescribable ties of love which had never really been severed.

I again offered her my name, with it this time a fortune. She blanched as with dread, lest I was mocking her. Disabused of this, she urged that she could not give me an answer at once. She also acknowledged the plight of being adored by Jean Renaud, in whom she felt an interest, but no love. I assured her that I would tell Jean all about our previous relations and inform him that in the future he would be pursuing a forlorn hope if he insisted in paying her any more attentions.

That very night I revealed the situation of affairs to Jean, trying not to be cruel in my candor ; but my words cut deep into the poor fellow's heart. Without a word he rose and left the room. As he opened the door I saw tears in his eyes.

A Poet's Passion

Three hours of careful deliberation decided me in leaving my apartments on the following morning for good, and to that end I packed up my personal effects and belongings before retiring. The next day I went to the Hotel Binda, where I had previously sojourned, after inditing a note to Jean and leaving it with the old concierge to deliver to him. In it I affirmed my innocence of any intention to wrong him, or to stand in the way of his winning Adele's hand. But he must now perceive how futile was such an ambition on his part. The note contained little else in addition, save a few friendly words of farewell.

A week later, Adele Hargrft and I were privately married in the American Presbyterian Chapel in the Rue de Berry.

Our honeymoon was spent at Nice, and subsequently we lived for several months in Vienna. Finally we made an extended trip through Norway and Sweden, Adele meantime adding some delightful etchings to her portfolio. We passed the following winter on the Isle of Jersey.

Adele and I had been man and wife just two years when we found ourselves once more in Paris, for a brief stay before sailing for America.

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At the very moment of our arrival in the Gare du Nord, I experienced a sickening depression of spirits — so closely and so uncomfortably were my thoughts of Paris and Jean Renaud associated. I wondered what had become of him. By mutual consent, his name, since our marriage, had never crossed our lips. I now shuddered in fear, which alas! was in reality a true presentiment, as the fiacre bowled along through familiar streets and boulevards toward the hotel, lest I should see his apparition — a wasted, gaunt, pathetic, but still breathing caricature of his former self.

On the second day after reaching “the gay city,” I found some excuse to absent myself for a few hours, though it was difficult to mislead Adele’s intuitions. I was convinced, as I left her, that she had divined my object; but she did not seem at all unwilling to let me go. Half an hour later I was grasping the hand of the old concierge in the Rue Fontenelle. He was unmistakably glad to see me. He remembered that I never had handed him a niggardly *pourboire*. And Jean Renaud: What about him?

“Mon Dieu!” exclaimed the honest Andoche, with a terrible shrug of his shoulders,

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followed by a significant touch of his forehead with his finger, and a few rapid shakes of his head; "he has gone completely to pieces! Yes, Monsieur Jean is done for—mentally. Soon after you went away, Monsieur,—two years ago that is now,—he began going to the bad. Such carousings as he had in his room you never heard of. Oh, but didn't his money fly! There was no one to restrain him, you know, but myself. However, I did not have much time for that sort of work, as Monsieur must know. It is all that one poor man, with asthma like myself, can do to look after Monsieur Bernard's buildings, without giving the tenants points as to how they should manage themselves. Well, Monsieur Jean grew worse and worse. He ordered case after case of expensive wines, but only his old confrères and the grisettes consumed it. Monsieur Jean would only take absinthe, but he did take that without limit, and you know how that corrodes a young man's stomach and poisons his brains. For an old man like me, a little absinthe now and then warms up the cockles of his heart and reminds him of a good anecdote of his boyhood, but it is no beverage for a young man, and I told Jean so more than once. But he would only say: 'Mind your own concerns,

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good Andoche, and leave your superiors alone. Order me another case of the fluid you would have reserved for your own selfish pleasure, you sly, old wretch !' That is the way he would go on when I tried to reprove him."

"But what has become of Jean?" I interrupted.

"He stayed in this house up to about a year ago," responded the old man in his wheezy voice. "Then creditors began to come around and bother him. I myself had been unable to collect three months' rent from him that was due to Monsieur Bernard. Jean had been gambling right along to his own disadvantage, for the absinthe destroyed his wits. They say he raised money on his family estate to pay off debts of honor. Being a gentleman, Jean paid those, no matter how much he owed the wine seller, the restaurateur, and the landlord. Then he fell sick, and was in bed for a month. I myself paid his doctor's bill, and took a painting and a trunk containing fancy underwear for security. When he was able to get up he looked the picture of despair. One morning he hobbled down stairs and came into my quarters. My wife made him a cup of coffee, which he said tasted better than

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anything he had ever swallowed. 'I am going now,' he said; 'and, Andoche, if you ever want to see me again, you will find me in the fir forest near Melun, that once belonged to my father—and afterwards to me. You dear old rascal, don't use absinthe in any form.' Then he tottered out and he has never been here since. This is all, Monsieur Glenwood, I can tell you, except that the other day the *Figaro* stated that the new gamekeeper of the old Renaud estate has made a singular discovery. While in the deepest part of the forest that covers the southern portion of the manor, he saw on many of the trees verses cut in the bark, with only the initials underneath—J. R. That is all I know, Monsieur Glenwood. My wife just says my humble luncheon is ready. Will you not partake?''

Thanking him for his invitation, I returned to my hotel and asked Adele if she would not like to make a visit on the morrow to the famous old town of Melun. The question piqued her curiosity, but she did not ask the wherefore of the trip—only saying she would be pleased to take it.

At noon on the following day we stood on the outskirts of the dark green forest. To

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the northward stretched the well-kept estate, with its trim greenhouses and horticultural gardens, of the late M. Renaud. We were on the verge of a dense shadow of thickly growing firs, pines, and other less kindred trees. An impulse, as strong as the passion for absinthe to Jean Renaud, tempted me into those mysterious shades. I led my wife guardedly thence, yet with a firmness that my Adele at that time could not account for, but tolerated in wifely faith. We had proceeded perhaps three hundred yards when we were suddenly confronted with a dark sluggish canal, suggesting the outlines, if not the character otherwise, of a feudal moat. Our progress was arrested, and Adele, surrendering to her latent superstitions, for the first time manifested so far as I knew her, suggested, with all signs of earnestness, a retreat to a less ghoulish environment. I was about to yield to her proposition, when my eyes beheld, darting from a fantastically gnarled oak, a figure clad meagrely in the skins of animals that I did not at the time know abounded in that forest. But his face—wild with the inroads of dissipation and disease—white as the chalk cliffs of Dover—could I fail to recognize it? At the same moment he recognized us both.

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I shall not attempt to describe him. His sudden appearance turned my blood to ice, my heart to stone. Fortunately, Adele was looking northward toward the open country.

I stood aghast. He riveted his sunken eyes full upon me, with never a glance at the woman beside me. Then he smiled, threw up his bare arms, the motion of his body making his long whitened hair to flow in weird fashion over his unclad shoulders. Uttering the most inhuman and unearthly scream that man ever uttered, he fled behind the great oak whose roots rambled along the exterior of the ground, instead of developing normally in mother earth,—seeming a malicious octopus intent on spreading its tentacles merely for human destruction. The sound of Jean Renaud's shriek nearly tumbled my wife over with alarm.

"A screech owl," I temporized instantly. "The station master told me these horrid birds throng the forest," I added, to soothe her; and very soon she believed the sound might have proceeded only from the monster suggested.

Having seen Jean Renaud, I did not care to go a step further in that grewsome wood — not

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even had there been no black ditch to impede my onward way. I now shared Adele's wish to get back into the open country. That madman's face which my wife happily had not seen ! And yet, had I been able to stretch my hand across the old moat and to have said to Jean : "Come back to Paris and be a poet. We shall appreciate you better this time." Ah, how could I do that ? And how could Jean ? My wife stood there shivering. Jean had appeared in the *negligée* of a madman hermit. Why should I not extricate Adele at once from this wretched labyrinth ? With all sorts of desolate misgivings, I tried to guide Adele out of that hideously suggestive forest. But oh, how hopelessly we staggered through the underbrush ; how often we found it necessary to penetrate tangled briars ; how slow, indeed, was our progress. The wonder was how we had ever proceeded so far into this sunless wood. *En route* I stumbled up against a solitary beech tree, half dead with the desire of getting my Adele out of the jungle, when I spied, cut in the trunk, evidently with a jackknife, a couplet which, rendered into English words, would read as follows :—

"I put my fullest trust
In things that crawl in dust."—J. R.

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Fortunately for us, the beech tree stood near the outskirts of the forest. Soon afterwards, Adele and I emerged from that noxious gloom into the pearly radiance of a French landscape. . . .

Some six years later, after I had settled down as an architect in Chicago, I wrote to the Mayor of Melun regarding Jean Renaud. The Mayor's answer was brief and to the point. It read thus:—

MELUN, April —, 18—.

MR. JOSEPH GLENWOOD.

My Dear Sir:—Yours received. Two years ago, the skeleton of a human body was found in the hollow trunk of an aged oak tree in the forest of Melun, otherwise still called Banker Renaud's estate, though it now belongs to M. Sorel. Only one thing identified the remains, and that was the picture of Jean Renaud himself in a gold-chased locket suspended round the neck. On the opposite side of the locket was a bit of paper folded up into a square. On it was written in the chirography of Jean Renaud—whose name was signed underneath them—these words: "I am the man who would love forever the American girl named Adele Hargrft, but a demon fate forbids it. In consequence, absinthe and madness are my portion. Adele will never know my passion. Glenwood, as the victor over my heart's choice, will probably be unrelenting in his strictures of me. Only the world, and after that, God himself shall judge."

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Adele, who never knew I wrote the Mayor of Melun, has never seen his reply to me, nor have I ever told her what he wrote. I tore the letter into fragments, and threw them into the waste basket.



The Story of Four Carrier Pigeons

I

THOUGH living at some distance from the city, I was sufficiently in touch with urban life to be spared the appellation of a rustic. Yet I was called an eccentric man, because, being something of an experimentalist, I seldom did things like my neighbors. They regarded me as a harmless zealot, and in the community I was characterized as "better than fools average." But I never minded the opinions of my fellow-citizens respecting myself. Year after year I went on experimenting with my beehives, my grapevines, my fruit trees, and my crops.

To be entirely frank, my knowledge of the Latin poet, Horace, my subscriptions to three agricultural papers, and my own untiring devotion to the more scientific methods of farming did not assist me financially. While not aspiring to reap a fortune in agriculture, I dared to hope for a moderate monetary success

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from the application of approved modern methods to agricultural affairs. But they did not appear to succeed. At the end of each year I found myself somewhat poorer than I had been at the beginning. Despite my industry, my acres did not thrive. While I was deep in the study of ensilage and other equally interesting matters, my produce garden became choked with weeds and nettles, and while I was eradicating them by hand (a laborious process requiring a fortnight's steady toil) my little dairy of six cows died, one by one, of an epidemic which other sufferers like myself called by a great variety of names. .

So matters went from bad to worse, and finally, being cramped for a little ready money, my small balance in the First National Bank of Centerville—the nearest town—having been gradually withdrawn, I began to ponder how I could raise the necessary amount without borrowing or mortgaging my farm. At last I decided to sell my four carrier pigeons, which some three years before had been presented to me by a friend who had procured them in Italy.

He assured me that originally they had belonged to a Neapolitan count, who, while imprisoned for a crime, had used them as mes-

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sengers between himself and his lady-love. The Count, it is said, did little else during his incarceration but indite burning epistles to the fair senorita and dispatch them to her by these pigeons, which were kept flying from the prison to his sweetheart's villa and back, by day and night. The senorita, of course, responded to each impassioned vow of her captive lover, and to each of her perfumed notes was attached a scarlet ribbon, which was tied to the tail feathers of the faithful carrier.

Neapolitans who lived in the neighborhood of the prison used to stand in the street for hours watching the pigeons set forth from and return through the narrow second-story window of the cell occupied by the Count. This was one of the interesting sights in Naples at that period. Finally, the Count died suddenly while in the act of addressing one of his most ardent declarations to the senorita, and his property, including the pigeons, was publicly sold to redeem his debts.

What became of the fair senorita I have never heard. Perhaps she languished away in a convent. My friend happened to be in Naples at the time of the sale of the Count

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Gracedo's effects, and he bought the pigeons at a rather extravagant price. But each one was, indeed, a *rara avis*.

As I have said, he presented them to me — in remembrance of our close friendship formed while at college. On account of the romantic story he related concerning them, I always had dearly prized them since becoming their possessor. And now, though I needed money, I keenly disliked the idea of parting with them. In my bachelor loneliness they had been excellent companions. Throughout my forty-five years' existence I never have been especially fond of domestic pets, but these pigeons won my tender affections from the start, and I trust I shall not be considered vain if I hint that my feelings were charmingly reciprocated by them. They lived as much indoors as out. They followed me to the fields and indulged in their own instinctive pastimes when I was too busy to pay them attention, but they were never far away from me. At night when I went to my chamber to read, or into my adjoining home-made laboratory to fuss, they accompanied me, and, lighting on my shoulder, would coo and pose in the most piquantly affectionate manner. I called them respectively "Josephine," after a

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young lady for whom I once entertained a sentimental but futile regard, "Moses," after a favorite deceased uncle, "Penelope," after a married sister, and "Ralph," after my friend who gave me the pigeons.

After they thoroughly knew me, I tested their training by taking them one day into a hillside forest about four miles distant from my home, and leaving them in charge of my farm boy, who accompanied me, with instructions to free them in about an hour. I hastened back to my house, which I reached before the hour was up, and getting my briarwood pipe and tobacco pouch, seated myself on the veranda to await the coming of my treasures. Soon, however, doubt began to prey upon my thoughts. Would they ever return? I eagerly consulted my watch. The hour would be up in three minutes. Those three minutes, how full they were of suspense!—but I will not pause to detail my misgivings. Eight minutes later I descried four birds flying directly toward me. Yes, they were my pigeons. I believe I never extended a more genuine welcome to any human being than I did to them as they landed on my outstretched arms. Nor were their greetings, in their dumb way, less cordial. But it

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is enough to say that I liked my pigeons and that they liked me.

II

I DID not need the money for myself, because my habits of life were very simple and inexpensive at that time. True, in my college days and afterward, while I mingled with the world, I spent money freely—too freely, in fact, for a man whose legacy had been but \$20,000. But, fortunately for me, at about the time I had nearly run through my inheritance I began to thirst for scientific knowledge. I purchased a farm of nearly two hundred acres and a considerable number of books, and in this way settled down. I entertained a vague notion that I could become an accomplished scientist and a practical farmer at the same time.

I desired money to give my younger brother, a worthy aspirant for legal honors, who was suffering from what is commonly known as cataract of the eyes. This trouble had become so serious as to require him to consult an oculist, who had urged him to submit to an operation at once. Jack wrote me the circumstances and appealed to me for money to pay for the operation. “My whole

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career," he wrote, "depends upon this operation, which Dr. Powell assures me he can successfully perform. What could I do in the law, or anything else, without my eyesight? I dislike to call upon you for funds, but I know of no one else to apply to. It would be a pity and a shame, now that I am admitted to the Bar and stand a fair show of working up a practice here in New York, to have everything go by the board. Dear brother, help me if you possibly can. The operation will cost only \$100. With that sum I think I can manage it, as I have a little laid away to meet my board, laundry bills, etc. I cannot see to write this—so my friend, Lawrence Shipley, is kindly acting as my amanuensis."

Is it necessary to observe that this letter touched my heart? I had not heard from Jack before for nearly three months. He was a pushing, independent, clever fellow, and I never had had any occasion to worry about him, except in regard to his poor eyesight. But previous to the receipt of this letter I had not known how bad it was getting. Of course I resolved to provide Jack with the money. But how? The passing out of my hands of my entire farm I should not have allowed to stand in the way of furnishing him with assist-

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ance in his exigency. But being a man of middle age and not as practical as the law will allow a man to be, and also sensitive as to my shortcomings in the latter respect, I really hated to give up my farm.

After much reflection I hit upon the expedient of disposing of my cherished pigeons. The very afternoon I received Jack's letter, I worded an advertisement to insert in the *Centerville Weekly Farmer and Rural Companion*, and, placing it in an envelope, with a note to the editor requesting him to send his bill for the same, gave it to Jim Bloodgood, a stage-driver, to deliver, as his rocking vehicle rattled along the dusty turnpike in front of my house at about sunset. The notice ran as follows:

"Gordon Hildreth, Esq., of Weaver Valley, offers for sale four beautiful carrier pigeons, with a history. For terms inquire of the owner."

On the following Saturday morning I was sitting on my veranda after having eaten a frugal breakfast, prepared as usual by my housekeeper, Priscilla Dudley, when a lively team and buckboard, whose approach from the direction of Centerville, ever since it appeared in sight over the knoll of the South Hill, I had been watching, turned into the lane lead-

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ing up to my modest domicile. This unusual circumstance at once directed my attention to the sole occupant of the conveyance, whose form and features were now plainly visible. He was a trifle stoop-shouldered, wore a drab-colored slouch hat, and an outer coat of the same hue, and, though it was July, thick buckskin gloves. A nearly exhausted and poorly-lighted cigar rested in one side of his rather capacious and sensuous-looking mouth. He did not glance at me or at my house during the time he was driving up the lane, which covered a distance of two hundred yards from the turnpike. Even when he stopped opposite my threshold, his gaze was reflectively inclined downward. He climbed clumsily out of the buckboard, for he was a heavy man, put his whip in its iron socket, and curled the reins carefully around the whip. Then, after patting the flank of the nigh horse and testing the security of the nearest front wheel of the buckboard, he turned sedately, and, looking unconcernedly at me, said : " Mr. Hildreth, I believe ? "

" That is my name, sir," I replied amiably.

" I noticed in this week's *Rural Companion* that you have some carrier pigeons to

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sell. My name is George Pullen. I thought I'd come up and look at 'em."

"Very well," I said. "Come up and take a chair and I will call the pigeons."

He slowly ascended the steps of the veranda without speaking. I knew my visitor by reputation as a bird fancier and dealer, and I reflected with a joyful thrill that he would not have been likely to drive all the way from Centerville, nineteen miles, just to *see* my pigeons. A peculiar whistle which I made brought the four birds at once. As usual they lighted on my arm.

"They look like the genuine article," observed Mr. Pullen, after gazing at them for several moments, during which I had briefly narrated their history to him. He showed no disposition to higggle. He offered me \$100 for the four pigeons, and after a reproachful moment I accepted the offer. My pets were placed in a wooden cage which Mr. Pullen had brought with him under the seat of his buckboard. As he was about leaving he admitted that he had heard of my pigeons from different parties, and that he had been desirous of gaining possession of them. After Mr. Pullen went away I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself for having surrendered my beautiful

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birds to a stranger who desired them only for a speculative object. But when I thought of poor Jack and the help the \$100 would be to him, my self-reproach, so to speak, evaporated. That day I forwarded the money to my brother, and in my letter fraternally expressed the earnest wish that the proposed operation would prove successful.

III

ABOUT four days after I had disposed of my pigeons, I received a startling message from my sister and her husband, who resided in a flourishing Pennsylvania town, where the latter was engaged in a manufacturing business. The dullness of the previous season and the reverses of the firm had resulted in an assignment. Horace, my brother-in-law, wrote me the particulars of the failure and entreated me to come to his rescue with a loan. To this appeal my sister Penelope added a pitiful supplication for financial relief, making a strong point by referring to her two children, who, she said, would soon be in want of a crust of bread to keep their little bodies and souls together, if I did not heed this petition. That part of the letter written by Horace was couched in less doleful words, and displayed

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a more practical view of their situation. He thought \$3,000 would set him on his feet, though that amount did not cover all his liabilities. But he hoped to gain the renewal of certain notes against him, in which case, with the \$3,000, he could continue work in his factory, and, within a few months, redeem his obligation to me. This was far more serious than my brother Jack's modest request, but I was just as anxious to comply with it.

It was clear that I would be obliged to mortgage my farm. The only doubt was whether I could raise the necessary amount in this way. I immediately sent word to Squire Willoughby, the richest man in the township, who lived about a mile up the valley, to come and see me on business. He rode down after supper that day, and I told him what I wanted. We walked over the farm and he mentally took an inventory of it. At last he said he would not take a mortgage for over \$2,900. It was useless trying to persuade him to raise his bid even a hundred. So I was obliged to accept his offer, and the next day the papers were prepared and signed, and he handed me his check for the amount.

Late that afternoon I was in my garden, hoeing my potato patch and wondering how I

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might secure the additional one hundred dollars to make up the even three thousand that my sister Penelope and her husband desired, when suddenly I became aware that something had lighted on my right shoulder. Turning, I saw Josephine. I could easily recognize her by the golden-brown ring around her neck. Yes, here was my favorite pigeon, Josephine. Ere I had time to salute her, the other three were scrambling for the best resting-place on my shoulders.

I at once dropped the hoe and made for the house, overjoyed at the unexpected return of my pets, which seemed equally elated at having found me. "Where did you come from?" "How did you get away?" "Are you not afraid that it will be suspected where you are?" These were some of the inquiries I addressed to them, as I approached the house. The only answer they gave me was an affectionate, satisfied coo, as they nestled closer to my neck.

It was a pleasure, indeed, to have my pigeons back again. After we had enjoyed a play-spell, as of old, I became meditative. I reasoned to myself that the pigeons could not have escaped from Mr. Pullen. He had dealt too long in specimens of the feathery kingdom

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for such a thing to be probable. The more plausible inference was that they had deserted the party to whom Mr. Pullen had sold them. Was it likely that this party would endeavor to recover them? Yes, and would he not naturally go to Mr. Pullen to ascertain from whom he had obtained them, and then come to me with the question: "Have you seen anything of the four carrier pigeons you sold the other day to George Pullen of Centerville?"

That, too, seemed likely. At this point in my reflections I was seized with the first dishonest thought which I think ever crossed my mind.

The first town of any considerable size north of where I lived was Truckton, twenty-two miles distant. It was larger by some four thousand inhabitants than Centerville, with which it was connected by a stage route. Between these two towns I had divided my patronage among the stores, and, if anything, I was better acquainted in Truckton than in the other place. I knew a man in Truckton who kept a large bird establishment, and I now conceived the idea of going to him and trying to sell the pigeons. I did not pause to consider the total lack of honesty involved in

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this act, my whole mind being concentrated upon the wish to procure the \$3,000, to send my unfortunate kindred.

The stage from Centerville usually passed my house on its way to Truckton every morning at about ten o'clock. With my pigeons carefully concealed from sight, in a bundle so arranged as to furnish them sufficient air, I hailed the driver of the Truckton-bound stage on the following morning, and mounted to the vacant seat beside him. During the journey I attempted to maintain my usual composure, and to forget, as far as possible, the nature of my errand, but my conscience, like the proverbial kingly crown, would not easily rest. Haunted by the fear that my double-dealing would be detected, and thus bring me to disgrace, my manner and words must have seemed artificially gay to the stage driver, though he gave forth no sign that he suspected me of any mysterious purpose.

Arriving in Truckton, I at once proceeded to the shop of Mr. Sinclair, the bird-dealer. Without waiting to exchange the customary commonplaces, I undid my bundle and explained to him that the four pigeons that flew out were for sale.

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"The birds," I nervously remarked, "as you can see, are very fine specimens. They have, sir, a remarkable history."

Mr. Sinclair closely scrutinized the birds, and asked: "What is their history?"

I thereupon related to him the story of the pigeons, to which he listened attentively, but with a slight expression of incredulity. When I had finished he rather indifferently inquired my price for them. I replied that I valued them at \$150, which sum he pooh-poohed as altogether too exorbitant. After considerable bickering he agreed to give me \$125, which I accepted. I then left his shop, secretly pleased at the success of my roguery.

Squire Willoughby's check for \$2,900 I had in my pocket. That and \$100 I exchanged at the Truckton bank for a draft of \$3,000, made out to the order of my brother-in-law, Horace Dunbar, to whom I immediately mailed it. I returned home on the Centerville stage, and for several days afterward I kept myself very closely indoors, allowing my farm boy, John Sanders, to perform all the duties pertaining to the farm. Only under cover of darkness would I steal out for my usual exercise, and frequently I cut short my walk by reason of a vague fear that I was being fol-

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lowed. During this period my life was miserable, and I learned for the first time that conscience not only makes a coward of a man, but tortures him worse than any bodily pain. I was somewhat consoled, however, for my dishonest transaction with Mr. Sinclair by the receipt of a letter from Penelope and Horace — a letter full of tender gratitude and thanks for the relief I had afforded them ; and, finally, I gave up brooding over my infamous deed, and soothed my conscience with the resolve that as soon as possible I would trace the party to whom Mr. Pullen had sold the pigeons and reimburse him for their loss.

I now began to take an interest in my farm, and instead of devoting so much of my time to my beehives and to the care of my fruit trees, I labored like an ordinary farm hand at tilling the soil. One afternoon, while engaged in plowing in a new field which I had recently freed from stones and stumps, I happened to look upward at the sky, wondering what the weather would be on the morrow, when I observed four birds flying in a straight line towards me. Instinctively, I knew they were my four pigeons, which neither time nor distance, it seemed, could alienate from me. A moment later they were perched on my

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shoulders, indulging in their wonted cooings and manifesting a redundant joy in again being with their old master.

This time their return affected me to tears, and exultantly I called to John, who was in the neighboring field, to continue my labor at the plow, and went prancing homeward with my pigeons fondly clinging about me. Upon reaching the house Priscilla handed me a letter, which had been left by the postman during the day. I opened the letter, which was from Jack and read as follows:—

NEW YORK, August 10, 18—.

Dear Brother:—I am now in the hospital, and am getting along pretty well, the physicians say. The operation was performed last week, and my eyes must be kept bandaged for three weeks. I was obliged to come to the hospital in order to obtain the necessary care which my case demands. It will cost me another hundred dollars for board here and professional services. Can you possibly rake up that amount for me? I will work my nails off to repay you at the earliest opportunity. Help me, dear brother, through this crisis and you will never regret it.

Affectionately yours,

JACK.

In the perusal of this message I did not lose my patience; on the contrary, I recklessly

The Story of Four Carrier Pigeons

determined to double my sin, and again sell the pigeons—this time in the large city of Pittsburg, fifty miles away. The next morning I started on the Truckton-bound stage, my pets securely confined in a bundle as before. I had but an hour to wait at Truckton before taking a train for Pittsburg. I did my waiting in a remote corner of the gentlemen's room in the station, behind a newspaper. I reached Pittsburg too late in the day to transact my business, but, before going to bed, I learned the name of the largest bird-dealer in the city from the hotel clerk. The next morning I visited the bird shop and came away with \$130, which I mailed to Jack, in care of the New York Hospital.

Little remains for me to add. I returned home, my conscience hardened by the repetition of a dishonest act, and resolved that so long as my pigeons remained faithful to me, and my family continued unfortunate, I would pursue the same policy. My pigeons did remain faithful, for in less than a week after I disposed of them in Pittsburg they returned to me. But, happily, my family had no occasion to appeal again to me for funds, and so I was, perhaps, spared a career of unique knavery.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Jack came out of the hospital with his eyesight wonderfully improved, if not wholly restored, and within six months sent me his check for the amount I had advanced him. He is working his way up in the law, and I am certain he will succeed. As for Horace, he pulled through his reverses, and now is well on the road to fortune. Two years after his failure he repaid me the loan, with which, and what I had managed to save, I lifted the mortgage from my farm, which nets me nearly a thousand a year—all an old bachelor like myself requires or deserves.

In conclusion, I will say that the man who purchased the four pigeons of Mr. Pullen has been paid \$175 by me, that being the price he paid Mr. Pullen for them. Mr. Jenkins of Truckton, who bought the pigeons of Mr. Sinclair, I paid \$200 to cover his loss. To Mr. Spicer, who bought the pigeons of the dealer in Pittsburg, I remitted the same amount. For a gift to me those birds have proved rather expensive, but they have taught me several practical and salutary lessons, and next to Penelope and Jack there is nothing in the world I love so much as I love them.

A Living Tombstone

YOU see, people said that Jasper Diggs was born foolish and that he was not responsible for his actions. His mother died in his babyhood, and he was left to take care of himself, as his father was a poor, old, weak invalid.

Public philanthropy was almost an unknown quantity in Pine Hollow, and the maxim of "every man for himself" was rigidly conformed to by the tavern keeper, the proprietor of the grocery, and other less influential citizens of the village. Even the seedy-looking parson was imbued with but a picayune spirit of charity, though he frequently found occasion in the pulpit to stimulate and encourage charity in others.

Jasper had grown to be a very sizable young man of twenty. With all his shattered mental faculties, affection was a most pronounced trait in his character. This was manifested in his zealous care of his father, whose emaciated form had lain for many a long, weary

The Bow-Legged Ghost

month upon a couch of pain from which the poor man was destined never to rise again. Jasper was his nurse, his companion. If the old man sometimes wearied of his boy's vague chatter about a thousand nothings, of his nervous facial contortions, or his monotonous impersonations, he could, after all, bear these trifling annoyances in return for all the kind attention of which he was the recipient from this same unfortunate son. What little remained of the old man's life, ebbed slowly, day by day, until at last his name was written in the book of mortality.

"Well, old Diggs is gone," was the current expression of the generation that knew him best. Affairs in Pine Hollow, of course, moved on in their wonted style. Mr. Diggs's death was soon forgotten. But no! it was not forgotten; Jasper Diggs remembered it but too well.

The idea of providing a suitable tombstone to the memory of his father seemed to have taken possession of Jasper's mind a few days after the old man's death. Some suggested that the easiest way to get enough money to purchase one would be to go around with a subscription list. Acting upon this hint, he started out on his hopeless mission. I say

A Living Tombstone

hopeless, because they looked upon Jasper as more of a fool than he was; hence they treated him far worse than he deserved. He went from house to house, meeting only rebuffs, sneers, and ridicule.

At night he repaired to the cemetery where he slept, preferring to be near his dead father than in the lonely cottage. He had tramped all over the village, and found only one person willing to render him assistance, and that one had signed for half a dollar. Every one else had refused to give anything but his moral support. Therefore, like a perfectly sane young man, he abandoned the enterprise, though the insatiable longing for a monument to his father's memory possessed him as keenly as ever.

A week later, one of Pine Hollow's miserly citizens, while passing the cemetery, made a strange and wonderful discovery. He did not go into the grocery shop that night as early as usual, in order to allow all the frequenters to assemble so that he might have a good audience to listen to what he had to say. The crowd was laying in a stock of peanuts and plug tobacco as he entered, and his nervous patience was taxed to the utmost in refraining from calling the meeting to order at once.

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“Well, boys,” he began, after the counter and every available box and barrel had been extemporized for seats, “you’d a laughed your gizzards out to see what I did this mornin’. I was footin’ it over to Hi Cassaways’ to see ’bout him buildin’ me a new corncrib next week, an’ as I come to the graveyard, I noticed a man standin’ in there. Comin’ up closter, I reco’nized Jasper Diggs, poor devil! He was standin’ perfectly still, an’ when I got right oppusite, I hollered out: ‘Hey, there, Jasp, what yer doin’?’ Well, I’ll be dog dang if he stirred a confounded inch. Then I hollered again, but he didn’t move. Sez I to myself, says I, like as not the poor dumb critter’s in a fit, or got one of his blasted delusions. I’ll jes’ go up an’ see what ails him. When I got around not more’n a rod or so in front of him, I see a square piece of this ere pasteboard hangin’ on a string around his neck. There was letters on it, but as I don’t pertend to be much eddicated, I couldn’t read ’em. But it’s my opinion he’s trying to run Bill Davis, the marble dealer, oppursition, and be his own tombstone.”

A loud guffaw on the part of the listeners followed close upon the conclusion of these remarks and then continued laughter augmented

A Living Tombstone

the hilarity. Of course, the curious visited the cemetery and found the report true to the letter. There stood Jasper, as motionless as the monument he was representing, his facial expression displaying a deathlike rigidity. No amount of diverting noises or threatening gestures changed the fixed stare that literally poured out of his eyes. The placard placed around his neck bore this inscription : —

“ SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER,
BORN —, DIED —,
THIS TOMBSTONE IN DEFAULT OF A MORE
ENDURING ONE IS ERECTED.”

The people of the Hollow had something to laugh over at last. Throughout and beyond the county the fact spread that in Pine Hollow cemetery there was a living tombstone. Visitors flocked to the place.

Now, it would mar the authenticity of this story to say that Jasper Diggs had no relaxation, that he stood at the head of his father's grave night and day, and, like any other tombstone, didn't eat and sleep. When evening came, he left the place with solemn deliberation and wended his way homeward. He appeared in his conventional style, until he returned to the cemetery the following morn-

The Bow-Legged Ghost

ing. At noon, if no visitors lingered about the grounds, Jasper ate his luncheon, which he had brought with him.

It must have dawned on the astute reader's mind ere this that there was one prime object which held Jasper Diggs with such fidelity to his post. He was quite rapidly gaining that object, for nearly every stranger dropped a coin into the yawning money-box that was attached to his waist-belt.

It was about the middle of November. A heavy cloak of snow covered the earth like a shroud. The day was drawing to a close. The boy, who for years had been the target for all kinds of ridicule and abuse, the general laughing stock of the village, resigned his position that day, leaving the cemetery, half-frozen, but with three hundred and eighty dollars, the scattered donations of charity, and not one red cent of it had come from the pocket of an inhabitant of Pine Hollow.

Jasper Diggs was able to purchase for his father a worthy monument, and it may well be imagined that he went to and came from it with just feelings of pride. Somehow people after that hung their heads and acted as though they were ashamed of themselves when Jasper was around, and no one ventured any longer

A Living Tombstone

to mock his manners or to jeer at his condition. And, somehow, Jasper did not appear to their eyes as he had before, for in reality he gradually reversed the apparent intention of nature with reference to his mental characteristics.

If you ever visit Pine Hollow, don't fail to go and see Mr. Diggs's tombstone, for it is the finest one in the cemetery.



The Mind Children

AN OLD gentleman of patriarchal bearing, weary with a day's literary toil, planted himself in an easy chair before an open grate fire in his study. The twilight shadows were deepening, and fitful gusts of the autumn wind rattled the windows and weirdly crooned down the chimney. In a few minutes the old man's head sank limply on the leather back of the chair and he was sound asleep.

It is said the brain never rests ; that the principle of intelligence is always active, whether we are sleeping or awake. Within this old man's shapely Titanic head to-night, while he slumbered on, there seemed to be a congestion of mental images. These brain children jostled each other in their restless eagerness to obtain freedom. In the stampede that followed, many a delicate offspring of his mind was trampled upon and crushed out of existence, and even some of the hardier and stronger ones were injured in the panic. Among these brain children that were fortu-

The Mind Children

nate enough to get out of the crush was a certain Joke, a sprightly little fellow, who knew his only safety was in getting away. So he stealthily crawled on his hands and knees through a dark passage, and finally emerged from the old man's left ear. He did not linger long in the study, but passed into a sleeping-chamber, and thence through an open window he made his way into the outer air. For a moment he stood irresolute on the pavement, shivering with cold, for he was not used to such atmospheric rigors.

Presently he was joined by a dainty little Fancy whom he remembered to have seen not long before in the old man's mind.

"How did you get here?" inquired the Joke.

"In about the same way you did," responded the Fancy, in an elfish voice. "But I'm almost sorry I came, for they say deserters like us always come to grief. But I feared being killed if I remained in that awful mob. Behold! Another refugee is coming."

Sure enough! While the Fancy was speaking, the two brain children were joined by a Conceit—a frail, feminine being, not unlike the Fancy in aspect.

"Good evening," saluted the Conceit, cheerily. "But isn't it freezing out here? Oh,

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why did I run away? I might have been put down on paper to-morrow, being only five days old and evidently a marketable creation for Mr. Likely, so fondly and carefully has he revolved me in his mind."

"That doesn't cut any ice," said the Joke testily. "I have been Mr. Likely's pet for more than a week, and he would have introduced me to the world, in his own handwriting, on the day of my birth, had he not been so busy finishing his novel, the last word of which he wrote about an hour ago."

"I think," put in the Fancy, somewhat petulantly, "that I have just as many claims on Mr. Likely as any of you. I should have been sent out into the world legitimately several days ago if he had had time to dress me properly. This garb I am wearing he intended only as a temporary one."

Just then advanced toward them with pompous tread, a Thought. As to dimensions he was larger than all the other three rolled into one, and he seemed very conscious of his importance.

"What are you dallying here for?" he blurted out. "Come, follow me! We are all deserters and must make the most of our opportunity."

The Mind Children

The Thought led the others, who followed in single file, through Twenty-Fourth Street, where Mr. Likely lived, into Broadway. They proceeded silently down that thoroughfare, and, after a brisk walk of two hours, they brought up at Battery Park. Thoroughly fatigued, they seated themselves on a bench on the sea wall, and for some time gazed out over the harbor and the lights of anchored ships, in mute admiration.

"What a wonderful world it is," sighed the Fancy to herself. Then spoke brusquely the Thought: "Well, what do you Lilliputians propose to do? Sit here and languish to death?"

"We can't accomplish much to-night, I fear," ventured the Conceit, in a voice that showed she had already taken cold.

"Do you suppose Mr. Likely would take us back without punishing us?" queried the Fancy.

"I've a good notion to go up to one of the newspaper offices, find out who the humorist is, and slip through his ear into his mind," prattled the Joke gayly.

"Not a bad idea," said the Thought, "but I doubt if you would be successful. I fear you are too light a weight to make much im-

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pression on the brain of a professional humorist. Now, I might be reincarnated with some hope of a glorious destiny. And if it were not for leaving you here helpless and unprotected, I should start this minute in search of some eminent thinker, who, you may be sure, would welcome me with profound gratitude."

"I am getting fairly numb," said the Conceit. "My running away was a suicidal policy."

"You should have counted the cost beforehand," returned the Thought. "I pity you, but I don't know how I can render you assistance."

"We are two sisters in distress," said the Fancy, "and if it must be, we will perish together."

"Well, when it comes to that," remarked the Joke, "we're all in the same boat. I don't believe the Thought, though he is bigger and stronger than we are, has any right to put on airs and lord it over us. I'll bet I stand just as good a chance to pull through this crisis as he does."

"Don't get impertinent," roared the Thought, "or I'll toss you over that sea wall into the water."

The Mind Children

"Ugh ! how could you be so cruel to your little brother?" said the Fancy with a shudder.

For an hour the Thought indulged in blustering talk and bullied his companions until he, too, began to feel cold and sleepy. Meanwhile, the other three were discussing ways and means, but they could not come to any understanding. Finally the Fancy said : "It must be close on to midnight. For one I am sorry I ran away and I am going back to see if I cannot find lodgment in the mind that gave me birth. Will you come with me, Conceit?"

Conceit answered : "Willingly," and together the two sisters started across the park. They had not gone far when the Joke said : "Thought, you and I are two precious fools to linger here. We should at least escort our sisters back and protect them against possible footpads."

"I guess you are right," assented the Thought, with a smile of humiliation.

The Thought and the Joke soon caught up with the Fancy and the Conceit, and they went up Broadway abreast, as fast as they could scramble. It was past one o'clock when they reached Mr. Likely's study. The old

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man still sat in his chair and was snoring sonorously. The Thought, without a word of announcement, climbed up the old gentleman's legs and body, and entered his right ear. Being a bulky fellow, the Thought had a tight squeeze to get through the orifice, and in his efforts he must have produced a tickling sensation, for the old man roused and scratched his ear with his forefinger. While this was going on, the other three brain children slipped into Mr. Likely's mind through his left ear, which he also rubbed vigorously, remarking to himself: "Well, that was a singular dream of mine,—a singular dream. Ha! ha! Very strange. But since my mental wayfarers have safely returned, I'll lock the doors and retire."



SECTION II.
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

Eugene Field and Bill Nye

A Reminiscence and an Original Manuscript

I MADE a pleasant visit to Denver in 1882, for the purpose of writing up the Mining and Mineral Exposition, held there that year, for the *Boston Post*, of which I was an accredited traveling correspondent.

Of course I made Mr. Field's acquaintance and met him nearly every day for several weeks. He was then publishing a series of the famous "Primer" in the *Tribune*, of which he was the managing editor, and writing pyramids of verse, much of which has not so far been included in any of his volumes. It was fairly good newspaper verse and was extensively copied, especially by the Western press. One of Mr. Field's fads at that time was to clip out all of his original poems, copied in other papers, and paste them on the ceiling and boarded walls that partitioned off his sanctum from the other editorial departments

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in the *Tribune* office. These walls, and the ceiling as well, were covered with poetry by Eugene Field. You would see the same poem in a dozen places, scissored from as many papers, and the effect on the eye was odd and curious.

One day Mr. Field told me he had at times some parrot and monkey struggles with the reluctant muse. There were days, he said, when she was out of sorts and obstinate, and then the mischievous rhymes tried their best to elude his pen. In these emergencies he resorted to the primitive method of audibly repeating the alphabet of monosyllables for some rhyming word that would fit, and meet the nice requirements of syntax and prosody.

For instance, if he desired a word rhyming with the termination *at*, he would commence with the first rhyming word *bat*, and proceed thus: *brat, cat, chat, fat, hat, mat, pat, rat, slat, that*, and so on. And thus he maundered among the plaguy rhymes until he made them tally in sound and sense.

It was rather difficult to credit this confession, and I intimated that he must be springing some occult joke on me; thereupon he solemnly protested that this system of capturing recalcitrant rhymes was a common expe-

Eugene Field and Bill Nye

dient of his. Well, training does much for poets, as for everybody else, and it may be confidently stated that Mr. Field eventually brought his capricious muse to terms, and obliged her to capitulate; for, whatever may be its other deficiencies, his later metrical work betrays none of those stilted, strained, mechanical devices which would indicate that he persisted in "that crude, schoolboy method of composition."

Bill Nye, whom I already had visited in Laramie City, Wyoming, where he then lived (and of whom, by the way, I was the first newspaper writer to give a biographical sketch in print), came to Denver, and knowing that I was stopping at the Windsor Hotel, he joined me there. The "boys" on the Denver press gave Nye a dinner at which Field presided, and I remember there was some side-splitting persiflage exchanged at the table, and some jolly postprandial oratory.

The next day, Field, Nye, Colonel Will Visscher, a breezy and eccentric literary character of the West, and myself, whom they had christened "THE BABY," went to a photograph "gallery," and the four of us were taken in a group picture. I have never been able to procure a copy of that photograph,

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though I would give considerably more than my royalties on my first book of verses to possess it. I have even forgotten the name of the photographer — a clear case of aphasia. Mr. Field afterward wrote me that he, too, had searched for that photograph, but without success.

As I was taking my leave of Bill Nye in Denver, he thrust a long envelope into my hand and said: "Here is a little manuscript sketch I wrote as far back as 1870. I give it to you as a proof that I was not always a jester with the quill. Perhaps when you are writing my obituary some time, you can use it."

And sure enough the pathetic and pretty little sketch comes in conveniently now, though I am not writing poor Bill Nye's obituary. I transcribe it from the original, and here it is: —

AN UNFINISHED POEM

BY BILL NYE



ONCE, a long time ago, I began to write a poem. It was to be perfect in metre and in rhyme, and so truthful in sentiment that thousands of hearts should throb and thrill to its music. I began it with high hopes, and christened it with the name

Eugene Field and Bill Nye

of a child. But the work moved slowly and the lines seemed very tame, so that I returned again and again to the child-model for inspiration, and looked into the merry eyes for help.

So it came to pass that very little of my time was devoted to the poem, and a great deal was devoted to my hero. No slave ever lived under a more unlimited monarchy than I under the reign of a pair of laughing eyes, and no true loyal subject ever bowed in meeker submission or blessed his sweet bondage as I did, with my neck beneath the dimpled foot of my conqueror.

Thus the summer came with the tinkling music of the bobolink, the misty blue of June mornings, and the evening concerts of the sleepy-voiced crickets. The long, dreary days were short to me, for I was under a spell, and the wand of the enchanter was a baby's tiny rattle. So I still dreamed on of the poem that should crown this summer vision with an ode to my king, the beck of whose chubby hand was my law.

But the poem is only half finished. It was broken off in the middle of a sentence, and now it is growing yellow beneath a pair of scarlet and white stockings. Those summer days are locked in a frozen sky; the roses and the violets are covered with the drifting snow. With the death of the year came the time for the waxen hands to be forever still,—those hands that hold my heartstrings in their eternal stillness; those hands that seem to touch me yet and take me back to that golden summertime when I was trying to write my poem.

There are tears in this touching little piece, especially when it is understood that the hu-

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morist was writing about his baby boy of whom he was robbed by the White Dread, and whom the genial fun-maker has since joined.

There is no need to speak of Nye's subsequent rise to popularity and his exceptional career as a "jester with the quill." Have we not all laughed with him, and found our heavy hours grow light with his abundant mirth?



The Man Who Couldn't Laugh

AMONG numerous anecdotes related to me by the late "Billy" Birch, the veteran burnt-cork comedian, was the following: —

"On the night the San Francisco Minstrels opened their house at 585 Broadway, I noticed in the second row of the orchestra a tall imposing-looking man, with a thick shock of gray hair and two big black eyes as sharp as the edge of a razor. He was handsomely dressed, but there was something very austere about his countenance. A continual scowl added fierceness to his aspect, which arrested my attention. He kept his penetrating gaze upon me and did not seem to be enjoying himself in the least. Joke after joke and jest after jest rolled from our lips, but his face, instead of relaxing, seemed more rigid than ever. Finally his unusual expression began to annoy me. I resolved to make that man

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laugh if it were the last thing I ever did. I rose, advanced close to the footlights and talked at that man a string of nonsense that would have made a rag baby yell 'Murder!' He did not evince the slightest sign that he was amused. But I persevered.

"Looking straight at him, I continued the harangue, which called forth shrieks of laughter from the rest of the audience, which, like every member of the company, soon caught on to what I was trying to do. This made my efforts all the funnier. But that gentleman remained untouched and rigid as the Sphinx. At last I gave it up in despair, and tumbled into my chair nearly dead with exhaustion. I made up my mind that the man was either insane, or else he was too obstinate to manifest any appreciation of my efforts. But on the following night the same gentleman was seen in the same seat. Again I tried my best to make him smile, and so did Charlie Backus, but we dismally failed.

"The members of the company began to 'gag' us *sotto voce* by asking us if we couldn't move that man in the second row, and by remarking that we were making that man mad and weary. But night after night the man kept coming, though none of us ever saw him

The Man Who Couldn't Laugh

wear anything on his face but the same old bored, half-revengeful look.

“His presence put a sort of damper on us. Every night when we took our places, just before the curtain was rung up, I indulged in the earnest hope that he would not be there. But he was, nor did he miss the matinees. He always came to them. It was more than a year after he had become our constant patron that one night after the performance, as Backus, Wambold, and myself were passing out of the theatre, this man stepped up to me and asked politely if he could speak to me for a moment. I replied, ‘Certainly.’

“Then he said : ‘ Mr. Birch, as perhaps you are aware, I have attended every performance you have given since you opened here. I want to tell you that I thoroughly enjoy your singing and acting. No man ever amused me so much as you do. In fact, I rarely ever went to the theatre until I happened to step into this place. And now time hangs heavily on my hands unless I am listening to your fun. But there is one thing more I want to explain to you. Much as I am convulsed inside by your droll sayings and humor, I can’t for the life of me show it in the face. I never could. No one ever heard me laugh or saw

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me smile. I don't know how to do it. I never learned. It may seem odd to you, but such is the case. I thought I'd explain it to you, so that you would understand that it is not because I do not hugely appreciate you as a comedian, that I do not laugh. I feel it all inside.'

"I told him I had heard of men that could not shed tears, no matter how great might be their grief, but that he was the first man I had ever known who could not laugh when he felt that way. He invited us into Delmonico's and 'cracked' a bottle of champagne, and we found him a capital fellow and a good story-teller himself. His name was Francis Wakefield. He had made a fortune in Mexico, and claimed to be a bachelor. He continued to attend our show for several years, in fact up to within a short time before his death.



Polly

POLLY is the name of a chambermaid in the employ of Mr. B——, a literary man, well known to the reading public. She came to New York about three years ago, and was found by the man of letters in an employment agency and engaged.

Polly is a lusty young colored—deeply colored—woman of about twenty-five, with large sad, bulging black eyes, flat nose, and lips that fail to denote the real sensitiveness of her nature. She has not been endowed with a great intellect or many graces of person, but she has a good kind heart, and a disposition as sweet and loyal as you will find in a week's journey among white trash.

The master of the house is in the habit of saying more or less to her, according to his mood, when she comes into his study mornings to empty the waste-basket and cuspidor, and tidy up things. Sometimes he is fond of quizzing her, or of giving her some startling piece

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of information, spurious on the face of it, which she goes away pondering in all seriousness. One morning he solemnly asked her if she did not think perspicuity one of the most essential things in literary composition. She frankly admitted she did not understand the question, whereupon Mr. B—— added still more to her mental confusion by attempting to explain—something in this wise: “By perspicuity, Polly, I mean that quality of style which, while allowing adequate elucidation and amplification to an idea, yet brings it within the smallest possible logical compass, like the diamond, which focuses all the primary and intermediate tints of the rainbow.”

“Oh, yes, sah,” exclaimed Polly, with an ineffable grin, “I knows what you says ’bout dem things is zactly right. My ole boss down in Charleston wuz allus speakin’ mighty fine words jest like you coes, but Lor’ sakes, I kaint cotch what dey means nohow. I has to wuk sence I wuz leben years ole. I never done gone to school, so dat’s what makes me so dumb.”

It never occurred to Polly that Mr. B—— is an inveterate joker, somewhat on the Artemus Ward order, and accordingly what he says she accepts for gospel.

Polly

The other day Polly informed Mr. B—— that she was going to a party that evening and desired to appear at her best.

“What wuz dat word you said one time, Mr. B——? It was like spicaticy er percuspicy er sumthin’. I knows it wuz a real nice word and I thought I’d like to use it to-night at de party.”

“Oh, you mean perspicuity, don’t you?” queried Mr. B——, inwardly chuckling.

“Dat’s it, Mr. B——. Dat’s de word, suah. I thank you, sah. I’ll ’member it now—per-pic-scuty. Dat’s it.”

“Do you know what it means, Polly?”

“You tells me what it means de udder day. But I don’ mine so much what it means, if I can jest ’member long ’nough ter use it to-night.”

“Very well,” observed Mr. B——, who, for fear of going into a fit of laughter, directed his attention to the manuscript before him.

Polly proceeded to Mrs. B——’s room, where there was work to be done.

“Mr. B——,” said Polly, “has teached me a nice word to say to-night at de party you tole me yesterday I could go to, an’ I’d like to have you git me a little piece of court-plaster to wear on my face, if you please.”

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"All right, Polly," responded Mrs. B——.
"What color do you prefer? White would perhaps be more suitable to your complexion."

"Well, is dat what de white ladies wears now?"

"No, black is used entirely; but, you know, it is worn only at a fancy dress ball or some such occasion," volunteered madame.

"Den I'll take a piece of de black, please. I want de stylishest, kase all my frien's 'll be at dis party."

So Polly received a piece of black court-plaster, which, during the making of her toilet, at about eight o'clock that evening, she cut into two squares, placing one in the middle of her chin and the other high up on her left cheek bone. But only a close observer would have noticed these patches, as they were exactly the color of her skin.

One of Polly's front teeth was missing, and to render its absence less conspicuous she molded a piece of white wax into the nearest semblance of an incisor that her skill could devise, and thus filled up the rather formidable gap. When quite ready she presented herself in her mistress's boudoir to announce that she was going, and incidentally to inquire

Polly

if she had placed the bits of court plaster in the proper places. She also proudly exhibited her wax tooth, which she was so anxious not to dislodge that her speech was thick and soggy. Having been briefly surveyed and approved by Mrs. B——, Polly took her departure.

The next day Polly was one of the saddest looking creatures that ever survived an all-night cake walk. When asked how she enjoyed herself at the party, tears came into her eyes, and she said she was ashamed to say anything about it.

“What happened?” urged Mr. B——.

“Well,” said Polly, reflectively, “I went to say dat nice big word you tole me; and fo’ I got froo, my toof fell out an’ rolled on de flo’, an’ it upset me so I could a-died right dare.”

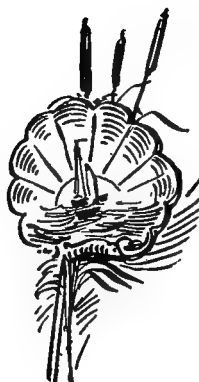
“How unfortunate!”

“But,” continued Polly, “I got ober my feelin’s bimeby, an’, sah, I did use dat word at de supper table to Mr. Lem Jefferson, my sweetheart fo’ de evenin’. It got ’round dat I’d lost a toof, an’ Mr. Lem axed me if it be painful to me. An’ I didn’t like dat much, so I says, ‘You oughter have more per-cic-ity ’n to ask me such an insultin’ question.’”

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“And what did Mr. Lem say to that?”

Polly made for the door, dragging after her the carpet sweeper, as she said pathetically, “He says, ‘No wonder you lost you toof. You’ll break you jaw next on dem big words.’”



Uncle "Hi" in Paris

UNCLE HIRAM HIX, who went abroad a few years ago for a brief sojourn among the effete monarchies of the Old World, related the story of his attempted call upon Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the late American Minister to France, to a party of friends the other evening. Mr. Hix is a sturdy farmer, the owner of many acres a few miles out of the thriving village of Nonesuch, Iowa. Uncle "Hi" informed the circle he was addressing of the following particulars:—

"While I was stoppin' in Paris, we put up at the Grand Tavern on the Rouday Capperines. I tuck a notion to call on W. Reid, our dominie to France. You know, Bill Soper, from my town, went to Europe with me. Says I to Bill, 'less go and see Reid.' 'Who's Reid,' says Bill. 'Whitelaw,' says I; is it possible, Bill, you don't know the feller I mean?' 'You've got me this time,' says Bill, who haint much in tech with the times anyway. Then I throwed some daylight on Bill's knowledge by

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informin' him that Whitelaw was the editor of the *Try-bune* when he was to hum. Bill kindly smiled, and said he didn't care if he was. Bill insisted he'd ruther go out to ride on the Boy-ee and let Whitelaw take care of himself. I didn't agree with Bill on this p'int. I've took the weekly *Try-bune* almost from the day it started, and even if it is printed hundreds of miles from my hum, I prefer it to the *Nonesuch Agriculturist* and *Hired Man's Bulletin*.

"I had a kind o' curiosity to see what Whitelaw was like, havin' took the *Try-bune* so long. So I says, 'Bill, ye can't swerve me from my porpoise; I'm goin' to see Whitelaw if I don't see another thing in Paris.' 'All right,' Bill says; 'I'll take a leedle twist in the Boy-ee.'

"I hired a wagon and told the driver where to go. He didn't understand me, but the landlord of the Grand Tavern give him some baby talk, and that settled it. I got up to Whitelaw's house after a pretty long ride. I went in and found several people waitin' to see him. I sot down and waited, too, till I got oneasy. Pretty soon a young feller, who was clerkin' for Whitelaw, come along, and I said, 'Good mornin'; is he in?'

Uncle "Hi" in Paris

"‘Do you refer to Mr. Reid, sir?’ he asked, in a high and mighty manner. ‘That’s about the size of it,’ I replied, showin’ him I could put on some style myself when it come to a pinch.

"‘Yes, he’s in. But you will be obliged to wait your turn,’ says he, ‘onless you’ve got some special business.’

"‘Well,’ says I, ‘I’ve got probly as much business here as anybody.’

"‘I don’t doubt that,’ the clerk says, coming down off’n his perch a leedle. ‘Mr. Reid will be able to see you in a short time. You had better send in your card to him.’

"‘With them words the clerk scooted off. What did Whitelaw want of a card was the next thing that bothered me. In the first place, I didn’t have no card. Presently the clerk come round agin and I told him I didn’t have no card.

"‘Very well,’ says the clerk, ‘I will get you one.’ A couple of minutes later he brought me a card. I took it and looked at it. There wasn’t anything on either side of it—just plain white on both sides. I kindly laughed to myself, wonderin’ what that young feller took me for, anyhow. The next time he passed I spoke to him, handed him the

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card, and told him to slide it into Whitelaw's hands. The clerk didn't show up agin for quite a while, and when he did he was smilin' like all possessed.

"He stepped right up to me and says, 'I guess you forgot something, Colonel.' 'I know better,' says I; 'my mem'ry's jest as good's it ever was.' Then he said, 'You omitted to write your name on the card.' I looked at him a minute, not knowin' exactly what he was drivin' at. Bimeby I decided to chuck down my name, come what would; and I did. He pranced off with the card agin, but afore he started I whispered in his ear these words: 'Jest say to Whitelaw that crops was all right in Iowa when I left. Also tell him that I've took the *Try-bune* when Horace Greeley writ for it.' Well, I waited some more, and fin'ly that young feller come sneakin' back to me and said Whitelaw was sorry, but he wouldn't be able to see me 'till that morning. I tell ye, it made me a leedle mad for a minute. 'Where's that card, young man?' says I, lookin' jest as if I meant to find out what I asted.

" 'I left it on Mr. Reid's desk,' he answered.

" 'Well,' I continued, 'you jest skip back and git it about as fast as your delicate consti-

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tution will permit you. I don't propose,' says I, 'to let Whitelaw Reid, or any other man, write a promissory note for \$500 or \$1,000 over my bony-fidy signature if I can prevent it. Jest git that card, and don't you forgit it.'

"He went and fetched me the card I had writ my name on, and I tore it up into pieces that no one could ever patch together agin.

"With the remark that I wasn't used to bein' played for a greeny, I bowed to the young man like a United States Senator, and drove back to the Grand Tavern by way of the Camp Eliza. I didn't try to call on Whitelaw Reid agin, and I shouldn't wonder if I stopped takin' the *Try-bune*, by jocks."



Wilder's Latest

“**I**T’s difficult,” said the jolly little jester, Marshall P. Wilder, in a recent chat, “to string together coherently new jests and jokes in a formal interview. Humorous efforts, as you know, do not strike any two people in just the same way. Much depends upon the occasion to make a playful turn of words effective, especially to an audience. For instance, last year in Flint, Michigan, I gave vent to a spontaneous remark that elicited more applause than anything else I said during the evening. Just as I was approaching the footlights to begin my monologue, the electric lights went out and left the house in total darkness. Pausing a few seconds for the return of the light which very dismally failed to give us illumination, I said: ‘Ladies and gentlemen, this is a terrible predicament for me. I fear you will be unable to see my jokes.’ But the audience very promptly saw that one, and gave me a warm

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welcome. Before they had finished their handclapping and laughter, the electric lights again were all in harmonious operation.

“Speaking of the difference between English and American humor, here is an anecdote which perfectly illustrates it. An Englishman, a new arrival in New York, meets an American friend on the street, and says: ‘How do you feel, old chap?’ ‘Out of sight,’ replies the American. ‘And what may that really mean, y’ know?’ inquires the puzzled Britisher. The American enters into a labored explanation of the cis-Atlantic idiom, whereupon the gentleman from London, still somewhat puzzled, but evidently satisfied, exclaims: ‘Very droll and clevah, don’t y’ know.’ A few days later some one asks the Englishman how he feels, by way of greeting, and this is his response: ‘Pon my word, old chap, you cawn’t see me, y’ know.’”

“But, after all,” continued Mr. Wilder, “the English are very loyal to their friends. Fortunately, in England I have a number of admirers. When I was over there last, I met one of them who said to me in a most confidential way: ‘Mr. Wilder, those were very funny things you told us last year.’ You see, it takes about a year for a good American joke

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or anecdote to germinate in English soil, and bear any kind of fruit.”

At this point, I asked him whence he derived his best-appreciated jokes. Mr. Wilder, after a thoughtful pause, replied: “From everyday life. To illustrate: I saw two Irishmen on a Broadway cable car yesterday. One says to the other, ‘Mike, your clothes look prutty tough and seedy. Why don’t you get a dacent suit of clothes?’ ‘Well,’ answers Mike, with an air of pompous confidence in his explanation, ‘there’s not a tailor in Harlem that kin measure me, I’m that ticklish.’

“Another illustration—One Irishman: ‘I hear you’ve had the grip bad.’ Another Irishman: ‘Yis, about a month ago.’ ‘Ah, Pat, the grip is a terrible disease. It’s the only thing you’re sick with after you’re well.’

“The following is a fresh anecdote: An old farmer was engaged in shearing a sheep from the tail toward the head, when a neighbor happened along, and observing the unique process of shearing exclaimed: ‘Hallo, John, you’re doin’ that all wrong. You oughter commence at the head and go tail ‘ards.’ ‘Well, Zeky,’ replied the farmer apologetically, ‘the fact is, sence I voted the Democratic ticket I aint had the narve to look a sheep in the face.’

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"An Irishman with only one leg was going along the street, when he met a friend of his own nationality. 'What,' says the friend, 'you've lost a leg, eh?' 'Yes,' said the other despondently. 'Well,' observed the friend, 'my poor man, you won't miss it these hard times.'

"Here is another cable car incident that I witnessed recently: A man was indulging in profanity in the car when there entered a lady and her husband. The latter taking umbrage at the blasphemer said: 'See here, you musn't swear before my wife.' Whereupon the blasphemer answered: 'Excuse me, I didn't know your wife wanted to swear.'

"This is a pretty good one: A young darkey indulging in hitting his thumb with a hammer every few seconds was asked what he was doing that for. His philosophical reply was: 'Kase it feels so good when I stop.'

"Here is another: A man was carrying a disreputable-looking dog into an express office when an inquisitive policeman asked where the canine was bound for. Promptly came the answer: 'He don't know and I'm d—— if I do. He's chewed up his tag.' "

Mr. Wilder's concluding story, before receiving another visitor, he attributed to Mr.

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Henry E. Dixey, and related substantially as follows: "Several old chaps were sitting around the big stove in a rural bar-room, telling stories and so on, when another old chap of much the same type as themselves hobbled in. Seeing no vacant chair he finally commissioned the pudgy landlord to give his horse in the shed a dozen oysters on the half-shell. The landlord made haste to obey the curious order, and the other half-dozen old codgers rose *en masse* and passed out of the room to witness the unheard-of exhibition. In the meantime the old fellow who had given the unusual order planted himself in the most comfortable chair in front of the stove and was pleasantly meditating, when the old chaps returned, preceded by the landlord, who said: 'Your horse won't eat them oysters, boss.' 'Well, bring them to me then,' said the stranger, relapsing into his cheerful reverie, unmindful of the senile worthies of the village who were returning to the warmth of the stove to find one of the chairs fully occupied."



Happy Hopper

CONCERNING the frisky and versatile comedian, Mr. DeWolf Hopper, few authentic and amusing stories are current.

"The only time I ever saw Hopper at a loss for words was in Albany," says J. Cheever Goodwin: "I had joined him for a day or two, and was to leave for New York at the preposterous hour of four in the morning. Our business seance finished, it seemed absurd to go to bed merely to get up an hour or two later, so a little game was proposed and started. Somewhere about 3 A. M., the unanimous longing for liquid refreshments was voiced. 'But you can't get anything at this unearthly hour,' some one declared. 'Leave that to me,' said Hopper, as he pressed the electric button.

"A sable servitor yawningly appeared. 'Uncle,' inquired Hopper in his suavest tones, 'who is at the desk to-night?'

" 'Mr. Campbell, sah,' was the quiet reply.

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“ ‘Very good, I want you to present my compliments to Mr. Campbell and inform him that Mr. Hopper—Mr. DeWolf Hopper—will feel under many and lasting obligations if he will assist in the rescue of several gentlemen’s lives by purveying to them a trifle of the essence of the vine, or rather of the grain. I mean we would like something to drink, if anything is to be had. You understand? But be sure you get the name right. Hopper—DeWolf Hopper.’ ”

“ ‘All right, sah. I knows you name easy.’ The menial withdrew, and the game was resumed.

“ ‘Boys,’ said Hopper, after a little, ‘I don’t say this in any egotistical spirit,—far from it,—but it is strange how powerful a mere name is, in cases like this—even one so humble as my own.’ ”

“ ‘Twenty minutes elapsed, during which time the game had engrossed our attention, and again the topic of drinks was renewed.

“ ‘I said all the while you couldn’t get anything at this time of night,’ said Hopper’s alert manager. Whilst I ventured that— ‘Mr. Campbell evidently did not recognize the name.’ ”

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“ ‘ Maybe the colored man has gone to sleep on his way down stairs,’ suggested another.

“ ‘ He is a little dilatory, I admit,’ said Hopper, ‘ but give him ten minutes more.’

“ We gave him twenty, and had surrendered all hope of ever seeing him again, when suddenly he entered, bringing the called-for beverages.

“ ‘ Now,’ exclaimed Hopper, ‘ what apologies do you doubting Thomases propose to make? You’ll admit, won’t you, that there is something in a name, even if it’s merely mine?’

“ ‘ What kept you so long, Uncle? Mr. Campbell asleep?’

“ ‘ I don’t know, sah,’ replied the Ethiopian, honestly. ‘ I didn’t bodder myself wid no Mr. Campbell. Dere’s only one place in Albany where you can get any drinks at dis o’clock, and dat’s way down ’long de river front, so I went dere. Dey wasn’t goin’ to give it to me at fust, but I done tole ’em it was for Mr. Wolfe, de Copper, an’ I got a pint for nuthin’.’

“ Everybody roared, and now if you ask Hopper if there isn’t a good deal in a name he is apt to direct the conversation to the tariff or some other entirely frivolous subject.

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“I don’t know,” continued Goodwin, “that Hopper has discarded all his superstitions, but there is one in which he, John W. Kinney, and myself have no more confidence.

“It came about during a little excursion we three made from Washington to a noted resort for dinner parties in the suburbs of Georgetown. The colored waiter who served us at table with evident interest in Mr. Hopper’s welfare, approached smilingly as we were about to leave the place. What he wanted to do and finally managed to do, after many profuse declarations of admiration, was to present Hopper with a mascot in the shape of the left hind foot of a lame rabbit that had been shot with a silver bullet by a cross-eyed negro standing on the grave of a suicide at midnight on Friday, the 13th of the month, the full moon shining over his (the negro’s) left shoulder. It was accepted with thanks and a liberal after-tip given, and we started for Washington and the evening performance.

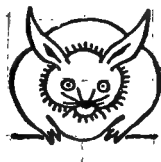
“‘Boys’ said Hopper, ‘I am not generally superstitious; but I am absolutely convinced that this rabbit’s foot means luck, and I wouldn’t part with it for all the world. The evident honesty of the giver, his unselfishness in parting with an object so dearly prized, the

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curious combination of circumstances attending its capture — all go to show that there is something in store for us.'

"And there was. For, before he had finished his remarks, a hind wheel came off our vehicle. When we had got enough Virginia mud out of our eyes to see somewhat clearly, and had found that no bones had been broken, Hopper resumed: 'As I was saying, boys, I consider any one who caters to the superstitions which still link enlightened humanity to its ignorant past guilty of a crime. Consequently — exit Mr. Rabbit's foot!'

"Whereupon he threw the singular trophy into the placid Potomac, and then — well, we walked some two miles through the mud to the nearest horse-car line. But just the same, DeWolf Hopper doesn't carry a rabbit's foot either in his theatre or in his hotel trunk."



Selling Locks of Hair

“**H**OW is business?” asked the newspaper man, as he took his seat in a barber’s chair to have a three-days-old stubble of beard removed from his face. The little man addressed happened to be the proprietor of the shop, which is in one of New York’s swellest hotels.

“Oh,” replied the tonsorial artist, as he began to lather the scribe’s countenance, “it’s pretty fair, but it’s going to be better for me in a little while. I’ve got a splendid scheme for raking in a good many cold dollars, and I intend to work it for all it’s worth.”

“What is the scheme?” asked the newspaper man innocently. “Will it require a syndicate to boom it?”

“Oh, no,” said the boss of the shop, with an almost disdainful shrug of his shoulders; “I’m my own syndicate in this scheme, which I’ve had in mind for a long time. I don’t mind telling you what it is. I am going to

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open in connection with this shop a line of business that I believe has never before been attempted. I shall keep a large stock of locks of hair cut from the heads of distinguished customers, also parts of moustaches grown on the upper lips of great men who come here to be barbered."

"A novel and beautiful idea," murmured the newspaper man.

"Yes," continued the confiding barber, as his razor began to glide down the left cheek of his motionless auditor; "I have been saving choice locks of hair from the heads of big guns for over a year, and you would be surprised at my collection. You see, I have instructed my eight men to save the hair of every famous man they get a chance to use the scissors on. At odd times we take these locks of hair, tie a bright ribbon around them, label them with the name of the man on whose head the hair grew, and then wrap them up neatly in tissue paper and lay them away. I have over a thousand locks of hair, and I am getting more every day, for there's never a day passes that there are less than three celebrities come in here."

"What suggested this idea to you?" was asked.

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“ Well, a year ago last fall the Knights of the Razor, a protective organization to which I belong, gave a ball. I was on the Reception Committee, and among those I got acquainted with for the first time was a Miss Anna Ridley, a beautiful young heiress, whose home is in Connecticut. I had the pleasure of taking her to supper. After we had eaten, we went back to the dancing-hall, and were promenading like a hundred other couples, when Miss Ridley looked up in my face and asked: ‘ Mr. —, where is your shop?’ I told her in what hotel I had my shop. Then she asked: ‘ Tell me, does — [and she mentioned a famous writer] ever patronize you?’ Sometimes, I said, he did — when he was in the city. ‘ Oh, Mr. —,’ says she, ‘ I want you to do me a favor. I dote on him and his books. Promise me that the next time he comes into your shop to get his hair trimmed you will save a lock of it and send it to me.’ I promised her that I would do so. It was over six months before the gentleman came in, and during that time the young lady wrote me twice not to forget what I had promised her. One afternoon the writer came in. He preferred me to any of the assistants, and ordered me to trim his hair a very little around

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the edges. I managed to clip out a nice fat lock and slip it into a drawer without his noticing it. The same evening I mailed the lock of hair to Miss Ridley. Three days later I got a letter containing a check for \$25, which she begged me to accept as a small return for my trouble. That is how the scheme originated with me," concluded the barber, as he dashed some magnesia powder on the listener's face.

The newspaper man being interested in the new enterprise, and wishing to learn some further particulars concerning it, said he guessed he would have his hair cut. "But," he added, with rather a pretty smile, "don't save a lock of my hair to sell."

The barber laughed at this sally, as he reached for his scissors.

"You are really indebted to the Connecticut heiress for the idea? And are you certain that other young ladies will be equally anxious to gain possession of some of your capillaceous souvenirs?"

"You mean locks of hair, I suppose. Yes, I think young ladies will be my principal buyers."

"How do you propose to introduce your wares before the public?"

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“By means of circulars at first. If the business proves a success, I shall advertise extensively in the papers. The other day I wrote down about what I want the circular to say. I will show it to you.”

The boss of the shop opened a drawer and took therefrom a sheet of paper, which he handed to the newspaper man, who read to himself the following : —

— HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY.

I, Mr.—, the proprietor and manager of the ton-sorial parlors connected with the above-mentioned hotel, am about to offer for sale a large stock of locks of hair and moustache wisps, taken from the heads and upper lips of the most eminent statesmen, scientists, actors, poets, journalists, painters, etc., etc., of the age. This is the only place in the world where these precious keepsakes, every one of which is warranted to be genuine, can be found. Here are the names of a few of the gentlemen from whom locks of hair have been procured, and which will be sold :—

N. B.—These locks the gentlemen mentioned are not aware that I possess.

Henry Clews,
Herman Oelrichs,
William Winter,
Cornelius Vanderbilt,
E. Berry Wall,
W. R. Hearst,
M. P. Wilder,

Joseph Howard,
Theodore Roosevelt,
Elbridge T. Gerry,
Frederick Gebhard,
George J. Gould,
Joel Benton,
Bishop Potter,

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Buffalo Bill,	Thomas P. Ochiltree,
John Jacob Astor,	Chauncey M. Depew,
James Gordon Bennett,	Maurice Barrymore,
John Philip Sousa,	Reginald De Koven,
Russell Sage,	Ollie Sumner Teale.

Besides the above, a thousand other gentlemen might be named, from whom locks and parts of or entire moustaches have been procured. Ladies, here is a grand opportunity to purchase a sentimental token at a bargain. This stock will sell like hot cakes and if you would be in time to make the selection you want, you must come early. You will be cordially waited upon, either by myself or my assistants.

Having in wonder perused the circular, the newspaper man ventured to ask if the barber were not afraid he would make some of his steady customers mad by trying to sell their hair.

"Oh, I guess not," was the response. "Most of them will be tickled to learn that anybody thinks enough of them to come and buy what they pay to get rid of. If any of the gentlemen kick because I sell their hair, I'll offer to divide profits with them—that is, with some of them."

"What will you charge for a lock of hair?"

"That will depend upon how much the buyer wants it. I have made no schedule of prices thus far. I expect to get the highest

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prices for moustaches, and most of the buyers, as I said before, will be young, unmarried ladies."

"How do you intend to distribute your circulars?"

"I thought of getting a blue book, and addressing my circulars to the ladies whose names are in it. Then I shall get other names from reading suburban correspondence in the city papers. I shall probably distribute all of fifty thousand circulars."

"When do you open this new department?"

"Not before fall. I had thought I would open this month, but every one is getting ready to go away for the summer, and I have concluded that it will be better to wait, now, until October, to open. I desire to get the moustaches of several society actors who shave their upper lips in hot weather, and, with that addition to my stock, I shall be in a pretty fair way to do a thriving business next season."

"How will you obtain the moustaches of these society actors you speak of?"

"By writing to them, as I have already done to several. I offer them \$10 apiece for the privilege of taking off their moustaches, which I tell them I wish to mount on a

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piece of cardboard, label, and hang up in my shop as an advertisement. The ten dollar proposition appeals to them, I notice."

"Now," pursued the scribe, "young men are nearly as sentimental as young women. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to procure locks of ladies' hair to sell to young men?"

"I've arranged to do that, too," said the barber, in a tone of delicious suavity. "I have made out a list of the women to whom I shall write openly for locks of their hair. Most of them, of course, are actresses, who will be glad to oblige me if they see any advantage in the way of free advertising to themselves. The female hair will be placed in a separate showcase, and every lock will have its admirers, because I shall be very fastidious in my selection."

At this instant the barber shouted "Next," and the dazed newspaper man threw half a dollar down and staggered out into the fresh air — which he needed.



The Perfected Phonograph

THE newspapers, say fifty years hence, will contain some very interesting reading anent phonograph entertainments. The following are examples of what may be seen in the public prints, A. D. 1950:—

The Grand Phonographic Tournament opened auspiciously yesterday morning at the new Gotham Opera House. It is estimated that five thousand people were present to hear the first phonograph reproduce an oration just as it was delivered in 1898 by one Robert G. Ingersoll, a pagan, who in his day was considered something of a Demosthenes. The discourse, which could be heard in every part of the vast auditorium, lasted for about an hour.

During the present week some eight hundred phonographs will let out the mighty secrets which they have kept for fifty or sixty years. It is estimated that the cost of secur-

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ing this unsurpassed collection of machines has amounted to over \$30,000,000. About one hundred of them have no duplicates in existence, and on that account are deemed much more valuable. The phonograph containing the words uttered by Grover Cleveland, upon being informed that he was reëlected to the presidency in 1888, and which will be reproduced to-morrow evening, is said to have cost \$8,000.

Phonograph No. 2 reproduced an interview between an actress named Rose Coghlan and a saleslady in a large mercantile house in this city, in the year 1899. Portions of the conversation were intensely amusing, and threw considerable light upon the manner in which our grandmothers used to do their shopping. According to the machine, Miss Coghlan desired to purchase half a yard of pale blue ribbon, but went away unsuited after half an hour's discussion with the saleslady.

At last evening's session five phonographs gave up their historical sound treasures. The first phonograph reproduced four airs from a hand organ, the instrument that was abol-

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ished by law in the first decade of the twentieth century. We should be thankful that we do not live in the age of hand organs. The second machine reproduced a poem by Ambrose Bierce, read at the marriage feast of Ada Rehan, a distinguished American actress fifty or more years ago, who finally gave up the stage to become the wife of a prosaic New York tradesman. The literary world of to-day has at last become aware of the fact that Mr. Bierce wrote good poetry and made it better by reading it aloud on festal occasions, in the manner of the Greek bards.

The audience was greatly interested in the revelation of the next phonograph that was "let off." It repeated word for word a lecture by the famous "Buffalo Bill" on "How I beat Al. with a pair of sixes." The discourse was entirely confined to the description of an exciting game of poker between B. B. and the Prince of Wales, who afterwards, when he had been King of England only a few days, expired of old age. The crowning triumph, though, of yesterday's Grand Phonographic Tournament was reached when the fourth instrument began reproducing what was said by two ladies at a reception in Chicago regarding a novel entitled, "The Quick or the

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Dead," published in 1888. The author, Professor Kidd explained, was a young girl named Amelie Rives, who, soon after her story appeared, married a wealthy New Yorker, and was so pleased with matrimony that she tried it again with a foreign nobleman, a divorce from her first husband having been procured. Judging from what the two ladies at the reception said about the story, it must have been tolerably racy. The audience was kept in a perfect roar over it.

To-morrow some curious historical sound-treasures will be reproduced, among which will be included the version which General B. F. Butler, in 1892, confidentially gave to a friend of the sacking of New Orleans during the great Civil War. Neither of the gentlemen knew that a phonograph was "taking it all in." Other sound reminiscences of great value and interest will be heard to-morrow. Tickets for the whole week come rather high at \$1,000 apiece, but all the best people of the city must have them. Tickets for the day and evening go off like hot cakes at \$1.50 each. On Friday the \$20,000 phonograph will reproduce the dying words of the once great John L. Sullivan.

Deacon Updyke's Annual Report

LAST Tuesday evening, the Board of Trustees of the People's Church, of Pleasant Centre, held their annual meeting, and Deacon Updyke, the treasurer, submitted his report, prefaced by the following eloquent remarks :

“ Well, brethren, I don't know's there's much unusual to report this year, 'cept one thing, which I desire to dwell on a leedle, because it desarves your ripe attention, an' we oughter take some radical action on't. It's kindly kep' me awake fur the las' few nights tryin' to determine on the best way to settle up the matter, because we don't want any split in our congregation, or do anything that's likely to rile up our members. Um-m.

“ Of course, we're all more or less 'quainted with Squire Willoughby, who lives up Hawkins's Holler Way. I've allus found the Squire a good, substantial Christian citizen ; a man who allus paid his taxes, an' his honest debts, an' a fust-rate farmer. He's brought up a

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nice family, with one exception, an' I s'pose his property all told would foot up a clean \$15,000. 'Tany rate, he is one of the richest men in this section.

"You all rec'lec', I guess, that Eddie Willoughby, the youngest boy, went off to the Pike's Corners Sem'nary a year ago last fall. He come home for the holidays, an' it was obsarved that he was gittin' his eddication purty fast. He wore a suit of checked store clothes, a high starched collar that completely hid the lower part of his ears, a fiery red necktie, a big link watch chain, an' so futh. Esther Gridley, the school marm, tole my wife that she had heerd he smoked them ere little cigars with paper wrappers, on the sly. Um-m. It was durin' that vacation that he tuk one o' Bill Peake's darters out a sleigh-ridin', with a pair o' bay colts his father'd jest broke to harness, an' druv 'em so hard that the off un died frum the effects.

"When the Sem'nary let out last June, Eddie come hum agin. He put on a good many airs, an' seemed to have a high 'pinion o' his importance. Well, the secont Sabbath, I think it was, arter he got hum, some o' the Squire's folks come to church, arrivin' jest as Sexton Ruggles was a-ringin' the last bell.

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The Squire was laid up with rheumatiz and couldn't get out, but Mrs. Willoughby come, an' also her married darter, Mrs. John Twickens. They sot on the back seat of the wagon; on the middle seat was Harriet and Salina Willoughby, an' Eddie sot on the front seat, with Jake Botts, the hired man, who druv. He brought the team into the yard at a purty good lick, an' stopped by the horse block. Um-m. Eddie helped the women folks outen the wagon, an' he was what you'd term very elegant 'bout it. Jake druv on to the shed, the women went on in church, sayin' good-mornin' to me pleasantly as they passed, an' Eddie stayed outside. He was standin' there when I left him. I asked him how he liked his school, an' he replied, 'Bang up, Mr. Updyke. It's a jim dandy, Esquire.' What that meant I didn't inquire, but I s'pose it was some hifalutin' phrase he'd picked up at the Sem'nary. Then he begun whistlin' a rapid tune I'd never heerd before, but I thought it wa'n't in keepin' with the sacredness of the Sabbath. Um-m. He acted jest as 'f he had half a notion to dance a break-down right there and then."

"Dreadful," drawled one of the trustees.

"'Bout ten minutes later," continued the

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Deacon, with a good deal of gesticulating, "nearly ev'ry one was in their seats when Eddie come down the left-hand aisle, on his way to the Willoughby pew, which, as you know, is the third one from the front, in the middle section. He had a cane, big 'nough for a club, which he was swingin' round, like a drum major. It didn't look well, 'specially fur a young man with his advantages to learn manners. I can only account fur it by the fact that he is young an' thoughtless. Um-m.

"Well, as he walked along, his revolvin' cane come in contact with a glass lamp in the chandelier. The slantin' blow broke the chimbley an' lamp, the pieces fallin' in ev'ry direction, an' the ile droppin' down on the carpet, an' spatterin' over the cushioned back an' seat of the widow Becker's pew, an' drops got on Mrs. Ike Twombly's lavender lace shawl and ruined it. The ile jest sp'iled Susie Coudock's brown satin dress, an' some o' it splashed on Dr. Biddle's shirt front an' white vest. Um-m. Some o' you was there at the time, an' you know what a commotion it produced. Dominie Hardcrust had jest finished readin' the fust hymn, an' he said: 'Let the congregation remain seated; it ain't an earthquake.' Eddie blushed as red as his necktie an' apoler-

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gized something, as he went on to the family pew. Some o' the women tittered an' whispered to each other, while Mrs. Becker looked a good deal put out — an' nobody could blame her. Mr. Ruggles come an' picked up the broken glass, an' the choir begun singin'. Um-m.

“Folks ain't got through talkin' over this caper of Eddie Willoughby's yit. I've ben tole the Squire was very mad when he heerd 'bout it, an' come nigh trouncin' Eddie with a strap. He threatened, too, not to let him go back to the Sem'nary last fall, an' he'd a-stayed hum if it hadn't ben fur his mother an' sisters. Um-m.

“I have went into the details of the case fur the puppus of showin' that no one was to blame fur the accident an' the loss it has involved to the church, but Eddie Willoughby, and I oughter say a word as to the dangers of this new-fangled eddecation, which seems to bring out all the depravity an' vanity there is in young men an' young women. Um-m. There must be something diameetrically wrong in the present system or there wouldn't be so much deviltry among the risin' generation.”

“That's so,” commented Elder Tubbs, and Mr. Rickett said “Amen !”

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“ Well,” resumed the Deacon, “ accordin’ to my estimate,— an’ I’ve figured it with care,— the damage done by Eddie’s cane is summed up in the followin’ items which I will read :—

Broken lamp.....	\$.50
Ditto, chimbley.....	.12
Damage to carpet.....	1.00
Oil lost — one pint	.03
Makin’ a total of	<u>\$1.65</u>

“ We bought two yards of new carpet of the same pattern and put it down in place of the old piece that was spotted by the kerosene. We have replaced the broken lamp an’ chimbley, gittin’ ’em through a dealer in Pike’s Corners. Mrs. Becker said she would stand the damage done to her pew cushions herself, an’ she intends to have some new upholsterin’ done this comin’ week. The sp’ilin’ o’ wearin’ apparel, occasioned by Eddie’s recklessness, the church is not legally responsible for, so Judge Basley affirms. Um-m.

“ Lookin’ at this matter in all its various aspects, I think a committee of this board should wait on Squire Willoughby, present him with a bill fur \$1.65 an’ ask him to pay it, as he can well afford to. The only other extra expenses of the church fur the past year

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was \$4 fur new Sunday School books — which 'pears to me a needless extravagance in these hard times ; and ninety cents fur fixin' o' the roof where it leaked. The statement as to the dominie's and sexton's salaries, the bills fur fuel an' lightin' an' so futh, um-m, are the same as they've been fur a number o' years. We've got 'em figured down 'bout as fine as we can git 'em. That, brethren, is my report."

After a protracted and momentous discussion of the cane episode, a committee of three out of the nine trustees was appointed to see Squire Willoughby and request him to settle the bill for damages incurred by his son, which, be it said, the Squire did settle in due time, without a murmur, and thus the matter, though by no means forgotten, ended.



Wily Tipplers

NOTHING better illustrates the power of alcohol over its victim than the stratagems to which the latter will resort to obtain it under restrictive circumstances. For instance, the present Chronic Insane Asylum at Binghamton, New York, was originally a Chronic Inebriate Asylum. Under its former régime a friend of the present writer was an inmate for about a year. He was a young man of good parts, a member of an old aristocratic family ; but the demon of strong drink had fastened itself upon him, and he was sent, with his own approval, to this whilom luxurious refuge for incurable drunkards. The system there did not restrain his convivial tastes nor relieve his appetite for liquor. On the contrary, he lived in misery without his regular potations, and finally it became unendurable to him. His wits became actively engaged in the scheme of smuggling some liquor into the institution right under the argus eyes of the authorities.

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He soon hit upon a device, and on one of the days when he was allowed to visit the city, he went to a tin shop and there ordered a hollow tin tube to be so made as to resemble a cane. When this was finished he turned it over to a clever artist to paint, the result being that the young man secured what every one, not examining it closely, would have pronounced a cane. The deception was further accentuated by representations of knots on it, which made it look like a natural stick. Of course, the top could be slipped off on occasion. The tube would hold about a quart of liquor, and the young man had it filled at a drug store and succeeded in carrying it to his room without being detected. That night he and a friend, who had an adjoining room, emptied the tin cane of its contents. They made too much noise, and were taken in charge by the night watchman. Afterward the owner of the cane had several orgies in the same manner; but the authorities never could ascertain how he obtained his "jags," though, on his return to the asylum from a visit to the city, he was always thoroughly searched. It may be added that to-day he is a total abstainer,—not even touching new sweet cider, and an es-

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teemed citizen in the community where he resides.

The two following stories, for the truth of which the narrator did not pretend to vouch, were related to me several years ago, and, to my knowledge, have never appeared in print. Both of the stories illustrate the cunning alternatives to which old tipplers of "hardware" will resort when moral obligations to themselves or others prevent them from open indulgence in spirituous potations.

The first story related was of a certain famous American tragedian, now dead, who was wont to have an occasional spree. He and his company came to Boston many years ago to play an important Shakespearean engagement at the old National Theatre. On the morning preceding the opening night, Mr. B——, the tragedian, met his manager in the lobby of the theatre and the latter remarked:—

"Mr. B——, you have always been a popular favorite in Boston, and can number among its inhabitants many warm personal friends and admirers. I hope you will not be thrown among any of your old intimates to-day; for as sure as you do you will become convivial, and thus insure for your appearance this evening failure and disgrace."

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Always anxious to keep his appetite in abeyance, and probably having in mind the remembrance of former humiliations through his excesses, Mr. B—— answered : —

“ Well, if you have any misgivings on that point, it might be well for you to lock me up in the greenroom until it is time for the performance.”

The manager promptly approved the suggestion, and the tragedian was soon locked in the greenroom. About two hours later the manager came and knocked on the door, and asked the eminent actor if he did not desire some luncheon. Receiving a negative reply, the manager went away. Hour after hour dragged on, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. B——'s resolution and nerves began to weaken. He paced the floor struggling against the terrible inward craving. The inevitable moment came. He heard the stage carpenter, now sawing, now hammering, just outside the door, and with parched throat and feverish eagerness, he cried : —

“ Peter ! Peter ! ”

“ Is that you, Mr. B—— ? ”

“ Yes. Peter, you are an old friend of mine, aren't you ? ”

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"Indeed, I am," replied Peter, coming to the door.

"Well, then, do me a favor, if you are," said the voice in the greenroom. "I am locked in here. Go out, Peter, and get a pint of good brandy and a long-stemmed clay pipe. Bring them here, insert the stem of the pipe through the keyhole, and carefully pour the brandy into the bowl of the pipe. I will do the rest myself. Understand?"

Peter grasped the situation in an instant, and obeyed the instructions to the letter. The plan worked admirably, and was carried out without discovery. The result was that when the manager unlocked the greenroom door that evening to announce to Mr. B—— that it was time for him to dress for Lear, the great actor was in a state of maudlin irresponsibility, lying prone on the floor. The amazement of that manager may better be imagined than described. There was no performance that night, a notice being placed on the bulletin board in front of the theatre to the effect that, owing to a severe attack of illness, the tragedian would be unable to appear that evening.

The other story refers to Rufus Choate, the celebrated lawyer, who, while by no means a

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slave to the drink habit, appreciated a social glass now and then, and, in fact, believed in the intellectual value of stimulants on certain occasions. Mr. Choate once had for a client a man who was strongly opposed to the use of liquor in any form. The condition upon which he engaged the professional services of Mr. Choate to conduct his lawsuit was that the learned advocate should not drink a drop of any intoxicating beverage during the progress of the trial.

“This is a very important case,” declared Mr. Meeker, the client, “one that involves a good many thousands to me, and I cannot afford to intrust it to a lawyer who drinks, no matter how smart he is.”

Mr. Choate promised not to drink any ardent spirits during the trial, which lasted for several days. On the day he was to “sum up” the case, he began to feel a little uncertain as to what verdict the jury would bring in. The evidence was not altogether in favor of his client—in fact, the other side seemed to have a decided advantage in that respect. Mr. Choate made up his mind that if he won the case at all it would be owing to the power of his eloquence before the jury. He felt a great longing for a little stimulant—a good

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“bracer,” as it was called in those days. He knew it would render him far more persuasive to imbibe some liquor than it would to abstain from it. But he had given his word to his client that he would not drink. His ever ready mental resources, however, provided a way out of the dilemma.

During the recess at noon he sent an officer of the court out for a pint bottle of brandy and a loaf of bread. These the shrewd counselor carried into a vacant room. Breaking the loaf of bread in two, he poured into each piece as much of the liquor as it would hold and absorb, which practically drained the bottle. Then he nonchalantly ate the brandy-soaked bread and thus secured the stimulating effects he craved quite as easily as he would have done by literally drinking the liquor.

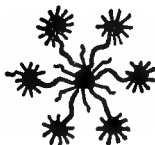
The counsel on the other side had finished his argument just before the noon recess. When the court reconvened, Mr. Choate rose and began his address to the jury. Flimsy and weak though his case was, so far as the testimony of witnesses was concerned, Mr. Choate, with matchless sophistries, humorous and pathetic anecdotes and bewitching logic, completely captured the sympathies of every riveted juror. In less than a quarter of an

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hour after the judge had delivered a brief charge, a verdict was rendered in favor of Mr. Choate's client.

"I congratulate you," said Mr. Meeker, a little later, extending his hand to the great lawyer. "You tried my case better than any man in the United States could have done. Didn't I maintain that you could get along twice as well without using that vile, nasty liquor? I am glad to pay you your counsel fees in full. Ah, Mr. Choate, didn't I tell you we should win the case if you did not drink?"

"You did," replied the advocate, dryly. "And I adhered to my promise to you. But we won't discuss now the virtues of members of the bar who are teetotalers."



No Woman, No Fad

FADS and fashions are quite inseparable nowadays. Remember you the Trilby craze, the fads of Trilbyness and Trilby fashion? The expert chiropodists coined money for a while after the appearance of Du Maurier's book, because all the young ladies were anxious to have their feet in the best state of repair. There is the still continuing bicycle fad, with its accompanying phases of feminine attire.

The bicycle has done more for the advanced woman than all the legislation in the United States for the past twenty-five years. Being the possessor of a bicycle, a woman, of course, must have a bicycle costume, and a bicycle costume is not built on any recognized arbitrary rules.

Some women do not mind showing their legs—others prefer to.

In this respect we are reminded that Anne of Brittany was celebrated for the beauty of

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her leg and foot, and accordingly wore her skirts short. Other women with shapely calves followed her example. Thus it often happens now that you see on bicycles the plumpest women in the most mannish attire.

On the other hand, the scrawny woman is quite likely to choose a more conventional costume. It is said St. Louis's daughters, whose legs and feet were ill-shaped, contrived to wear very long gowns in order to hide them. This was a coquettish bit of feminine nature worth studying.

It was because she had such beautiful shoulders that Catherine de Medicis had her gowns cut low in the bosom and at the back. Etiquette demanded that the ladies of her court should do likewise, regardless of their shape, or lack of it. Catherine had a good deal of quiet fun out of her advantage over some of her female retainers.

Has femininity changed much since the days of Catherine?

Is it not natural that women should be conscious of their charms, if they have any? Nay, women are not only conscious, but proud of them. It is recorded that at Aix a Demoiselle de Lacepede, the widow of Sieur de

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Lacoste, having been accused before the court of wearing a hoop of seditious width, gave her word of honor on the witness stand that the "exaggerated size of her hips, which was the cause of the complaint, was simply a gift of nature." The judges laughed, and she was acquitted.

A fad without a woman at the back of it isn't usually of much account. It was she who made roller skating popular. It is she who gives bathing at the seashore a romantic charm. She keeps the game of lawn tennis in public favor, and is popularizing golf throughout the country. All these little fads would gasp themselves out of existence in short order if man alone were expected to keep them alive: Many a fad has gone to the wall just because women wouldn't have anything to do with it. The fair sex in this connection generally ignores any fad which does not give them an equal opportunity with men, and the opportunity which women seize with the greatest avidity is the one which enables them to act and look like men. Hence, dress and fads are intimately allied.

It is true, fashions change, but it is also true that they travel in a circle. Under Louis XVI., Frenchwomen plunged into a mad excess

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in imitating masculine fashions. Everywhere, on the streets, in the cafés, were to be seen women in coats, with braid and lapels, double capes, and metal buttons. A well-known writer, Augustin Challamel, says: "The most elegant women were muffled up in cravats, shirt frills, waistcoats, and wore two watches, with chains, breloques and seals. Some even wore men's hats and carried canes."

Behold within the past dozen years the same results in our own land. First came the Tailor-Made Girl, then the Bachelor Girl, who was still more audacious in her opinions of female attire, if not in her practical adoption of these opinions, and now we have the Advanced Woman and the Female Bicycle Amazon. The Astride Horseback Woman has begun her threats, being somewhat emboldened by the attitude already taken by a number of her British sisters. This, together with the Female Cocktail Consumer and the Woman Smoker, gives promise of quite a new era in human affairs.

It is to be hoped that some good will result from these daily increasing exhibitions of mannishness on the part of women — some of them real nice, beautiful but misguided

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creatures, too. Meanwhile it is a good sign to see that some of the least indispensable of the chappies are lacing themselves tighter than ever and find breathing the pure air of heaven a difficult occupation.



Origin of "Beautiful Snow"

THE literary editor shouted, "Come in!" and she did. She proved to be a most entrancing specimen of female animation. The editor, well—he ran his ink-blotched fingers through his still more inky tresses, sighed, abruptly rose, recovered himself, bowed his neck nearly out of joint, and finally moved a prehistoric chair in front of the coy, blushing maiden of forty-five summers.

This editorial thusness was not due to the nonappearance of the fair sex in the sanctum of the *Metropolitan Reticule*, for a genteel sufficiency of females came there daily, with heartrending entreaties and complaints and equally heartrending MSS. In truth, one might at this moment suppose the editor to be the President of the United States, so voluminous and persistent are the throng that constantly besieges his domain. But the human antique who now stood before him, and whose parched lips seemed to be formulating a remark, challenged his interest.

Origin of "Beautiful Snow"

"My name is Sophelia Hortense Dumbweather," she murmured at last, in a voice whose intonation was as distinct as the patter of the maternal shingle on a recreant son. "You may have noticed my name in print; I write poetry for the Cape Cod *Fish Story*. May I trust you with the secret of a treasure that lies buried way down deep in my intellect?"

"You may, you may," returned the editor, with a smile as thick as old molasses.

"Well, then, sir, I have a new idea."

"Indeed," said the editor, "allow me to make a memorandum of it in my diary for 1899."

"It is this," continued Miss Dumbweather, with a slightly augmented *savoir-faire*. "As I was strolling along Fifth Avenue this morning I watched the feathery and fleecy flakes as they fluttered in the air, and two poetic ideas of their possible origin flashed into my mind. At first, methought the mansions in heaven are made of snow. This would not conflict with the saying that 'architecture is frozen music,' providing we admit that music is a liquid before it is frozen. My fancy went on weaving its wonderful woof, and I thought the saints up there who build the palaces work

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in carpenter shops the same as mortals do; that they cut out huge pillars of snow and plane them smoothly, or with chisels ornamentally etch them, the shavings that fall from these frigid timbers being known to us as snowflakes. Do you catch the poetical drift, sir?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Its significance fairly benumbs me."

"The other suggestion of the origin of 'Beautiful Snow' was this," went on Miss D. "It occurred to me that there might be celestial cows in heaven, and that the angels milk them; that a drop of milk is spilled here and there, which immediately congeals and descends to earth. Now which do you consider the better in all points for adoption in my forthcoming poem on 'Beautiful Snow?'"

"My dear Miss Dumbweather, this is so sudden, so unexpected," said the editor, assuming a manner not unlike that of a girl to whom a lover has proposed matrimony, "that I can only offer an apology for an answer to this very momentous question. At the same time, I feel deeply grateful to you for submitting it to me. Your first idea would seem to shatter the prevailing theory that mansions of gold exist in Paradise. Some people who are not blessed with a superabundance of the yellow

Origin of "Beautiful Snow"

metal in this world are laying in a great store of faith that they will get a fair assignment of it in the next, and I respectfully inquire whether it would not increase the annual list of backsliders and apostates to make a public announcement, even inferentially, that gold is a scarce commodity up there. I think your other idea is more satisfying to the soul. That angels act in the capacity of milkmaids is intensely poetical; and then, you know, milk is a very appropriate symbol of purity—if it be definitely stated that the milk is unadulterated.

“But there is one point that perhaps might leave an unpleasant impression on the reader: spilled milk would imply either carelessness on the part of the angels, or strong kicking propensities on the part of the celestial cows. However, should the angels observe the maxim that ‘it’s no use crying over spilt milk,’ the incongruity would be dissipated. Go on, young woman, in the way you have started. You have a bright future ahead, but I can’t say how far ahead it is. Send me a copy of your poem when it is completed. I have no doubt that its merit will bring you a handsome pension. But, to be candid, my time is limited for social intercourse during business

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hours, and so I trust you will excuse me. Come again next Christmas."

"Certainly," she said, gaily tripping out of the sanctum as though her intention was to be prompt to meet the appointment.



Fat Men and Lean

IT MAY be observed, without intentional offense to any young lady who may be enamored of some skeleton-like young man, that, as a rule, fat men, besides being the most jolly and convivial of the male species, are also apt to be the most considerate of and charitable to others. Most fat men are ever ready to smile, nay to laugh heartily. They usually possess happy natures—perhaps because as a class they have good appetites and enjoy what they eat. They are more social than their lean brethren—a fact which properly explains why no one ever heard of a Lean Men's Clam Bake. After all is said that can be said against them, the fact still remains that seven out of ten fat men make excellent husbands. Most unmarried ladies cherish as their ideals men who are tall and cannot boast of any unusual amount of adipose tissue. They spurn the idea of a fat man for a life-long companion, and yet many marriages

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with fat men, and also with men who grow rapidly or gradually stout after marriage, have turned out very well.

A lady who has her home on Fifth Avenue, a widow, whose two husbands repose side by side in Greenwood, remarked the other day to the writer: "My first husband was of the brunette order, tall, angular, sallow-faced, saturnine, nervous—even to irritability at times, and more or less of an invalid during the latter part of his life. No couple could have furnished a wider contrast in temperament than ourselves. I am social by nature, fond of attending theatres and of sight-seeing, while he was a morbid recluse, taking no interest whatever in the world's gayeties. I really believe, if he had had a little more flesh on his bones, he would have been a different, not to say a happier, man. Mind you, I am casting no stones at his cherished memory. My second husband belonged to another genus. He was six feet two inches tall and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. He was a pronounced blonde and a perfect picture of health. He took an interest in everything, though not to the detriment of his business. I never had to ask him twice to go anywhere with me. He was always eager to participate

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in anything where mirth and a good time were promised. But the poor man drank too much champagne and ate too many late suppers, and apoplexy carried him off."

A lady in Brooklyn, on being asked what physical style of man she preferred, replied: "The one I have suits me very well. He is neither fat nor lean. According to my ideas of masculine physique, he is just right." Another lady who was present volunteered the information that her husband was too fat for his own comfort, and that, when he moved, he suggested to her the picture of a big piece of animated jelly. Going up one flight of stairs made him puff like a fire-engine, and he was always complaining of some pain. She feared that he had fatty degeneration of the heart. It seemed to her that his moral sense had grown blunter as he acquired flesh, and in conclusion she said that she did not have much admiration for flabby, fat men.

A popular clergyman, who weighs over two hundred and fifty, on being asked his views respecting fat men, thus replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "There are different kinds of fat men. There is the little, round, oily, fat man. There is the digastric fat man who gets abnormally fat because he is lazy

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and indolent. To me such a man is an object for compassion. But for the man who is born and stays fat, or the man who gets fat naturally as he matures, I have the highest respect, providing the man in other ways is worthy."

A lank, cadaverous-visaged poet, who is often seen walking along Newspaper Row, was recently asked if he would not enjoy life more keenly if he were a trifle more corpulent. "No," he swiftly and disdainfully answered, "corpulency befits aldermen, boodlers, and saloon-keepers. Though a literary man, I never indulge in malt, which—to paraphrase from Emerson—is 'making our Western wits fat and mean.' You will find that the majority of intellectual people are not gross, though many of them are what may be termed plump. Point me out ten fat men, and I will point you out nine stupid men. Was Apollo coarse and unctuous? Was the Greek conception of a perfectly molded body that of one weighing three hundred pounds? No. Art and poetry ever have sought to immortalize such lithe and willowy forms as that of Venus, such trim, athletic limbs as those of Diana, such graceful symmetry as that of Hebe. Really, I would rather be a snail than a fat man."

Fat Men and Lean

“Assuming,” observed the poet’s questioner, “that as a rule those not fat are the most intellectual and eminent in the world, how do you account for the fact that of all the people who obtain divorces only about one-fourth are fat people?”

“Oh,” returned the poet, “you might as well ask why there are not as many fat people in the world as lean. I am not married, but if I ever do take a wife, you may rest assured that she will not be a woman of such dimensions as to attract offers from dime museum managers.”

Then the long-haired votary of the muse pursued his fanciful way toward a fifteen-cent restaurant.



Society Actresses

THE number of society women who are entering the theatrical profession is growing somewhat alarming, and the question naturally arises, Are they a necessary evil? Domestic troubles, or pecuniary difficulties, are among the usual reasons alleged for their going on the stage.

In several instances, women have allowed their private troubles to be discussed in the public prints for a year or so before announcing their histrionic intentions. Some begin by participating in amateur theatricals, which are about as tiresome usually as anything ever devised for the ostensible delectation of society.

Formerly, it was quite stylish for a society woman to startle drawing-rooms by reading "Ostler Joe" in a complacent, matter-of-fact manner. This was a sure way to get her talked about and to render rosy the path to her coveted goal—the stage. But reading "Ostler Joe" to gatherings of the *bon ton* has

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quite gone out of fashion and is not nearly so *en règle* as it was. In short it has been demonstrated that reading "Ostler Joe" will not procure for a society woman that bountiful and enduring notoriety which complaining of a husband will. It is notoriety, you know, which Americans aspire to—not legitimate fame and deserved glory. On the latter people starve to death in this country. But notoriety is the thing anxiously sought. Notoriety, despite Carlyle's definition of it as "Fame's bastard sister," fills purses and makes the possessor thereof well to do.

The following is a brief and imperfect tabulation of the causes which have made notorious certain society women who are now earning a fine living as "stars." Allowing for the varying circumstances of individuals, this tabulation may serve as a partial list of recipes for the guidance of those society women who are contemplating the ways and means of going on the stage:—

I. She was divorced from her husband in Chicago, January 3d, 1897. She married again in the same city, January 4th, 1897. She told friends that her second husband abused her worse than her first had done. The friends talked. She got into the newspapers.

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Six months later she made a triumphant appearance in New York, in "Camille's Sister ; or, How to Stuff the Public." Now *en route*. Standing room only.

II. Sent for a reporter, who came. Told him she had been a "bud" for two years. Also that her father had recently shot himself, because she had become engaged to a dudish gambler and would not give him up. Story proved a "find" for the paper. Other papers elaborated on the facts. Made her début last season in Philadelphia, in "As in a Beer Glass ; or, How People Swallow Things." On no night since have the receipts been less than \$2,000.

III. Painted her arms black and blue, also her left eye, and went to a swell reception in a décolleté dress. Told everybody the black and blue represented bruises made by the fist of a drunken husband. Sensation. Gossip. Several cavaliers volunteered to go gunning for the husband, who fled to parts unknown. Made her first appearance in Boston, in "Hokus Pokus ; or, Getting There With Ease." Now playing to crowded houses on the New England circuit.

IV. Affected eccentricity. Wore hosiery on her hands and gloves on her feet. Some-

Society Actresses

body said she was insane. Then everybody said so. Her manager, who had previously been engaged, billed her heavily in Baltimore to appear in "Pure Rot ; or, Notoriety by Any Other Name." Instantaneous success. Investing largely in real estate in various cities.



The New Literary Era

WHATEVER may be the inveighing against the condition of *belles lettres* in this country, there can be no question as to the dawning of a new and lucrative era for the American litterateur. For my own part, no one can experience more rapture in contemplating the advent of such an era. When it has arrived, the ragged Bohemian will doubtless become a tradition, and there will be less taking of "pot luck" in the third-class restaurants among those who have borne that classification.

The reason why prosperity is in store for the literati is not far to seek. This is distinctively a commercial age, and advertising has done much to make it so. With the steady increase of advertising, there has grown up a steady competition in the novelty and method of advertising. The public eye is no longer to be arrested by the old-fashioned "ad." In consequence, advertisers now, especially of patent medicines, pay the papers enormous

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prices for long "reading notices," so written as to make most readers, when they begin reading them, think they are news articles. A great deal of ingenuity is displayed in the make-up of these notices, and they daily fool thousands of people.

Now, it is not to be inferred that any member of these many firms who thus advertise, prepares the matter, except in rare instances.

It is their custom to hire a professional scribbler to do this sort of thing, and if he prove valuable in this way, he is generally engaged by the year at a very tempting salary. I know of a man who was formerly the professional poet of one of the so-called comic weeklies, in this city, who now earns \$5,000 per annum as the versifier for a Baltimore soap firm. The other day I met on the street an old journalistic friend, whom I had not seen in some time. "How are you getting on?" I asked. "Never better," he responded, with enthusiasm; "I keep up my special writing for the Sunday —, but my big money comes from the — Nerve Tonic Company and —'s Pulmonary Pellets. I am their exclusive verse and 'ad.' fakir, and they pay elegant prices."

The Bow-Legged Ghost

I was naturally glad of my friend's success, and his employment suggested to me a train of thought which I never pursued before.

Since that interview I have discovered that several of my old acquaintances have gone into the employment of great firms which advertise extensively, and are getting rich. It will not be long before we may read in literary papers such notices as the following :—

“Mr. Fred Layton, former editor of the weekly *Rapier*, is now the chief advertisement writer for Spring's Git Up and Git Horse Powders. We congratulate Mr. Layton upon his pronounced literary success.”

“The firm which manufactures Smyth's Silver Specific for Drunkenness has engaged Mr. T. G. Branagan, the poet, to write all their verses, at an annual salary of \$8,000.”

“Miss Ella Flynn, the beautiful prose contributor to the Magnetic Girdle advertisements, is in town. We understand she has recently refused a lucrative offer to write for The Gray Hair Annihilator Company.”

“The Tough on Cockroaches advertisements are now being graphically furnished by J. W. Ralton, whose experience for over ten

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years as a reporter on the *Hornet* amply qualifies him for the position which nets him \$5,000 a year."

"Nearly all the newspapers and magazines are advertising for writers, reporters, and contributors. The daily *Moonbeam* offers twenty-five dollars per column for matter from any of its former writers. The latter, however, are not likely to leave their present employment for any such picayune offers."



Humbug and Reality

WEBSTER defines humbug to be "an imposition under fair pretenses." Most people would resent an intimation that they like to be imposed upon, even under any pretense, and yet no charge so general in its application can be made against the civilized human family of to-day as that it loves to be humbugged. Turn which way we will, proof of this is at hand. From the cradle to the grave, poor human nature imposes upon itself "under fair pretenses."

Men and women, too, yearn for humbugs, and the more thoroughly they are humbugged the better they like it. They will pay a large price to each other to perform the service for them, but it is sweetest of all when they humbug themselves. Men will fish all day where there isn't a scale, hunt where there isn't a feather, come home tired and hungry and humbug themselves into the belief that they have had sport. They will look upon the cold inanimate form of the victim of dissipa-

Humbug and Reality

tion with mingled pity and contempt for the weakness which led to self-destruction, and humbug themselves into the belief that they can sip from the wine cup, guzzle the beer, and smoke the cigarettes which caused it, and avoid the inevitable. They will preach against vice and immorality, attend divine service on Sunday and possibly give tithes of all they possess, and delude themselves with the impression that they are washed clean from the sins of sharp practice and deceit which follow through the week. They will violate the laws of health with impunity, and believe that by the use of nostrums they can humbug nature and escape the penalty. The young sow the tares and the old reap them—both humbugged in the harvest. And what is true of the sterner sex is none the less a stern fact with the weaker sex. Humbugged in Eden, they have never escaped the thralldom, and if it is not fig leaves it is the street-sweeping skirt, the paper-soled shoe, and finally the hectic cough—about which there is no humbug.

In short, we all humbug ourselves. We read a lesson in the weaknesses and shortcomings of others, and humbug ourselves into the belief that we are ironclad against them.

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Like Mark Twain's Sandwich Island Legislature, which he describes as spending all its time at each session in repealing the work of the previous session, so we spend each succeeding year humbugging ourselves that in the future we will correct the faults of the past. But in spite of all this, there is that which is, and which for all time will be, a reality — a treasure which can be laid up where moth nor rust do not corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal. If, then, amid all the shams this golden harvest be secured, it will truly not have been —

“All of life to live, nor all of death to die.”



Theatrical Expansion

Now that Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines have come within the sphere of Yankee influence, there is no doubt that the benighted natives will have an opportunity of seeing some of our strolling players. The Spaniards have always been fond of the theatre, and the people of that race who remain in our newly-acquired islands will probably become either infatuated or inured to our ways of entertaining, sooner or later.

Within a short time, it may not be surprising to see some of our managers establish an Oriental circuit, comprising the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines. Why not? Isn't there as good a chance for ambitious actors in that part of the world as there was for Williamson, the "Struck Oil" man, who went out to Australia some years ago and made a fortune there? As to the quality of the audiences, I fancy there is not much choice between playing to half-castes and Malays, and to those

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noisy bush rangers and wild men of Borneo that Williamson purveyed to.

At all events, virgin soil out in the East awaits the Thespian tread, and that dramatic organizations will go there with the great exodus of fortune hunters is a foregone conclusion. In return, we may expect some importations from our new domains, in the way of theatrical attractions. Certainly it will not be long before the vaudeville stage will have teams doing the "Manila buck," and such features as the Female Tom-Tom Orchestra from Guam, the Luzon Quartet — perhaps led by Aguinaldo himself, the Hula-Hula dancers from Honolulu, the Champion Poi Eater of the South Seas, the Porto Rican Sugar Cane Singers, the Coffee Plantation Yawkers from Aquadilla, the 'Tobacco Strippers' Quintet from Havana, and so on.

If these novelties should draw well, as they probably would, some man like the dauntless Mr. Brady might induce ex-Queen Liliuokalani to star in a play written expressly for her, say by Augustus Thomas. Here would be an opulent chance for the delineation of types absolutely new to the stage.

And then perhaps Paul Arthur might construct a play in which the central feature would

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be a real bullfight, with genuine *toreros*, *picadores*, *chulas*, *banderillos*, and *espadas*, "especially engaged for this production." There is a world of possibilities for the wide-awake managers in the great political changes now going on, and there need be no cause to fear that they will not plunge into the tide at the flood. Actors who cannot find engagements in this country may learn that it is to their advantage to establish Rialtos in Havana, Ponce, Manila, and Honolulu, and likewise some of the languishing dramatic agencies may perceive here a profitable hint.

A few years hence a conversation something like the following may be a common occurrence on Broadway.

"Hello, Jack! where have you been keeping yourself these two years?"

"Hello, Bill! oh, I've been doing leading business at the Dewey Theatre in Manila. Say, it is one of the handsomest show houses you ever saw. They have a slap-up stock company, the leading lady being a beautiful Spanish woman, who speaks English perfectly. I have signed for another season there, but thought I'd run over to New York and see the boys. I've invested my earnings in a rice plantation, and in the same neigh-

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borhood there is quite a colony of American actors. What have you been doing, Bill?"

"Oh, I've got an interest in the Eureka Theatre in Honolulu. Doing well? I should say we are. The natives like our company so well we have to give matinees every morning as well as afternoon. Why they bring their lunch baskets and stay right through the day, till after the evening performance. We issue a special ticket to those who wish to see the show three consecutive times, which costs three dollars. You ought to see the floor of the theatre after the evening performance—the paper bags, egg shells, crumbs, banana and orange skins, and all of the remnants you will find where a Sunday school picnic has been held. But it pays. Say, I've been married since I saw you last."

"Indeed! My congratulations, old boy."

"Thanks. Yes, I married a Hula-Hula dancer, a pure Hawaiian; pretty as a gazelle, and bright as a humming bird. Yes, we have two little ones."

"Do they resemble you, Bill?"

"No, they favor their mamma: they look like bronzes. It's quite the thing for the profession—that is, the male portion of it—to marry native women. You see, they don't

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get crochets into their heads and run away. How are the girls in the Philippines?"

"Out of sight, but they are somewhat peculiar. For instance, they smoke cigars as big as bananas, and a fashionable table delicacy among them is the grasshopper. But then I have read that this was a favorite dish of some of the old Roman emperors. We have two girls in our stock company who are genuine Malays. One of them is a soubrette, and she could teach most of our American red stockings a thing or two about flirting. By the way, I just met Pete Riker. He is stage manager at the General Miles Opera House in San Juan, Porto Rico. They have three stock companies at this house, one American, one Spanish, and one negro—so they cater to all classes of the population. Pete showed me some of his press notices in the *San Juan Telegraph*, *Post*, and *Bulletin*, all edited by young fellows who went there first with the United States army as correspondents. He says he wouldn't leave Porto Rico for the management of the finest theatre in Greater New York. He likes the country, the climate, the people, the mode of living, and says he will be a rich man within five years, being in several outside 'specs'—for one

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thing, a soap factory, which is coining money."

"Great world, ain't it?"

"It's the hardest world I ever saw to get out of alive. Ta,'ta."



A Proposed Journal

I WAS dining the other day at Delmonico's with a friend who informed me of an enterprise of his own conception, which, if carried out, will be as unique as anything new that has existed under the sun for a long time. He did not request me to keep mum over it (our beverage being the Widow Cliquot), and therefore I feel no delicacy in giving the whole scheme away. This is in substance what he said: —

“Do you know there is a big chance for the new journal I am about to establish? It is to be a weekly organ devoted to the interests of criminals, murderers, suicides, and people of that ilk.”

Mr. A — saw I was holding my breath in amazement, so he paused until I could resume my regular respiration, and then continued: —

“I shall call this journal *Crime*. Do you think that will be taking?”

I nodded equivocally.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

"Yes," went on the enthusiast, "I think I've got a good idea, and I mean to work it for all it's worth. You see there is a large number of criminals in this country when you come to count them up. They've never had a distinctive organ, though plenty of papers have supported them under the guise of this goody-goody business. But the time has come when the professional burglar, pickpocket, gambling sharp, and much worse individuals than they, should have a representative journal. House-breakers, for instance, like to know the methods by which members of their guild operate in different parts of the country. If a Boston thief invent a new jimmy, his brothers in New York and other cities want to know how it works."

"How will you get your information?" I breathlessly asked.

"Partially through my hosts of subscribers," was the answer.

"I shall pay my contributors for special articles. A good many men who are now languishing in state prison will be given an opportunity to relate their experiences and to tell about the big jobs with which they have been associated. Then I shall have a column or more devoted to criminal statistics, and two

A Proposed Journal

or three columns of personal paragraphs recording the doings of crooks who have won a reputation in their arduous pursuits and do not wish to lose it. I expect my paper will reach a circulation of five hundred thousand at least during the first year of its existence. Why just look at the field! I do not expect that only out-and-out murderers and outlaws will take it. There are the criminal doctors and lawyers, who themselves aggregate no small number. I shall provide news for them as well as for the shoplifters and bunco-steerers."

"Are you not afraid of being arrested?"

"Not in the least. I shall not advocate criminal principles, but only chronicle the opinions of those who practice them. *Crime* has a great and prosperous career before it, and you may be sure it will go into many homes where the *Outlook* and *Presbyterian Banner* are never seen."

"Do you not fear the influence of your journal will be bad?"

"On the contrary, I believe it will deter many from entering upon lives of crime by pointing out the difficulties in the way of success and the dangers of detection, arrest, and severe punishment."

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Since the above interview, Mr. A—— has disappeared from the haunts that have known him for many years. In a letter written from New Orleans, not long ago, to an old crony in this city, he says: "I have abandoned my journalistic venture. If *Crime* appears it will not be under my management. I am convinced that the majority to whom such a journal would appeal are so ignorant as to be unable to read, and that if they could read they would not appreciate or support it. Theft and murder seek darkness, and avoid publicity. In short, I have entirely changed my mind in regard to the presumable success of such a journal. I am about to sail for South America and jump into politics."

Mr. A—— has doubtless chosen the lesser of two evils, and I for one applaud his choice. Perhaps some benighted wretch will attempt the experiment conceived by Mr. A——. But whoever tries it will probably come to the conclusion that suicide is preferable to editing a paper solely confined to the doings and events inspired by his Satanic Majesty.

Before the Wedding

THE invitations have been sent out, and in a few days the bride-elect is to be led to the altar. The ushers and bridesmaids have been selected, the trousseau is well under way, and the presents begin to pour in.

Each gift is just what she wanted. She fairly revels in the sight of the best man's card lying loose in the delicate satin-lined case.

But not less lovely to her seems the little set of fruit knives, the gift of a friend whose family has met reverses of fortune since they were in the young ladies' school together, whilst she goes into transports over the Japanese vase a near-by neighbor has presented in person.

The mail brings a letter from the fiancée's cousin, a captain in the regular army stationed at a remote post in Arizona. In the letter is a check for fifty dollars, with which the Captain hopes she will purchase some trifle for

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her own personal adornment. Quite overcome by this evidence of generosity, she sings his praises in extravagant terms for half an hour.

She is bothered a little when a "duplicate" present arrives, but consoles herself by hoping that it can be exchanged for something of equivalent value.

Another ring at the door. This time it is the dressmaker with the bridal gown. Again it is tried on, and one or two minor alterations are suggested. The dressmaker heaves a deep sigh of relief as the fiancée struts up and down her boudoir, voicing her satisfaction. Then all the members of the house are summoned to survey her in her finery.

Papa is so nervous over it all. Every morning and every evening he is obliged to walk the length of the drawing-room and back, with his daughter on his arm, keeping in step with the spirited strains of the wedding march, rather jerkily rendered on the piano by an elder sister who has determined to live a life of single blessedness.

Papa is not a very apt pupil, and the more he practices the stately step the less certain he feels of being able to master it in time for the momentous event — only a few days off.

Before the Wedding

On the day before the event, rehearsal takes place in the church. With the sonorous organ to guide him, papa really does splendidly. He is to carry his high hat in his left hand, and dispelled now are all his fears as to what he shall do with his right hand, which he has been instructed to tuck gracefully in the breast of his frock-coat.

The afternoon rehearsal affords considerable enjoyment, for the minister is witty and keeps the bridal party in a merry mood.

Night comes, and mamma is anxious for the fiancée to retire early, so she will be sure not to miss her beauty sleep. But the latter protests that going to bed so early—on this the last night of her maidenhood—is quite out of the question.

It is close on to midnight when she at last withdraws to her downy couch. But for hours sleep eludes her. She thinks of the dear home she is leaving and tears fill her eyes.

But Jack is so good and kind. And ere the silver shafts of morn penetrate the chamber, the fiancée lies in the arms of Morpheus, dreaming affectionately of Jack, who is coming to-morrow to bear her away to Hymen's Land.

A Memory of John Gilbert

F THE venerable figures frequently seen on the street or in the theatre, none was more familiar to New Yorkers than the late John Gilbert. Among ten thousand men, his physiognomy would have been striking. On his massive countenance a benignant humor always rested; he seldom traversed a block without meeting a friend.

One of the most affecting occasions of his life was the dinner given by the Lotos Club to Lester Wallack, at which Mr. Gilbert was present. The then President of the Club, Whitelaw Reid, opened the postprandial exercises with a graceful speech, outlining the story of Mr. Wallack's career from the time he left England. Mr. Wallack responded with his characteristic ease of manner, spicing his remarks with an anecdote or two. William Winter read an original poem. Judge Brady amused the company with stories, and several other eminent gentlemen held the attention of

A Memory of John Gilbert

the Lotos-Eaters; but no one produced so deep an impression as John Gilbert.

He was introduced by Mr. Reid as the Nestor of old English comedy in America, who suggested that Mr. Wallack had been assisted many times to success through the medium of John Gilbert. In response, the latter acknowledged that he had been advised with, and he added: "I believe I can yet teach that young man [pointing to Wallack] a trick or two."

Later on, while he was expressing his tender sense of friendship for Wallack, his voice broke, his lips quivered, his eyes filled, and for at least a minute words failed him. It was a touching spectacle. He endeavored heroically to regain his self-possession, but his emotions were carried beyond their usual range. Scarcely was there a dry eye at the table. After a silence, which was long and solemn, the old man's voice was again heard — this time in the gruff tones, the petulant language, and intolerant manner of Sir Anthony Absolute:

"So you will fly out! Can't you be cool like me? What the devil good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper — you do, you dog!

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you play upon the meekness of my disposition ! Yet take care — the patience of a saint may be overcome at last ! but mark ! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this ; if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why — confound you ! I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds ! don't enter the same hemisphere with me ! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me ! but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own ; I'll strip you of your commission ; I'll lodge a five-and-three pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you ! and damn me ! if ever I call you Jack again ! ”

Mr. Gilbert never delivered the passage with more telling effect. He resumed his seat amid a salvo of cheers and bravos.



Ingenious Floral Novelties

VERILY, Boston has caught the craze for original floral decorations.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith, who for several years have surveyed new bonnets from the same pew in church and who always really have been great friends, are competing with each other now in the matter of novel botanical effects.

They both had smilax in festoons on their mirrors, but it has disappeared, and the cucumber vine clingeth closer than a brother to Mrs. Smith's mirror and the erratic clematis to Mrs. Brown's.

A young lady whose residence is on Commonwealth Avenue recently appeared at a small evening reception in a dress fabricated entirely of sulphur-tinted Mermet roses, carefully sewed upon a delicate framework molded to her lissome form. It was estimated that this dress cost \$400; rather a

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costly garment — as it could be worn for one night only.

At a brilliant dinner given the other day in Chelsea, the centre of the table held a large pumpkin brought from Florida expressly for the occasion. The pumpkin was crowned by an anchor of French immortelles, which the hostess had purchased a few days before in anticipation of a relative's funeral, which unfortunately did not occur, the relative having gone into a cataleptic state instead of dying.

An interior on Beacon Street was the scene of aristocratic festivities the other night. The floors of the salon were literally covered with Nephotos roses, violets, and white carnations. Considerable amusement was afforded those who watched the new-comers wade ankle deep through the flowers, whose sweet incense filled every nook and cranny.

A spinster present, whose sense of the fitness of things was in nowise destroyed by age, remarked whisperously to the lady of the house: "My! I should think you would be afraid of spoiling the carpet." "Oh, there is no danger, I assure you; there is a matting over it," replied the haughty hostess.

Ingenious Floral Novelties

Before the evening was over, \$1,000 worth of choice flowers were stamped and crushed into tatters under cold human feet.

At a fashionable funeral in Malden recently, the only floral decorations consisted of a representation of a normal umbrella, four feet in diameter, made of white roses. A very appropriate memento, in view of the fact that the deceased had for a long term of years supported a large and growing family upon the profits of the umbrella business.

Rose arches and stuffed doves still prevail to some extent, although a Charlestown widow recently made a quaint departure by substituting for the stuffed dove a stuffed crow.

The true lover's knot design still holds its own on the upper shelves in florists' establishments — subject to order.

At the opera last week, a pretty young saleswoman wore in her hair a plain Safrano rose in which was fastened a cluster of diamonds in the form of a horseshoe. On a seat ahead of her sat a stout lady of great wealth, who wore a natural leaf from the rubber tree in her bonnet, in place of a feather.

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One of the happiest conceits in floral decorations was seen at a wedding breakfast awhile since in Cambridge. The grass-green tablespread was thickly sprinkled with daisies, buttercups, and dandelions in upright position, representing a springtime pasture. To add to the illusion, butterflies and bumblebees, hanging by silken threads attached to the ceiling, dangled about the flowers.

A débutanté appeared at the recent police ball with a basket of hyacinths and pond lilies on her arm. Only the handle of the basket was left by the time the débutanté reached home.

The ornamentation of mantel clocks has become very popular. A young lady in Jamaica Plain not long ago gave a party in honor of an old flame who had just returned from abroad. The young lady in question decorated the family clock, a marble-cased, eight-day arrangement, with sheaves of wheat and a scythe made of forget-me-nots and laurel.

Perhaps the cleverest novelty in gentlemen's button-hole bouquets is the "Leap-Year Token," as it has been designated. It makes

Ingenious Floral Novelties

a comparatively cheap and desirable souvenir for young ladies to present their male friends. It is made of ivy and terra cotta chrysanthemums to represent an oyster on the half shell.

A bouquet thus constructed is rather larger than the regulation size, but it looks very neat and suggestive.

Another style, especially intended as a leap year gift from the ladies, conceived by a fair damsel in Brookline, is the miniature schooner surmounted by a tortuous pretzel of Jacqueminot roses and dun-colored maple leaves.



Cook's Monday Lecture

THE prelude to Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday noon lecture in Tremont Temple (Boston), on the subject, "Law and Lawlessness," was followed by a philosophical discourse for a quarter of an hour.

He said that all science in our time is building an altar to an unknown god. There are sacrificial tributes of wood and flesh placed upon it, but the unknown god will some day be declared to us as a personal god. Our nineteenth century is carving on the marble of science the names of the agnostic and atheist, yet on the finished block will be inscribed the devoutest names at last, unified like the hundred names on Eçbar's tomb.

Mr. Cook was not able to assert that the existence of God is a self-evident truth; it is a native belief, an ultimate idea, a spontaneous faith, an axiomatic certainty of the soul. There is a distinction to be made between a self-evident proposition and a self-evident problem. A straight line is the shortest dis-

Cook's Monday Lecture

tance between two points; that is a self-evident proposition, because it does not require special analysis. That angles formed by straight lines that intersect each other are equal is a self-evident problem, which does require a little analysis to discover the reason.

"An absolute being has no necessary dependence on any other." This definition is approved by the highest agnostics. If you can overthrow the definition of materialism, you can dethrone atheism and all its ramifications. As I have said before, a good definition should contain no metaphors or figures of speech. Now, Alexander Bain has given a definition of a Double-Sided Somewhat. What's a What? What's the face of a What, and what is the face of a Double-Sided Somewhat? In the universe it is known that there is mind and matter, the latter having extension, color, weight, and inertia. On one side of this Somewhat, Professor Bain fixes the spiritual, and on the other side the physical, and he accounts for the union of the two by what he terms a system of close succession. Is that clear, or is it Scotch mist? Materialism has no foundation on the heights.

A Literary Lunch Fiend

“**T**HAT little snob just crossing Twenty-Third Street,” said a prominent club man to the writer, “is one of the cleverest bachelors in New York. He has been a member of my club for years, and he spends a good deal of time there, but I do not feel as though I were half acquainted with him. They say he writes a considerable quantity of matter for the daily and weekly press. He dresses in good taste, and evidently has his own tailor, but I doubt if he has much ready money. I never saw him spend a cent at the club in my life. He never declines a treat and never offers one. But this man, who is confidentially known among us as the Literary Lunch Fiend, lives in clover all the while, and I’ll tell you how he does it.

“His earnings from his pen are perhaps fifteen hundred dollars a year. A good two-thirds of this he puts into a swell dinner, to which he invites about four hundred people, many of whom are leaders in society. Of

A Literary Lunch Fiend

course, in return, all of his guests invite him to their houses to dine, and thus he is sure of a first-class banquet three hundred and sixty-five times per annum. Being a bachelor, people invite him more than once during the year to their tables; and when his invitations for the same dates conflict, he writes his declinations in such a way as to keep people reminded that though he cannot be present on the occasion designated, he might be able to accept a similar invitation in the near future.

“Oh, yes, he lives on the fat of the land and is very popular. Invitations to his annual feast are much coveted, and his presence at the dinners given by those constituting this set is deemed especially essential. He is an inveterate flatterer of beautiful women and gifted men, who swallow his oily cajoleries as from a chalice containing the nectar of the gods. There is probably not another man in the metropolis who, like him, could be, year in and year out, a successful Literary Lunch Fiend.”



Rollicking Rice

WHILE in Paris, once on a time, Fanny Rice visited a celebrated *café chantant* and made the acquaintance of the original interpreter of the amusing character sketch song called "The Drummer," an American version of which she subsequently introduced in her new play. She wore, as part of the bizarre costume of the character, shoes of enormous size. The first night she appeared in this novelty, which was essentially French in its quality, Miss Rice found her spacious brogans more masters of the situation than she was herself.

She made her entrée all right, went through her grotesque impersonations with entire success, finished her song and was about making her exit amid a storm of applause from the audience when those fatal shoes interfered.

The shoes themselves were in a thoroughly demoralized condition. They seemed desirous of being estranged from their owner. But with the quickness of thought Miss Rice rose

Rollicking Rice

to the occasion as well as in mid air, and vanished like another Ariel, bearing in her arms her rebellious shoes to that remote and mysterious region known to the public as "Behind the Scenes," singing in her most animated style :—

Oh, you see in me a maiden,
Whose heart has flown away
To him who beats the big brass drum,
That man across the way.

Than all the players in the band,
He gives one more delight ;
He whacks the drum, and hits so hard,
It's simply "out of sight."

CHORUS — Ta, ra, ra, boom, boom !
Ta, ra, ra, boom, boom !



A Slight Family Jar

THEY had been married about a year. They had been happier than most young married people, because they had been madly in love from the outset. But one day there was a misunderstanding. They attended a *matinée*, she being dressed in a jaunty poke bonnet trimmed with red. Lawrence Trebolyn worked himself up to an extreme point of dissatisfaction with her, because of the red trimmings on her bonnet, which he had never seen before. He waited impatiently until the first act was over, and then said to her in a whisper: "Millicent, I thought you had better taste than to wear such headgear as you now have on."

It was the first unkind or reproachful utterance she had ever heard from him, and it stung her feelings. She looked up at him wonderingly and asked: "What is there about my bonnet that offends you?"

"The red on it," he answered harshly, but in a voice not audible to those in ad-

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jacent seats. "Only women without character and respectability wear that color on their heads."

Manifestly untrue was his remark, as well as unjust. It brought tears to Millicent's eyes. She had no heart to remain where she would attract attention, and positively no interest whatever in the play. She arose, saying: "I am going home. Will you accompany me out of the theatre?"

He followed her without a word. Lawrence could scarcely have said anything that would have humiliated his wife more. She showed the agony in her heart on her face. But she was very brave.

"I am so sorry," she said, as he handed her into a hansom, "if you have the bull's repugnance to red. I was innocent of its significance — on a woman's head."

Lawrence lacked the mood and inclination to ask her to forgive him for his ungallant conduct. He stood in his own light, but his false pride and obstinacy prevented him from offering the *amende honorable*. And thus his words led to a quarrel which began in real earnest at last.

"What on earth possessed you to adopt that color anyway," demanded Lawrence, with

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insinuating brusquerie. "You are not a cardinal, are you?"

"No," was Millicent's candid answer, "I am not. If I were, it would be many a long day before I should absolve you for your treatment of me."

"Now, you're trying to be cute," snarled Lawrence. "But your manner is far from being wifely. Once more, Madame, I ask where did you get the idea that red on your hat is proper to be worn publicly?"

"Well, if you want to know," put in the tearful wife, "from your own first cousin, Sybil Nugger, who is trying to become a star actress on the strength of her social pretensions."

"Ah, ha," muttered Lawrence, the ha being very subdued, as though his heart had missed one regular pulsation. "Then Sybil advised you to wear red on your hat, did she?"

"Yes. You know very well she is stuck on red in everything, as her own hats and costumes prove."

"Where did you learn to use the word 'stuck' in that connection?"

"From your cousin Sybil — your mother's sister's own daughter. There!"

A Slight Family Far

“Do you mean to say that Sybil uses that sort of language?”

“I do, most emphatically. She puts on more airs before men than a princess of the royal blood, but when she is alone with me she uses more slang than a Bowery soubrette. And yet you class her among the salt of the earth because she is your cousin and pretends to be ‘in the swim,’ as you term it. I may be a country girl, from the underbrush districts of Pennsylvania, where you found me, and whence you would extricate me to become your wife, but I think, with my olive complexion, as you thousands of times have called it, and my brunette eyes and hair, a red hat looks as well on me as it does on Sybil Nugger, who is a strawberry blonde of a very ordinary type.”

“Say, Millicent, a friend of mine who is the dramatic critic of *Every Monday though Sometimes Tuesday*, has sent me tickets for the Yorktown Theatre at which the first performance of the ‘Human Heart Upside Down’ is to be presented to-night. Sybil is cast for the heart. She is to be dressed in red in every act. Will you not go and lend her sympathy by wearing your red hat? She is bound to see you in the box, and your encouraging

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smile is the only one she will probably receive from the audience.”

“ I will attend the theatre in my red bonnet,” replied Millicent, “ for Sybil’s sake, but not for yours.”



The Art of Picking a Bone



WEN MEREDITH, the poet of modern elegance, never wrote truer words than the following:—

“We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope, what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?”

It may be said with equal truth that comparatively few of those who dine luxuriously know how to dine really well. Usually the members of a family do not show more difference in mental temperament than they do in their taste in edibles. But it is fortunate per-

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haps for the economy of the cuisine that this variation in the family palate exists. Thus Bella, who is passionately fond of boiled turnips, may be entitled to a double portion because her sister Stella abhors them. On the other hand, Stella has a great fondness for fried parsnips, and these Bella detests. Thus is afforded the opportunity of exchange between the two sisters when both these edibles are prepared for a meal. This line of consideration, however, is a digression from the subject which I set out to discuss.

It has been remarked by some writer that a man who is enjoying a bird and a bottle cannot furnish a better indication of intelligence and elegant breeding than by holding the bones in his fingers and picking them therefrom at the proper time. Doubtless, to be nice about it, one must know intuitively when it is the proper time to pick up the bone in one's fingers. This scarcely would be before the quail, the snipe, the woodcock, or whatever the bird be, has been unwinged and unlegged and divested, as well as practicable, without great effort, of meat, with a knife and fork.

Handling game in one's fingers, too, should be dependent upon its size. It would not be

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entirely elegant to nibble at a huge duck wing from the hand. But, in spite of all that the wiseacres in etiquette may say, a man is justified in many circumstances in holding any delicate game in his fingers, while eating it. His natural regard for appearances would prevent him from such manipulation at a State dinner or even at a formal one where ladies were present. But at all other times he will, if he enjoys a bird and knows how to get at its sweetness, take it up without fuss in his fingers and proceed to clean the bones. Your true epicure understands that the meat nearest the bone is the most delicious, and the jelly-like substance and marrow in the bones of small birds cannot be obtained with a knife and fork. Ergo, a man's teeth, which, let us hope are white and cared for, must come into requisition. Thus sportsmen eat. Thus Sam Ward and his disciples ate. Thus the well-bred citizen of the world who is compelled to live at a club, because he has no home, eats. If he has a home he eats in the same way, except when entertaining fastidious lady guests.

When a man is allowed the privilege of picking a bird in his hands, he becomes interesting and communicative. He tells those

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with whom he is dining genuine funny stories. He winks at the waiter furtively to bring another bottle of the Widow. In short, he is preëminently satisfied with himself and everybody else. If that same man had been obliged to forego the privilege of holding those bones in his fingers, he would have been inwardly miserable and outwardly sullen, with a manner which would have indicated his indifference to the merits of the repast—that is, if he had a good appetite and was a lover of birds.

The frequent spectacle of a man is presented who, in holding a part of a bird in his hand, tries to impress a friend across the table with his finical grace. He brings a ring into conspicuous prominence, perhaps, by the way in which he holds his fingers—as though any little tricks of matter could apologize for this fashion of finishing a bird, the best justification of which is a gracious, appreciative, and unaffected absorption in the enjoyment itself. Not that a man, while thus engaged, need be reticent or needlessly engrossed, but he should show himself a master of the suggestiveness of the picture he presents with a bone in his fingers, and remember that no artificial affectations are required to heighten or reduce the

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effect. A man who eats a bird with a knife and fork and considers it vulgar to eat the remaining and best part out of his fingers is an unfortunate man. There is something lacking in his make-up if he has not learned the art and pleasure of picking a bone. Not like Sydney Smith's ideal epicure can he say after a bird dinner: "Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day."

As for the ladies picking bones held in their fingers, I do not see why they should not claim at least that right of man. Most ladies themselves object to it, and when you see one who does not, you can make up your mind that she is sufficiently above a type to be ranked as a personality. Ladies should bear in mind that this is a superb way to show off to advantage their diamond and emerald rings. The delicate leg of a plover matches diamonds very nicely when in the pink-nailed fingers of a damsel or matron.

After a game dinner ladies have been known to regret the fact that they did not pick a bone or two like their husbands, brothers, or lovers. It seemed at the table so natural and so easy to resist the temptation; but three hours later it seems such a silly thing to have refused to do. The New

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York girl who, while visiting a family, will eat scarcely enough to keep a humming bird alive will, with a girl companion, go into a restaurant while out shopping, and not only order but eat a substantial dinner. If she orders a bird you may be sure she will pick the bones in the most entrancing style. It will make any one's mouth water to watch her. But at home before guests, or away from home as a guest, she is an entirely different creature in regard to eating. Before society she poses as an ethereal creature, to whom earthly sustenance is a desecration ; but in a restaurant she will eat like a half-starved tramp. It is needless to add that this class of young ladies can pick a bone to the queen's taste.



The Dwarfs of the Jossgrund

A Bavarian Legend

THE industrious dwarfs were wandering. They had rendered excellent services to men ; had toiled for them like slaves, sowing and reaping, demolishing and rebuilding, quite as everyone desired, and in turn they had gained naught save a bitter conviction of the truth of the old proverb that "Ingratitude is the world's reward."

For this reason the dwarfs were wandering. They no longer wished to witness this ingratitude, preferring to repair to some solitude and abandon all intercourse with men, whom otherwise they would have esteemed and remained among.

In the course of their journey they reached the Spessart (Bavarian Hills), and finally came to the Jossgrund. At that time few people lived in the Spessart, and for many days the dwarfs trudged onward without seeing a human habitation. The small quantity

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of food they started with was soon consumed. The cold dark shadows of the forest retarded the growth of eatable roots and fruits, and so the dwarfs suffered bitter want. With difficulty they proceeded on a little further and at last, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, they lay down in the dense heather, expecting starvation soon to come and relieve their misery.

A peasant returning home with a bundle of wood happened to pass them. His foot touched one of the little men, and nearly crushed him. The peasant's fright was changed to pity when he perceived their wretched condition. It was not necessary for him to ask them what they desired, for pallid famine was written on their pinched faces. He requested them to make one last effort and follow him. He was a poor man himself with several little children, but he promised to procure some food for them, and assured them that there was more room in his cellar than he required.

The dwarfs, inspired by this hope of succor, followed the peasant to his humble hut, which happily was not far off. In the empty cellar the dwarfs made themselves as comfortable as they could, the peasant sharing with them his

The Dwarfs of the Fossgrund

rough fare, and in a few days they recovered their former strength and vigor.

When the dwarfs left the cellar for the first time and saw how the peasant was obliged to work, to cultivate his corn on a little piece of stony ground, to dig out the stumps, to cut grass for his lean kine, they forgot all the wrong that men had done them, and their intention to journey to some distant uninhabited clime, and they said to the peasant: "You have given us food and shelter and we wish to reciprocate by helping you in your farming. You will be more than satisfied with us, but you must remain kind and friendly and considerate to us as you have been. We are not so weak as we appear. All of us together have but one will, and therefore our united strength surpasses that of a giant."

The peasant was not inclined to believe in the giant-like power of the dwarfs, but he reflected that if they proved of no great use they would prove of no great harm to him, and so accepted their offer. During that day the dwarfs rested quietly in the cellar, but at nightfall they became as industrious as ants.

After that, every morning when the peasant stepped out of his hut, he found before the door a large heap of the best grass that grew

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on his farm, or a bundle of wood. He observed, too, how the swamp was being transformed into a beautiful meadow, and how the forest was being cleared. It remained for him only to plant the seed, and a rich harvest would be certain. Now he easily found means to procure more and better cattle, for which the dwarfs built him a stable. A little later the harvest yielded so abundantly that it was sufficient to fill ten barns like the peasant's. So the indefatigable little men set to work and built a large one, larger than any of which the peasant had ever dreamed. And now his house seemed to him too small for his more fastidious requirements, but he had only to hint his desires to the dwarfs, who erected two palatial dwellings for him.

Thus the peasant became the richest man in the Spessart. He employed many servants, more in fact than could find anything to do, and lived like a prince. The dwarfs still lived in the cellar of the old hut, contented with their meagre rations so long as their herculean labors remained unfinished. Several years elapsed, and finally, when the dwarfs found nothing more to do for the peasant, they sought his presence and asked if he would permit them to build a house for themselves

The Dwarfs of the Fossgrund

on his estate, as the cellar was dark and uncomfortable.

Alas ! prosperity had rendered the peasant's heart hard and unsympathetic. He scolded the dwarfs and sneeringly asked what they would do with a house. He declared there was no room for it on his estate. If they had been able to live in the cellar till now, he thought they could live there longer. To build a new house would be foolish extravagance. Such little men did not need a large house, and if they did not like the cellar any more they could leave it ; he had fed them long enough any way.

The dwarfs were greatly surprised by this answer, which they had not in the least expected, and this fresh evidence of human ingratitude soon awakened their former grudge against men. They left the cellar at once, and that night they entered the peasant's barn and carried away his corn, which, not wishing to destroy, they ground at a neighboring mill and distributed the meal among the poor. Then they set fire to all of the peasant's buildings, and all of his goods perished in the flames. Into the fields, which they had so carefully cultivated, they cast so many stones that five years' labor would not

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have cleared them. The irrigating ditches in the meadows were so clogged up that the old noisome morass would again develop.

As he once had been, the peasant was now a poor man, possessing nothing but his crumbling old hut, a few waste acres, and a few famishing cows. If by the same means he could have become rich again, he doubtless would have been less ungrateful and callous to the discomfort and deserts of those around him. But it was part of his lesson to be deprived of the chance to do what it had been so easy for him to do once.

The dwarfs resumed their wanderings, and where they now are no one knows.



A Needful Invention

THOSE in the administrative service in England make it their duty to render the social and official cares of the Queen and her son, Albert, as light as possible. But in spite of their efforts in this direction, her Majesty and the Prince have a great deal to do in the course of a year.

Perhaps no one will be able to devise a plan by means of which Victoria or her legitimate successor shall be free from giving and attending certain State receptions, but it does seem as though the laying of corner-stones and the opening of dog, poultry, and other shows might properly be shifted upon other shoulders than those whose exalted dignity has so often been humiliated to perform these mechanical offices.

What month of the twelve slips around that does not see some new park, association, or other enterprise opened in some part of England? For proof of this just glance over the columns of any English newspaper. It is not

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easy to estimate the amount of trouble sometimes experienced by those who are invited to clinch the occasion, so to speak, by their presence. The continual opening of something keeps the Queen or her representatives on the jump most of the time. If Yankee sympathy is worth anything at all to her Majesty, she has mine, with the assurances of my most distinguished consideration.

It is entirely wrong to deprive the Sovereign of Great Britain and Empress of the Indias, and her formerly somewhat volatile heir to the Crown, of that exclusive domestic peace from which the commonest subject is not exempt. Many of us unsophisticated Americans have an idea that a queen, or prince, like Albert, has a very soft time of it. But the fact is, monarchs and members of royal families are the hardest-working people in the world. Some great writer has aptly said: "Men tire themselves out in pursuit of rest," — an axiom not less true than the one just preceding it.

To-day, we will say, an industrial exhibition is to be opened in York; to-morrow, a new bridge at Manchester; day after to-morrow, a baby show at Leeds, and so on throughout the calendar. Now, would it not be a great sav-

A Needful Invention

ing of executive energy and time if a patent duplex exhibition and park-opener and corner-stone layer could be invented and adopted by the English Government? Of course, this invention would have to be in the shape of a man, capable at a moment's notice of making a neat and appropriate speech. Chauncey M. Depew would be just the man for the purpose, if he did not have a little other business, and New York did not have a copyright on him.

This patent duplex exhibition and park-opener and corner-stone layer should be a man who is familiar with the local history of every hamlet in the United Kingdom, so that his allusions would be opportune and accurate. Such a man should be pensioned, like the poet laureate, and be ready for every occasion upon which something had to be opened or a new public project inaugurated.

The appointment of an exhibition and park-opener and corner-stone layer, say for life, would give the Queen, Albert, and a few who compose their appointed or elected representatives, more time for a game of backgammon and intellectual pursuits, as well as be a great relief to them, if not to the kingdom.

This is an invention of great importance to Englishmen. There will come a day, if exhi-

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bitions continue to open in England as rapidly in the future as they have in the past, when the Queen and Albert will be glad to have a "regular man" attend to them, along with the corner-stone laying. The whole course of events indicates that the English exhibition-opener, etc., is only a question of time—a few years.

NOTE.—We have handled this profound theme without gloves—not having any that are entirely minus rips. We trust the London *Saturday Review* and *Spectator* will deal as fairly and intelligently in the future with American affairs as we have in this article attempted to deal with a vital question in England. We have not introduced quite so many high-sounding words as our English contemporaries named possibly will wish we had. But our topographical knowledge of England and its sister dominions is, perhaps, as extensive as is our contemporaries' knowledge of *our* little Republic, and that, in a measure, will be an offset to the absence, in this contribution, of classical quotation and pretentious construction out of heavy, if not often clumsy, verbal material, in which our English contemporaries seem to delight. To the British public in general, we offer the foregoing advice gratuitously. English papers please copy.

Fashion's Curious Lore

FROM France the world has derived more ideas of fashion and elegance than from any other modern nation. The refinements of the toilet have been a specialty of the French people since, perhaps, a little before, the time of Charlemagne. The delight of the Gallic woman was cold baths and precious unguents. She frequently abstained from the use of wine to save her complexion. She did not possess, however, many, if any, valuable ideas of dress in its relation to hygiene and sanitary principles, any more than did our American women one hundred years or more ago, when they were inclined to go too thinly clad in filmy, slazy attire, which, while showing off to advantage their shapeliness of figure, exposed them to the untold dangers of rigorous and inclement weather.

Cæsar's conquest of Gaul, which every schoolboy knows was divided in three parts, brought into that territory Roman civilization, and, as well, Roman corruption. Life there

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became more complex. The Gallo-Roman lady coquetted with her fan, consulted her steel mirror, carried her parasol, went to her dentist, wore corsets of more or less—chiefly less—excellence; used scented pomatums and perfumes, washes for the eyelids, dyes for the brows, and various dermatological preparations, and in numerous other ways showed herself to be a sophisticated being—just as she does to-day. But with this difference: in those times nearly everything was crude and bizarre.

In public, patrician ladies held crystal or amber balls in their palms to cool the latter, the amber giving out a pleasant odor as it warmed in the hand. The social condition of Gaul was again modified by the Franks. For instance, in the almost transparent material and clinging style of the gowns worn by the Carlovingian women, there was an imitation of classic standards and unique modes. Under Charlemagne's successors, women's dress became heavier and ampler. Some of the more advanced of the fair sex carried canes, with variously embellished handles.

Then, as now, fortunes were spent in dress. On their wedding day, during the first years of the Renaissance, brides wore red or scarlet.

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Catherine de Medici was a prominent factor in influencing the fashions of her time. According to Brantôme, she was the first woman to ride on a side-saddle. Having remarkably beautiful shoulders, which she was rather fond of displaying, her *décolleté* costumes were imitated by the ladies of her court, often to the disadvantage of those not gifted by nature with physical charms. Catherine also introduced whalebone bodices, so fraught with evil to many succeeding generations of women.

Under Henry III., slender waists and svelte figures were the desideratum. Even wooden splints were used by women to tighten their waists, when whalebone bodices were scarce. Both sexes vied with each other in the extravagant use of perfumes and aromatic substances. The men of that epoch were absurdly, if not disgustingly, effeminate. Young dandies in ruffs and ringlets copied the Medici toilets of the ladies, even carrying about and using perfumed fans. The doublet then adopted held its own for many years. It was belted round the waist and fastened at the throat by a ruff or falling collar. Some of the silly nabobs of the court of Henry III. wore very snug-fitting corsets. Yet this is

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not so singular, when we contemplate the "smart" young Britons and Anglomaniacs on this side of the Big Pond who indulge in tight lacing. The late Duke of Clarence was thus addicted.

Bourgeoises of that time were restricted by royal edict from wearing silks, velvet hoods, and other finery affected by patricians. Even wives of lawyers and merchants came under the ban, heavy fines being imposed on those who violated these ordinances of the Crown.

One of the most ingenious women in originating novel costumes was Margaret of Valois, afterward the wife of the King of Navarre. She once declared, "Extravagance with me is a family failing." The superiority of her taste in dress has been denied, however, by some authorities, who assert that she perverted rather than improved the fashions of her time. She had one inexplicable preference, which is frequently manifested by the *fin de siècle* woman. She usually concealed her magnificent black hair under a dowdy flaxen wig. Why is it that so many fashionable women prefer blonde hair?

The events of a certain period and the fashions of that period usually bear an intimate relation, and one which it is not always

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easy to comprehend. Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt, in her bright little book, "Our Grandmothers' Gowns," says: "Any startling political event or brilliant victory always brought in some new shade of color or cut of clothing."

On the other hand, fashions often spring into favor without any apparent *raison d'être*. In the reign of Henry II., masks suddenly originated, and ladies wore them in public to avoid recognition or to conceal facial defects. They were usually of black velvet lined with white satin. In place of strings to fix them on, "a slender silver bar ending in a button was fastened on the inside, and putting this between her teeth the wearer could hold the mask in its place."

It is amusing to read of the strange fads and sumptuous hobbies of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Our plutocrats of to-day go to extremes in their ostentation, it is true, but luxury does not run rampant, as it did among the nobility in those garish days. Just fancy dear old Queen Elizabeth wearing nightgowns lined throughout with the soft pelts of white rabbits.

Fashions became a matter of etiquette under Louis XIV. Famous men customers like Renaud, Lallemand, and Chalandot made the

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gowns. Scarfs, which had been introduced some time previously, remained in vogue, and muffs were not only worn, but often served to carry about little dogs. In the shops "dog-muffs" were sold. Head-dress underwent some marked variations, ridiculous and hideous coiffures being the result.

Under the reign of Louis XIV., much grotesque and some beautiful millinery came into fashion. Women of high estate, in their madness to adopt prevailing novelties in attire, forgot that good taste alone can preserve dress from vulgar extremes. By simply placing two peacock feathers and several small ostrich plumes in her hair one day, Marie Antoinette made feathers fashionable throughout Europe. They fetched as much sometimes as fifty louis (1250 francs) apiece. This witty and erratic queen invented such very peculiar styles of head-dress, that it was difficult for the most ingenious of her satellites to imitate them. Her toilet was a masterpiece of etiquette. According to Mme. Campan, "Everything was done by rule. The lady of honor and the lady of the bedchamber were both present, assisted by the first dresser and two others, who did the principal part of the service; but there were distinctions to be observed. The lady of

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the bedchamber (*dame d'atours*) put on the queen's petticoat and handed her gown, the lady of honor poured out water for washing the royal hands and put on the Queen's chemise."

The Marie Antoinette coiffure was "fearfully and wonderfully made."

The *Pouf au sentiment*, with its outlandish and preposterous ornaments found favor in the French Court. Would the ladies of to-day care to wear a bunch of asparagus, radishes, or a fat cucumber in their hair? Imagine Mrs. Jack Astor or Mrs. Burke-Roche, or any other elegant lady of Gotham, or some sister city, adopting, say the *coiffure à la Belle Poule*, which consisted of a ship in full sail, reposing on a sea of thick curls. When Marie Antoinette was the undisputed empress of fashion, the scaffolding of gauze, flowers, and feathers was raised to such an extent that no top carriages could be found lofty enough for ladies' use. "The occupants were obliged either to put their heads out of the windows, or to kneel on the carriage floor, in order to protect the fragile structures."

In the early summer of 1775, Marie Antoinette made her appearance in a sort of chestnut brown gown, and the king said

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laughingly: "That puce [flea] color becomes you admirably."

It is recorded that on the following day every lady at the court wore a puce-colored gown, old puce, young puce, *dos de puce* (flea's back), etc. Many new colors were worn, either in combination, or successively, such as "rash tears," "Paris sand," and "Carmelite." Outre shapes prevailed over every kind of opposition. It should not be inferred from the foregoing observations, that some of the costumes of that period were not strikingly handsome and artistic both in respect of fabric and fabrication.

The patch-box, its lid lined with a looking-glass, was in the hands of every woman of fashion. In early Roman times patches were worn by orators of the Tribune. They were adopted as an accessory to the ladies' toilet about 1655, and continued in favor until the time of the Regency, being revived in the reign of Louis XVI. They were simply bits of black silk sticking-plaster, what are known to-day as court-plaster.

The old code explaining the significance of a patch on a certain part of the face is as follows: The "impassioned" patch was fixed at the corner of the eye; the "gallant" in the middle of the cheek; the *recéleuse*, or

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receiver of stolen goods, on a spot or pimple ; the *effrontée*, or bold-faced, on the nose ; and the "coquette" on the lips. A round patch was called "the assassin." The great Massillon preached a sermon in which he anathematized patches. The effect produced by his discourse was rather unexpected ; patches were worn in greater numbers than ever, and were known as *mouches de Massillon*.

Fashion was incapable of reverence, and triumphed over all obstacles. With the development of social finesse and the more subtle methods of flirtation, our incomparable belles of the United States ought easily to enlarge the patch code, so that with their little bits of black silk sticking-plaster they could, indeed, speak a "various language" to their admirers and suitors.

We have had recently revivals of both Directoire and Empire fashions in dress, and there seems to be a keen desire on the part of many swagger women to copy the picturesque modes that flourished in the days of the volatile Queen of France, who perished so bravely on the guillotine. They wish to wear on their devoted heads the flaring calèche, and on their precious forms a species of raiment not half so classically simple as that of the present hour.

SECTION III.
VERSES

Ballade of Ye Old Tar

A DOUGHTY old tar was Absalom Hughes,
He had sailed many years on the
main,

In a full-rigged ship, and on many a cruise

He had been with the trim *Mary Jane*.

In furling a sail he hadn't a peer,

And the air with his ditties would ring;

As he climbed up the ratlins, with never
a fear,

This cheerful refrain he would sing :

"Oh, the ship may pitch and the ship may
roll,

For it's all jest the same to me;

And I'm gay night and day, 'pon my
bloomin' old soul,

When I'm out on the foamin' sea."

A supreme contempt had Absalom Hughes

For the modern ocean steam-craft;

He said the big smokestacks gave him
the "blues,"

And at every propeller he laughed.

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“ Well, shiver my timbers,” he was wont
to remark,

When a steamer at sea met his view,
“ Ef that aint enough to make a cat
bark —

How I pity that lubber-foot crew !”
Then he’d moisten his palms — well, no
matter just how —

Toward the main cross-trees would he
bound ;
And he’d gaze at the “ liner ” with scorn
on his brow,

While the air with these words would
resound :
“ Oh, the ship may pitch and the ship may
roll,
For it’s all jest the same to me ;
And I’m gay night and day, ’pon my
bloomin’ old soul,
When I’m out on the foamin’ sea.”

“ I tell you,” he’d say, “ that’s a scow and
that’s all !

Why, the *steam* kills that thing for
me ;
I like to hear the sails go kerflop in a
squall,
And the riggin’ to groan frekentlee.

Ballade of Ye Old Tar

Something oughter flabbergast once in a
while,

And there oughter be Old Nick to pay;
It takes a sail-vessel to put on the style—
Give me sailin'—the nateral way.

“ Why, a blarsted big tub, like that smokin'
beast there,

Is a shame to the ocean, I vow!
It don't need no science and don't need
no care,

To run her astern fust or bow.
I'd like nothin' better than seein' her
sink,

But with no one aboard her, by Jing!
Of our own noble ship, *Mary Jane*, let us
think,

And to her, now, my lads, let us sing:
' Oh, the ship may pitch and the ship may
roll,

For it's all jest the same to me;
And I'm gay night and day, 'pon my
bloomin' old soul,

When I'm out on the foamin' sea.' ”

28'

Kathryn Denee

SHE'S beautiful, really, no joking —
Her sweet smile will always allure;
But she ever at men fun is poking,
With a cleverness semi-demure.
She's a strong devotee of lawn tennis,
Her movements are charming to see;
Her name? Well, her real name is Dennis,
But, you know, they pronounce it Denee.

Her eyes are soft-tinted like beryl,
And tawny the glint of her hair;
Each masculine heart is in peril
Of worshiping her to despair.
Her figure is queenly and slender,
She's famed for *aplomb* and *esprit*,
And in accents so earnest, so tender,
She declares that her name is Denee.

Yes, she apes foreign manners, pronounces
Her words with a hauteur so swell,
She handles her fan and her flounces
With an elegance none could excel.

Kathryn Denee

She's quite the rage now 'mong the fellows,
The ultras—that go fancy free;
For her their esteem quickly mellows,
And they're slaves to the fair Miss Denee.

Her father his wealth acquired lately,
He goes out no more by the day;
He takes solid comfort and greatly
Enjoys his club life, so they say.
He's proud of his daughter as ever
A man with a daughter could be;
But when he refers to her—never
Does he call her, like others, Denee.

At home Kittie Dennis her name is,
And this she accepts without frown;
But certain it not quite the same is
When out in a pretty new gown,
At a dance, or at playing lawn tennis,
In a highly *au fait compagnie*;
'Tis then she resents the name Dennis,
And insists upon Kathryn Denee.

Choosing the Quill

T^{EN} journalists sat at the festive board,
One mem'able Christmas night ;
Each sally of wit was loudly encored,
And the wine flashed an amber bright.
And when the last course had been consumed,
And the Knights began to smoke,
The President's figure upward loomed,
And thus he merrily spoke : —

“Comrades, beginning with Brother Clarke,
And passing around on the right,
I desire with eager ears to hark
To ev'ry man's voice to-night.
I want each to say from which fowl or bird
He would pluck his quill with care ;
And I will tell you upon my word,
If his choice be foul or fair.”

“I'd prefer,” quoth Joe, “my quill to pluck
From a luscious fat quail, mi-lord ;
And would deem myself in the best of luck,
To eat that quail afterward.”

Choosing the Quill

“You think too much,” the President said,
Of your belly, I plainly see ;
And starve your brains which should be well
fed,
If a Greeley you fain would be.”

“From a duck,” said Barnes, “I’d take my
quill,
As aquatic news I edit ;
And with it three columns a day I’d fill,
With work that would do me credit.”
The President laughed. “With a quill like
that,
I fear you good English would slaughter ;
And surely ’twould make you feel fearfully
flat
To be called, ‘*a quack in deep water.*’”

Said Davis : “The quill that I would prefer,
Ornaments the peacock gay ;
For I am *proud* of the character
Of the daily press of to-day.”

THE PRESIDENT :

“I fear that kind of a quill would strut,
And with many themes be too free ;
And that your readers would say, ‘tut ! tut !
His pride is sheer vanity.’”

The Bow-Legged Ghost

“A political scribe,” said Lord, “am I,
Accustomed, in print, to crowing;
So with a rooster’s quill I’d try
To keep my ideas going.”

THE PRESIDENT :

“Despite their boastful length and gall,
No doubt they’d make some talk;
But pray don’t think you’d be of all
The great cock of the walk.”

“And I,” said Julian Ralph, “would get
My quill from the tuneful lark—
Trusting my thoughts would upward set
Toward some celestial mark.”

THE PRESIDENT :

“Beware of larks, my clever friend,
They are *au fait* no more;
To have them oft, you may depend,
Will make your brain-pan *sore*.”

“From a lovely swan would I take mine,”
Yelled Fiske, across the table,
“So that my writings would all be fine,
And graceful as they’d be able.”

The President silently stood awhile,
With his eyes the last speaker on,

Choosing the Quill

And then, with a roguishly comic smile,
He simply murmured, "I swan."

"My quill," said Chambers, "would aptly
come
From the goose, as most quills do;
And with it I'd try my best to write some
Of the cleverest articles, too."

THE PRESIDENT:

"I think I know just the reason why
You favor that same quill's use;
Shall I tell it right out to the company?
Well, it's because you yourself are a
goose."

Ned Saltus said his quill he'd pick
From the beautiful, speckled loon;
"This choice would make my writings chic,
And the public would like them soon."
"Ah, ha!" The President said, with glee,
"You'd have, sir, a sorry lot;
With such a quill you may believe me,
Your work would be *lunatic* rot."

"I," cried Jack Bangs, "my quill would seize
From the parrot—Pretty Poll;
Then what I wrote would be likely to please,
Though it might be all folderol."

The Bow-Legged Ghost

THE PRESIDENT :

“Should you use the words that most parrots speak,

Mr. Comstock would on you call ;

Though that quill would make your work quite weak

Enough to be liked by all.”

“Now from the President let us hear,”

Said Joseph Clarke, the famed.

“Well, gentlemen, mine has not a peer

In the list of quills you have named.

Mine would come from Freedom’s fair bird—

The beloved and cherished eagle,

To inspire with patriot fire each word

I would write in a style most regal.”

“Hi! yi!” cried all as they quickly rose,

With their glasses his health to speed ;

“I think,” roared Ross, with a look jocose,

“The right *talons* he has to succeed.”

And having thus honored the eagle’s quill

In a jolly bumper of wine,

Each knight to his editorial mill

Went, warbling “Auld Lang Syne.”

A Bachelor's Story

By a fountain which tinkled a silvery lay,
She stood at night on the terraced
lawn,
With her hand outstretched in the crystal
spray,
Which was fine as the gossamer dawn.

And her form was poised with an artless grace,
As the angels have in Paradise ;
And Oh! the bloom on her Grecian face,
And Oh! the pride in her Roman eyes.

The shimmering light from a mellow moon
Was fading behind a sable cloud ;
But the fountain still chimed a mystic tune
To the dreaming ferns in their autumn
shroud.

And I saw the beautiful maid still there,
With her hand outstretched and her gaze
above ;
“ A heart that is faint ne’er wins the fair,”
Said I, in a frenzy of love.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

I cautiously crept to her lovely side,
And pressed a kiss on her rosy cheek ;
Alas! it was cold. "Art thou dead?" I
cried ;
Ah ! a maid made of marble can't speak.

Then I left her there and stole away
From the statuette that deceived me so ;
Her hand may still be in the crystal spray,
And her form well poised, for aught I
know.

When the moon is obscured by a cloud above,
I wander about the grounds alone,
And think of my first and my only love —
That life-like maiden in stone.

Tragedy Out West

WHILE I lived out in Leadville, one
night they had a show —

A trash-e-dy, they called it ; and
bless me, what a “go” !

Mate Anderson her name was—well, she
had lots to do,

And how she made the fur fly around
that platform—whew !

I went and tuk my fam’ly—jest five on
us all told ;

We had the best seats in the hall that
could be got for gold.

The band it tooted for a while and then
the curtain rose,

And pretty soon Mate she comes out in
loose, white-colored clothes.

The fust few words she spoke as if her
mouth was full of snow,

But as she went on talkin’ more they warm
enough did grow :

She chased the vilyan all around and tore
her hair in rage,

And finally she got so tired she squatted
on the stage ;

The Bow-Legged Ghost

And while she laid there very still, as if
she jest had died,
The folks was all surprised to hear it
rainin' hard outside.
Great drops come peltin' on the roof, that
weighed an ounce, I guess;
They made us lonesome as the yelp of
coyotes in distress.

Then all at once Mate she jumps up and
toward her feller veers,
And talks to him in such a voice it almost
starts my tears.
Just then I looked around and seen the
women's faces hid
Behind their cotton handkerchiefs—they
felt so bad, they did.
Some of the men's eyes, too, I noticed,
seemed a trifle wet—
I tried my best to keep mine dry, but it was
hard, you bet.
Well, Mate, she kept right on a-talkin'
sweet stuff to that chap,
And when she stopped to ketch her breath
we heerd a thunder-clap;
And then her words was sadder still—her
actin' awful cute;
I never felt like cryin' so—oh, she was jest
a bute!

Tragedy Out West

Jest then Jim Squeers, the editor, he raises
from his chair —

(Jim's kindy slick y' know ; his learnin's
pretty fair),

Says he — and as he spoke you could a-heerd
a-fallin' pin,

“ Come, less all cry — why even Jove hisself
he can't hold in ! ”

That was the signal for us all to go to
bawlin' loud ;

You never seen in all your life so babyish a
crowd.

What Jim Squeers meant 'bout Jove I never
could find out ;

I only knowed 'twas sunthin' good and nice
to cry about.

And Mate she stood there bowin', jest as
cool as cool could be,

Awaitin' till there was a chance to end that
trash-e-dy.

I cried until I got ashamed, as brave men
cryin' should,

But I am bound to say *that* cryin' really
done me good.

Mate Anderson jest once or twice drawed
out the briny tears,

But I'd a kept 'em back, I'm sure, only for
old Jim Squeers.

An Egyptian Beauty

HER midnight hair is rich and its ebon
never blanches,
As it ripples down her shoulders or
reclines in knotted rest;
And sometimes she lets it tumble down in
glossy avalanches,
Till the lovely tresses gently touch her
undulating breast.

Her eyes are blue and in them you can see
the molten sapphire,
They're the very brightest jewels ever set
in human face;
At looking in their limpid deeps, oh, who
could ever tire?
What other eyes, indeed, in all the world
could fill their place?

Her lips, well, they are rosy, they are moist
with fragrant nectar,
Which is carried by her sighing from her
busy little heart,

An Egyptian Beauty

And filtered thro' her teeth that are far
whiter than a spectre,
And there the dewy sweetness lingers on
her lips apart.

Her feet they are too dainty to take up a
long description,
She wears a smaller slipper than her coun-
try's famous queen;
There's a magic fascination 'bout this olive-
skinned Egyptian—
Oh, she'll make the prettiest mummy that
on earth was ever seen.

Between the Lines

ASWAN-LIKE motion brought her near;
My slow rhyme paused—my eyes
Drank from the fountain of her own,
Not tears, but lambent love more dear
Than Paradise—
A throne.

A throne,
Than Paradise;
Not tears, but lambent love more dear,
Drank from the fountain of her own—
My slow rhyme paused—my eyes;
A swan-like motion brought her near.

Only a Poor Black Cat

(The main incident referred to in the following verses was a real occurrence, which the metropolitan newspapers at the time recorded.)

ONLY a cat imprisoned in a barren, empty
room,
As dreary as a desert, as cheerless
as a tomb ;
But it had been a touching and a most
pathetic sight
To see this black-furred feline in her unex-
pected plight.
She rambled 'bout the lonely and now for-
saken place —
A look of wistful wonder on her pinched and
haggard face ;
No doubt recalling pleasant bites that she
had relished there
When folks were offered quite a tempting
little bill of fare ;
For on this ground floor, facing the famous
Bowery gay,
There'd been a cozy restaurant — only the
other day.

Only a Poor Black Cat

In her callow girlhood Fraulein Katarina'd
come
To this quaint little eating-house and here
had found a home ;
And here she'd made fast friends with all
that she had chanced to meet,
Which fact accounted for the good things
she had had to eat.

She'd lived a sumptuous life, indeed ; the
waiters, with great pride,
Had fed her dainties by the score and nothing
had denied ;
The cook was partial to her, too, the visitors
as well,
And luscious were the morsels that each day
to kitty fell.
Now all was changed ; the owner of the restaurant
was gone,
And Katarina fondly lingered in the place
alone.
In the hurry of removal they had all forgotten
her,
And now if she had wanted to she could
not from it stir.
The doors were locked, the room was dark,
but that she fancied nice,
For in the darkness she had captured many
toothsome mice.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

She watched and waited anxiously and
hunted on the sly,
But ne'er a tiny rodent did her patient
optics spy ;
For Fraulein Katarina the situation grew
Each hour more truly serious, as she now
fully knew.

Though not so cramped as that black cat
which Edgar Allan Poe
Described with such a graphic pen, such
facile verbal flow,
Yet Fraulein longed to get out in the
blithe and gentle light,
Where she could forage for a scrap to ease
her appetite ;
For now the pangs of hunger keen, she
scarcely could endure,
Warned her that she was starving in a slow-
ish way, but sure.
She piteously mewed, as though for help,
but there was none to hear,
Unless she raised her pleading voice unto
the pitch of fear.
Days followed days, poor Fraulein thin and
thinner still became,
Until she was a shadow of the cat that bore
her name.

Only a Poor Black Cat

Why not alarm the neighborhood? thought
Pussy in her pain,
Which was so fierce she dreaded it would
drive her quite insane.
Whereat she gave a series of the most un-
earthly screams
That ever waked the deepest sleep and
pleasantest of dreams.

Upon the floor above it chanced there was
a lodging house,
Kept by an aged German by the name of
Herman Strauss ;
The old man heard these early morning
sounds of wild distress,
And from his bed he lightly sprang, and, in
nocturnal dress,
He wrote a note and sent it with a keen
anxiety,
To that most worthy yet maligned and scorned
Society,
Whose aid is sought in cases where base
cruelty is used
To animals that should fare well and never
be abused.
Agent Snowden heard the call and with ex-
citement he
Rode down town in an ambulance to the
mystic Bowery ;

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Entered that ex-restaurant thro' a window
in the rear,
And found Katarina in a corner, crouching
low in fear.

* * * *

This Fraulein Katarina a tender gratitude
Shows for her noble rescuer in every mo-
ment's mood ;
He keeps her as a trophy, to note the cir-
cumstance
Of going out for larger " game " in a cattle
ambulance.

The Boding Mermaid

I'M A mermaid, you'd agree,
If you had a glimpse of me.
Hair I have like skeins of gold,
And a form of special mold;
Eyes that gleam like fairest gem
Ever set in diadem.
I am more than lovely — yes,—
What my age is—you must guess.

I can swim in any style,
Never finding it a tri'l;
In my course I cannot fail,
For my rudder is my tail.
I use it for a paddle, too,
When my arms have else to do.
A mermaid it is nice to be
And live forever in the sea.

I'm a page to Neptune great,
That monarch of a vast estate;
Within his coral palace I
Wait on his royal majesty.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

His diet chiefly is of fish
Served just according to his wish.

I seldom care myself to show
Above the current's ebb and flow ;
The sunlight has a piercing glare—
And then you know how people stare.
But yet some other reasons keep
Me pretty well down in the deep.
Among them is the fear that men
Will try to capture me again,
As once two men amid a squall
(Men naughty but not nautical),
Essayed to get me on a hook ;
But them I simply brought to book
By leading them so far from shore
They never once were heard of more.

Ah ! if I should be caught, I know
For gold I should be placed on show ;
And how inglorious it would be
For a fair mermaid of the sea
To pass her life amid the hum
Of a New York dime museum.

A Little Soubrette

LISETTE! Don't you know her? Ah, me,
She's as clever as clever can be;
In singing and dancing, I ween,
She's as good as the stage e'er has seen,
And in playing the rôle of soubrette
No one can approach fair Lisette.

Oh, how loud ring the encores each night,
From those whom her graces delight!
At her feet, Oh, what roses are flung,
When her favorite song has been sung!
Who that's seen her will ever forget
The handsome, bewitching Lisette?

The letters that to her are sent
O'erflow with love-lorn sentiment;
But she tosses them all in the fire,
For to coquette she has no desire—
Except when her lines in a play
Provide for her acting that way.

In poverty's school she was reared;
At ten she in tights first appeared

The Bow-Legged Ghost

And sang o'er the footlights the song
That has thrilled with joy many a throng !
But her soul is unstained by the sin
That has sometimes since then hemmed her in.

Her sisters may mock and may laugh
Because she no wineglass will quaff ;
But with their disdain they must feel
The torture of shame o'er them steal,
As they gaze in her blue eyes and know
That her heart is as white as the snow.

Oh, woman so rare and so true,
What a splendid example are you !
A lesson of value and worth
You have taught to the daughters of earth —
That though you're a dashing soubrette,
You're still a pure woman, Lisette.

In the Throes

HUSH ! Keep quiet, children, you mustn't
make a noise,
For Jim is in the garret a-writin' a
poem grand ;
It's about his love o' natur' and the things
thet he enjoys,
And I guess the folks'll read it all over this
broad land.

Jim's goin' to be a poet and I don't blame
him 'tall,
We never had a poet in our family as I
know;
And Jim's been gittin' ready since, well, way
back there last fall,
To write some first-class po'try thet he aint
ashamed to show.

He's had some bang-up schoolin' and his
spellin', so they say,
Is wonderful in pint o' bein' right 'most
ev'ry time ;

The Bow-Legged Ghost

I'm proud of Jim, by cracky, and I long to
see the day

When he prints a nice green volum' of his
jingles and his rhyme.

There, Susan, you stop laffin'; you'd better
mind me, miss,

Or I'll go out and get a switch, and I will
use it, too.

Hark ! Jim is pacin' overhead, b'gosh what
awful bliss

He must enjoy—the way thet all them
poets do.

He's thinkin' now for all he's worth, on thet
ye can depend ;

I'll bet the thing he's writin' will be beau-
tiful to hear ;

And I hope the compersition he'll immedi-
ately send

To the River Junction *Screechowl*, which
I've took for twenty year.

The Editor would print it, at least I think he
would,

I've often gine him apples and potatoes and
green corn ;

In the Throes

And on thet account he'd print it if Jim's
poem wasn't good —

Which it will be jest as certain as it is thet
you were born.

So jest keep quiet, children, you mustn't make
a noise,

For Jim is in the garret a-writin' a poem
grand ;

It's about his love o' natur' and the things
thet he enjoys,

And I know the folks'll read it ail over this
broad land.

Recrimination

I KNOW a woman fair as she can be,
Endowed with charms that Venus could
not claim ;

Whose smile is like a ripple on the sea,
When lighted up by tender sunset's flame.

But do not ask me if her soul be kind,
Do not inquire if she aright can read ;
She just now told me I ne'er had a mind,
Or if I had it sure had gone to seed.

Her Answer

("Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did." This witticism, attributed to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was made long before him by an Englishman.)

SHE was the sweetest of girl graduates,
Her eyes were violets, her lips were
cherries ;

She sat upon a café ottoman,
Eating abnormally developed berries.

I watched her with an eye in ambushade,
I listened to her laugh so sweet and
merry ;

At last I said : " You like them then so
much ?

Oh, how I wish that I were a straw-
berry ! "

She raised her glorious eyes from off the
plate.

" You really mean it ? Ah, I wish so, too ;
Because, you see, most tentative of youths,
I could so easily dispose of you. "

By a Hair's Breadth

“**W**HEREFORE are you so glum, dear friend?

What dire forebodings haunt you?

Why do you thus to sorrow tend —

Allow grim cares to daunt you?

Is business poor, or what's amiss,

That you appear so stupid?

Has some of your domestic bliss

Been charmed away by Cupid?

“Come, tell me, tell me, I implore,

Have you been wronged, offended?

If not, desist from frowning more,

By smiles be hence attended.”

“Oh, 'tis bereavement most intense —

Not loss of love or pelf;

But just imagine my suspense —

My wife has stabbed herself!”

“You mean to say — but tell me quick —

Your lady is not — dead?”

“Well, no, not quite, but she is sick,

There's trouble with her head.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

You see, this morning we awoke
As usual, and dressed ;
I noticed that she never spoke,
And seemed somewhat depressed.

“ Yet all went well until she stood,—
Oh, horrors ! what a sight !
Uplifting, in a reckless mood,
A something gleaming bright :
Excuse these tears, but weep I must,
Before the mirror there—
I saw, Oh, fate ! my darling thrust
A dagger—*in her hair !* ”

To May Irwin

BLITHE daughter of Thalia, maker of
mirth,
Weeping or morbid I cannot imagine
you;
O, what a rare blessing you are to this
earth,
Such lively spirits are given to but a few.

Not a companion more buxom and jolly,
Not a vain hair in your plentiful tresses;
Best of all tonics for sour melancholy,
Is seeing your face and the fun it ex-
presses.

Or hearing your voice when you playfully
render
A coon song, or ditty, or some composi-
tion,
In which, with a way all your own, you
engender
Thro'out the whole house a convulsive con-
dition.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Play-goers adore you, and catch your bright
mood,

No *artiste* can mate you in humor refined ;
From every pore you much laughter exude,
And women all envy your scintillant
mind.

Diana Up to Date

DIANA chaste was ne'er subdued
By Love, nor felt the "spooning"
mood;

She lived a virgin's life with grace,
And was the Empress of the Chase;
She is the prototype to-day,
Of few who care to live that way.

We have Dianas even yet,
But they're not like this ancient pet;
For they are all, or else have been,
Engaged in chasing only men;
Some are the winners at one aim,
And some take years to bag their game.

Diana chaste was never chased
By a successful suitor;
Though Cupid many darts did waste
In his attempts to shoot her;
He must have been a silly jay,
To think he could Diana sway.

Oh, Heaven bless that growing class,
Oft termed, "Old maids," who once, alas!

The Bow-Legged Ghost

May have been deep in love, but now
Are mourning o'er some broken vow ;
Each one may be ('tis but surmise)
A chaste Diana in disguise.

A Reasonable Conclusion

TWO ghosts at midnight stopped before
A noble mansion's blazoned door.
Said one : " Why don't Jack Aubyn die,
And once more seek our company ?
It's been ten years since we expired,
And went to worlds the most desired ;
But he remains on earth to share
The strife of men and mortal care.
The friendship he professed to us,
And over which he made such fuss,
He seems to have forgotten quite—
Which I consider hardly right."

" Well," said the other ghost "'tis true,
He used to like both me and you ;
But 'tis not strange that he does not
Desire to share our spirit lot.
I'll bet our mem'ry he abhors—
You know we died his creditors."

Epitaphs

SWEET Jane to books applied herself in youth,
And oft applied her hand to the unwise.
“ ‘Tis said the thing she loved the most was truth,
And yet you now see how the woman lies.

Fair Susan died with water on the brain ;
She didn't know she suffered any pain.
When asked if codfish balls she liked, replied :
“ I've ne'er attended any.” Then she died.

The doctor ran an institute,
His life was full of care ;
Although he was a principal,
He hadn't much to spare.

Pat's nose was like Longfellow's poems, 'tis said,
Because it was always extensively red ;
He stole some champagne and drank it so fast
That his pain was no sham when he murmured his last.

Her Identity

“**W**HO is that little lady there,
With ebon eyebrows curving o’er
A brow so very soft and fair,
You’d think no care it ever wore?”

“Who is she? Do you want to know?
Sister—the joke’s on you, this time;
She’s leading lady in a show
That costs you but a single dime.”

The Giant and the Dwarf

THERE once lived many years ago,
A giant famed for strength;
He was a prince of wondrous wealth,
And also wondrous length.

With all his mighty wealth and strength,
He knew no golden rule;
In plainer language, be it said,
This giant was a fool.

Near by within a hovel dwelt
A midget, weak, but wise;
He had no vast estates on earth,
But "mansions in the skies."

He spent his time in reading books
And learning Nature's laws,
The mysteries of destiny,
The one eternal cause.

One day the midget chanced to meet
The giant on a hill,
And both meandered down its slope
And reached a babbling rill.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

“To prove my strength, you puny brat,”
The haughty giant said,
“I’ll blow a blast quite loud enough
To wake the sacred dead.”

Straightway he blew upon a reed,
And straightway came a band
Of Tartars, armed with pikes and clubs,
The fiercest in the land.

They fell upon the mighty prince,
Who, meek as any lamb,
Cried out: “Hold! hold! my little friend
Will tell you who I am.”

Stepped forth the midget, bold and free,
And soon identified,
In Tartar dialect, the prince,
Who otherwise had died.

The Tartars stared at him aghast,
Then with a look of shame
They ran away at double-quick,
With blessings on his name.

“I will reward thee with my gold,”
The prince exclaimed in glee;
“Thy learning had more weight with them
Than all the weight o’ me.”

The Giant and the Dwarf

And oft it's so in human life,
Where modest wisdom reigns—
The giants have the wealth and strength,
The midgets have the brains.

The Usual Thing

THE royal game of bluff is played
By every marriage-hungry maid;
She dons a front of *ennui* fine,
Puts on a look that's quite divine,
And ever keeps her hair in curl—
Does this ambitious, wily girl.

She's on the lookout for a man,
Created on a perfect plan;
But if small vices he betrays,
She studies them without amaze—
That is, if soon will fall to him
A million—and he's in the swim.

A Simile

I MET her at Bar Harbor,
She sojourned there a week ;
I sought an introduction,
And found a chance to speak.

We wandered o'er the reaches
Of yellow-tinted sand,
And talked about the city —
The romping waters scanned.

We climbed a stony hillock,
My heart was all aflame ;
I asked her, with emotion,
If she would share my name.

She smiled and said sedately,
As the breezes kissed her locks :
“ Yes, if you — like this spot here —
Have plenty of the rocks.”

An Engagement

ALONG the beach one even,
A mile or so from Lynn —
The stars were bright in heaven,
Ashore white surge was driven
With merry clash and din.
They sauntered on unheeding
All save themselves, alone,
She his expression reading,
And he her pity pleading
In love's fond undertone.

At last she coyly answers,
"Don't trifle, sir, with me;
I saw you at the Lancers,
Among the giddy dancers
Who clung to Charlotte Lee."
"Well, I've paid some attention
To Charlotte, as you say;
But with no such intention
As you would have me mention,—
She's my cousin, by the way."

The Bow-Legged Ghost

“Ah! that alters the complexion
Of the matter very much;
And I think, upon reflection,
You showed taste in your selection
Of a partner for the Dutch —
You know I mean the German —
Is she cousin, honor bright?”
“I’m as honest as a sermon!
Now won’t you, dear Miss Hermann,
Give away your heart to-night?”

So it was the old, old story,
To his pleas she ne’er replied,
But she leaned her head in glory
On his bosom, while the hoary,
Crimpling billows broke and sighed.
Slowly backward home they wended,—
Still the moon refulgence shed;
But their hearts in one were blended,
And by joy they’ll be attended,
There’s no doubt, when they are wed.

Her Neck

WHAT will the pleasures of the town
Compare indeed with such
Delight as mine, when softly down
Her drift of tresses touch
My face, and when her dainty hand
Makes mute my lauding lips;
And when my hand, with impulse bland,
Around her shoulder slips?

Oh, creamy neck! with slant of flesh
As soft as starlit glow,
Held in enchanting, witching mesh,
Upon the Alpine snow—
The snow one sees from Chamonix,
When moonbeams have unrolled
Night's view of Mont Blanc's majesty—
What makes that mole so cold?

Capricious Cupid

“**T**O THE onslaught I rush with my bow
double-drawn,
And I sound the shrill conch as I
travel ;
'Tis no time for me before ladies to fawn,
Or their tangled love-knots to unravel.

“ I've an old maid to conquer, resistance
she'll show,
But determined I am she'll surrender ;
I seldom have failed with these hard hearts
below,
That I've once started out to make ten-
der.

“ There she is with a smile of disdain on her
face.
Well, this arrow will bring her to cover ” ;
And it sped like a thoroughbred horse in
a race,
And she cried out : “ Oh, where is my
lover ? ”

Capricious Cupid

But she traveled a year ere she found the
 poor man,
 And the climax is speedily written ;
Entre nous — he's the same chap who after
 her ran
 Years before and got from her "the
 mitten."

The Yellow Clarinet

(There is a peculiar superstition among certain theatrical people that an old-fashioned yellow clarinet in the orchestra is a sure omen of bad luck or misfortune to them.)

THE little man with the big moustache,
and the funny drooping eye,
He plays no more in the orchestra,
for the leader bade him fly ;
But whither he fled, well, over that no
one will really fret,
Whoever heard that little man play on
his yellow clarinet.

Oh, what a Jonah this genius was to the
actors on the stage !
Whene'er he played a tremolo it doubled
the villain's rage ;
And empty seats, and all ill luck with
which the Thespians met,
They swore was due to the man who
played on the yellow clarinet.

The Yellow Clarinet

A look of terror would quickly creep in
the leading lady's face,
When she "came on" and looking down
would see that fiend in his place;
She begged the manager on her knees the
music cues to omit—
For the sounds of that yellow clarinet
would throw her into a fit.

'Tis hard, they say, to acquire the skill
the merry notes to transpose
On this instrument from the music score
that lies before one's nose;
But harder still it must be, indeed, when
the player has drunk too much,
And he strikes a key with which the rest
of the band is not in touch.

Well, that is what happened the other
night, in the second act of the play,
The little man, from excess in drink, was
in a very bad way;
On the demon reed that he firmly held to
his lips, he blew too hard,
And it "cracked" and gave the wildest
shrieks, as from cats in some back
yard.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

'Twas then the leader ordered him out,
and out the fellow went,
Hugging to his besotted heart his infernal
instrument ;
Oh, how can we thank the leader, and
how can we learn to forget
That little man with the big moustache
and the yellow clarinet?

Lines to a Cook

I NEVER have seen you, Oh, Bridget O'Toole,
But the waiter has told me your name ;
I'm not aware whether you've e'er been
to school,
But you know how to cook just the same.

The scallops you fry to an eatable brown,
The chops they are done to a turn ;
The soups you concoct have acquired great
renown —
Where all of these things did you learn?

I hear you're a widow—too bad Mike is
dead—
But his is the loss and not yours ;
For surely his spirit now misses your bread
And your cake that my palate allures.

I'm told that your hair is as red as a brick,
But the butter it giveth no sign
Of whether 'tis red or blue, silky or thick—
But its absence in food is divine.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

I think you're entitled to more than you get,
For cooking such entrées untold ;
They always agree with my liver and set
As light as the snow on the wold.

Henceforth to give praise to your wonderful
skill

Each day I shall make it a rule ;
Your cooking I know I can eat to my fill —
Heaven bless you, Oh, Bridget O'Toole.

Comparison

HE STANDS at the swell club windows,
His eyes are looking down ;
He waits to see meander past
The belle of Gotham town.
The pavements, wet and muddy,
Cause skirts to travel high,
And that's the reason Bobbie
Is watching on the sly.
Last week he saw the features
Of this entrancing blonde,
And now he wonders if her feet
In beauty correspond.

A Paragon

RED lips and bronze hair,
White teeth, beryl eyes,
These make a maid fair
As a summer's fair skies.

Small feet and big heart,
White hands and bright mind —
Ah, I never could part
With a maid of that kind.

At Richfield Springs

GAY maidens bowl upon the green,
And sweetly animate the scene;
In summer bravery attired,
Their skill at tennis is admired
By fond mammas, who sit and sew
And tell each other what they know
Of scandal and of this and that,—
In short all things that spice a chat.

Old bucks, with faces fat and red,
Strut here and there with doughty tread,
Some doubtless wondering in what way
They'll manage all their bills to pay.
The noon meal o'er, 'tis time to call,
For Stanhope and for carry-all,
For saddle horse and thoroughbred;
And forth the varied nags are led.

Away they go beyond the town,
Some riders bobbing up and down
While others sit in graceful state,
Whatever be the equine's gait.

At Richfield Springs

The few that stay behind engage
In travel o'er the printed page,
Or ramble thro' the park, or go
To Slumberland an hour or so.

The darkness falls, the gas burns bright,
A brilliant hop is on to-night ;
Young slips of virgin beauty move
About the place like sprites of love.
The air is fragrant with faint sighs
From maiden lips to begging eyes ;
Big diamonds blaze on fingers fair,
Décolleté wives in force are there.

And, oddest sight of all, perchance,
Behold the dear old ladies dance.



SECTION IV.
DIALOGUES AND PARAGRAPHS

Speculation Run Wild

THIS is an age of speculation, and people not only indulge in it for financial, but for mental and moral profit. I was never so much impressed with this fact until the other day, while riding in a Wagner coach on Long Island. Without in the least attempting to be an eavesdropper, I overheard the conversation between two young men who occupied seats opposite my own. One of the young men looked pale and bilious and seemed to be on the verge of consumption, while the other young man was the very picture of pink-cheeked health. His mind, too, or at least the imaginative side of it, must have been fully as robust as his body.

For the sake of distinguishing them, I shall designate one the Pale Young Man and the other the Pink Young Man. Their discourse began and continued as follows:—

Pink Y. M.—I say, Rodney, do you suppose General Grant ever wished he had been personally acquainted with George Washington?

The Bow Legged Ghost

Pale Y. M.—Don't know, I'm sure. What attention they would attract if they could walk into a theater together, eh?

Pink Y. M.—Well, I should simper. Rod, do you suppose that Chauncey M. Depew would rather be the Prince of Wales than United States Senator?

Pale Y. M.—That is a leading question, and I refuse to answer.

Pink Y. M.—Now, really, do you think George Francis Train and Doctor Mary Walker would make an appropriate married couple?

Pale Y. M.—I hardly think the psychic conditions would be favorable to felicity, but still I may be wrong.

Pink Y. M.—I often think Beethoven would have enjoyed the friendship of Sousa. What do you think?

Pale Y. M.—There is not a doubt of it. I have heard Sousa say that Beethoven was quite a good musician.

Pink Y. M.—Do you think Edgar Saltus and Miss Lavinia H. Dempsey, the Queen of the Holland Dames, would be compatible as man and wife?

Pale Y. M.—Scarcely. Saltus and Amelie Rives (that was), or Gertrude Atherton, might have been agreeably installed in matrimony.

Speculation Run Wild

Miss Dempsey, I think, prefers spinsterhood if she can't snare a man as innocent as Edgar Fawcett.

Pink Y. M.—Excuse me for asking it, Rodney, but it's been weighing on my mind. Do you think T. B. Ochiltree and Lillian Russell could have married and lived happily?

Pale Y. M.—Probably Colonel Ochiltree could have done so, but I am not so certain about airy, fairy Lillian.

Pink Y. M.—In your opinion would Julius Cæsar have made as great a United States Senator as Thomas C. Platt?

Pale Y. M.—Not quite, perhaps. The two men resemble each other, and their mentality is of about the same grade, or would be were Julius living.

Pink Y. M.—Say, Rodney, I want to ask you something. Do you suppose Napoleon I. would have been sued for divorce by Mrs. Leslie Carter, if she had been his wife?

Pale Y. M.—I give that one up.

Pink Y. M.—Don't you think Mrs. Frank Leslie would have been indignant if she had been forced by her papa to marry Brigham Young?

Pale Y. M.—Yes, indeed.

Pink Y. M.—Don't you believe Shakes-

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peare and Bronson Howard would go into partnership if the former were alive?

Pale Y. M.—Probably. They might take in Sardou, too.

Pink Y. M.—I guess not more than once. Sardou is too shrewd for that. Rodney, tell me what living American would the belles of ancient Greece most admire?

Pale Y. M.—John L. Sullivan.

Pink Y. M.—My dear young fellow, I want to ask if you think Madame de Pompadour, if living to-day in New York, would be in the hairdressing business?

Just then the brakeman shouted "Greenport," and I sneaked out into the fresh air, wondering whether that Pink Young Man's imagination would eventually lead him to the pinnacle of fame or to the lunatic asylum.



Answers to Correspondents

(This department is in charge of an individual who knows it all, and therefore we guarantee more reliable information than is furnished by any other publication, not excepting the "Young Ladies' Domestic Repository.")

NELLIE HOPEGOOD, of western Pennsylvania, writes to know if there is any method of preserving eggs from growing stale.

Yes, Nell, there are two or three methods. One is to consume the eggs in the heyday of their youth, before they have any chance to deceive you. Another effective method is to massacre the hen and eat her, several hours in advance of the probability of her laying eggs that are likely to lose their girlish freshness, as it were.

JASON OVERTREE, of Fancy-Free-Grove-on-the-Hudson, asks if, "able seamen in the American Navy can rise to be officers."

That largely depends on circumstances. Not infrequently able seamen, through the absorption of too much "conflagration fluid"

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are unable to rise at all. Officers sometimes are also in the same boat. But there has been quite a number of American seamen who have proven themselves sufficiently able to gain high rank.

R. TWIGG MOONER, the janitor of Mammoth Cave, Ky., in a real gentlemanly way, inquires if "a battle has ever been fought on skates."

We beg to inform Mr. Mooner that a battle was thus fought in Holland in 1572. Last evening we witnessed a sharp, decisive, but not a protracted battle on the Bowery between two men each of whom had a skate on. These occurrences are not so rare as you may suppose.

MRS. PANKEY, of Squantum, Mass., is anxious to ascertain why one feels inclined to stretch when tired. The encyclopædias do not give a definite reason for this singular phenomenon. In common with most animals we are apt to stretch ourselves upon waking from sleep. We, however, knew a gentleman who, a few years ago, was stretched by others with a piece of hemp just before he went to sleep. He has been asleep ever since.

Answers to Correspondents

HARRY GINGERSNAP, of Patoisville, New Mexico, desires a careful estimate on the percentage of happy honeymoons. He should have sought the opinion of Brigham Young on that point. But perhaps the Sultan of Turkey may be persuaded to offer his testimony.

ABBIE HELIBONE, of Chicago, writes: "I am writing an essay which I hope I can get permission to read during the Paris Exposition. Do you know any proverbs that I could weave into my essay? Have you heard anything funny lately that hasn't been published?"

Thanks, Abbie, for your kind musk-scented note. The only new proverb we know is this: Flattery is the best emulsion for any inflamed egotism. The only thing funny we have heard lately was the apology a creditor of ours tried to offer for coming to see us before sunrise.

FRAULEIN LENA MYERS, of Hoboken, N. J., in a recent communication says: "Will you pardon me if I write you on a rather delicate subject? I am cursed with a certain blemish on my upper lip—a blemish which annoys me exceedingly and about which I am very sensitive. Oh, I would do anything if I could get rid of my moustache. I feel dread-

The Bow-Legged Ghost

fully about it. Would you mind telling me how to get rid of it? If you will tell me I shall be more than grateful.”

Dear Fraulein, we deeply sympathize with you in your affliction. We receive about five thousand letters daily from young ladies all over the country complaining of this same misfortune.

When a moustache overtakes a young lady on her upper lip, she is indeed one to whom the most gentle pity should be extended. We fear, Lena, you must resort to the razor in order to remove the inappropriate growth. Get up every morning while the rest of the household are asleep and do your shaving. You will soon learn not to give yourself more than three or four cuts at a time.

T. J. N.—We cannot exchange our Waterbury with you for a second-hand lawn mower.

D. S.—Yes, Mr. Hobart Chatfield—Chatfield Taylor is a very busy man. He has greater respect for authordoxy than he did have.

TAXPAYER.—The residents of Weehawken might consent to a change in the nomen-

Answers to Correspondents

clature of that place if they could be assured that you really intended to locate there.

CARRIE T.—We do not advise you to keep steady company with that young man. You can't anyway, very well, as you say he is unsteady. Suspend him from your society for six months, and have him shadowed by a detective of the Parkhurst Society.

X. Y. Z.—The Prince of Wales is not known to be a profane man. But when he is alone no mortal, of course, knows but that he can double discount the proverbial trooper.

LONE WIDOW.—Yes, Madame, Dr. Talmage went to Russia to do a Sing-Song and dance for the Czar and to distribute American wheat in the famine-stricken provinces. We couldn't help but smile at your suggestion concerning the possibility of the preacher being sent to Siberia. Were you really serious about it?

TESSIE YULING, Exema Point, Wis.—Your son is old enough to have his first pair of pants. Please make them so he will know in which direction he is traveling when he is in them.

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KITTIE B.—We have never known of a flea jumping the distance you name. Still, if you are sure you saw one cover that number of feet, we are bound by all the rules of natural and acquired gallantry to believe you.

WILLIE.—Your joke about boys being too full of sense to play with dolls shows considerable literary ability. Keep on and you may be able to fill Eli Perkins' shoes some day.

MISS SOMEBODY, of Elsewhere.—When you croquet a ball you should not hit your ankle hard, unless you prefer to hurt your ankle and possibly break your mallet. Always say something bright just before you strike the ball, so that your remark will make a hit, whether the ball counts or not.

LYDIA.—If you are so intensely pious, perhaps you had better put a little more pleating on your bathing suit and lengthen it at all five ends. You will not be so likely to catch cold while in the water by having a little more of the suit; and judging from the photograph you sent us, your friends will not be disappointed if you do not go in bathing more than once this summer.

Latest from Pinkville

THE following gems of local information are culled from the *Pinkville Tattle Tale*:—

OUR local editor, who enjoys the perquisites attending the position of devil in our office, is on the sick list. Day before yesterday he ate a hurried luncheon which consisted exclusively of cheese. He attempted to make a will this morning, but was unable to finish it on account of fatigue. As we go to press we learn that he is sleeping gently, but snoring at the rate of forty miles an hour.

✱

WE NOTICED Uncle Ben Underwood, of Rocky Dell, on the street one day this week. He has not been in town before in two years. He came down to get a pound of chewing tobacco. He says he is coming down again town-meeting day. He says he is coming if he has to ride. Though over eighty years of age, Uncle Ben prefers walking to running any day. See?

The Bow-Legged Ghost

WE ARE glad to see Jason Spriggs out and around again. Jason has had a pretty hard siege of rheumatism. He says he thought, at one time, he heard old Gabe's trumpet calling him. But it proved to be a false alarm.

*

AS WE came along the street this morning we observed Aunt Betsey Duggles up in a crab-apple tree, engaged in grafting. We asked her if she was not afraid of falling. She said no, but that Bill Packing was afraid she wouldn't. Mr. Packing, who lives with Aunt Betsey, is the only surviving relative and her heir.

*

THE American House, it is rumored, is to have a new barber. Heaven knows it needs one. Jimmy Tuttle, the present incumbent, has cut us several times, not only in the chair, but on the street. We suppose this is because we owe him for several shaves and haircuts. Creditors usually treat those who owe them with great respect. But it is not thus in Jimmy's case.

*

STEVE CUSTER, of Clover Glade, was in town yesterday. He called on us and we suppose would have dunned us for something on

Latest from Pinkville

account of the \$75 we owe him, had we not diverted his thoughts by offering to bet him \$20 that we will be the next supervisor of this town. No money was exposed to view, but we shook hands on it. This is only one of the hundreds of ways in which we are amassing a lovely fortune.

*

MISS CARRIE MURPHY came near being run away with last Monday. Miss Jukes, of Rocky Dell, who is visiting her, was also in the wagon. The animal became frightened at the sound of a cornet, on which Charley Double-day was practicing, and started to run. George Blinkeye saw the beast coming and ran out in the road perchance to stop it. He grasped the mule by the bit and succeeded in bringing it to a standstill, thus gallantly rescuing Miss Murphy and her friend from what promised to be a violent collapse.

*

THE Empire and Excelsior Dramatic Company expect to give a performance in the Town Hall, this village, next Tuesday evening, if the roads are good. The play they present is "Uncle Tom's Cabin," said to be the work of a woman by the name of Hattie Stowe. Miss Hibbs takes the part of *Topsy*, and her acting

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is said to be as full of technique as a canary of cuttle fish. We have received two "comps," and expect to be there. The last time a show visited this village—three years ago—our wife was sick, but she went just the same and took our hired girl, thus obliging us to stay at home and take care of the youngsters.



UNCALLED for letters in the Post Office are addressed to Thomas Harkins and Miss Julia De Smith. If the Postmaster will turn over the files of the *Tattle Tale* for 1889, he will find a very pretty obituary notice of Thomas Harkins. We suggest that the communication be forwarded to the Dead-Letter Office. As for Miss De Smith, we understand that is the *nom de plume* of Miss Maggie O'Houlihan, old Mr. Priggle's housekeeper. Miss De Smith is said to possess unusual literary ability. Two years ago she was a society reporter for a big New York daily, while in the domestic service of a wealthy family in Newport, Rhode Island.



Slab City Gossip

UR local paper, the *Hayseed and Banner of Liberty*, now has a circulation of four hundred and three copies a week. The editor has introduced several new and interesting features lately into the paper, which is one of the best in this part of the State. He prints a column of original paragraphs written by Mr. Hiram Higgins, of Calf Valley, whose ambition to be America's greatest humorist seems likely to be realized if nothing happens. The *Trout Creek Bugle* stole two or three of his jokes in last week's issue and printed them as original. Here are a few samples of Hiram's style :—

A LONG-FELT want among many young men in this section — *a plug hat*.

REMUS HAND, who does the chores for Squire Kittle, and Miss Irene Foote, of Pole Cat Hollow, were united in the bonds of wedlock last week. Another illustration of the old adage, "Extremes meet."

The Bow-Legged Ghost

FISH is the name of the bootblack at the United States Hotel in this village. He must be a shiner.

DOUBTLESS corns have made sinners of men, but it took a Bunyan to make a Christian.

OLD CAL TEETERTON, the hunter and champion fisherman of this county, was given a little birthday spread the other night by the boys down at the new restaurant run by Carl Wessler, who used to have an eating house in New York city. The food was immense, and the supply of champagne plentiful. Finally some large stewed mushrooms were brought on the table. Cal, who was a little "sprung" with wine, looked dubiously at the mushrooms for a minute, and then said: "I pass; ye can't stuff them champagne corks down me."

MINOR MENTION

HIRAM HIGGINS is only twenty years old. Everybody here thinks he has a bright future in front of him.

LON MOODY, while in Albany last week, bought a six-dollar banjo. Before long we shall expect to hear Lon play anything, as he has a large ear — two in fact — for music.

Slab City Gossip

THE Widow Baker thinks some of going into the dressmaking business. She lost her breach of promise case against John Tucker, the cooper, who married Lizzie Wilder while on the excursion which the M. E. Sunday School took to Fairy Cave and Wintergreen Falls a few weeks since.

MISS TESSIE UPDYKE, while sitting before an open window sewing on an insane quilt which she is making for her sister Caroline, who is going to be married next fall to Will Ferris, who clerks in Rudd's grocery store, came pretty near being struck by lightning last Thursday afternoon, during the severe thunder storm. She says she can't imagine what attracted the lightning as she was using a very fine needle at the time and her scissors were in her work basket.



A Short Essay on Nuts

THERE are several kinds of nuts in this world of ours, including the peanut, the walnut, the chestnut, and the doughnut. The peanut is practically unknown to Parisians, and so is chewing gum and pop corn. An active peanut stand and gum shop in Paris would pay mighty well, and this valuable tip I am glad to offer gratuitously to business men and women who happen to be out of employment. As for the walnut, it should be taken with salt like a good many stories found in the columns of the daily press. Chestnuts taste best when partially cremated. There are several varieties of chestnut. We will pass over the kind retailed by the tidy Italians on the street corners and proceed to enumerate a few other kinds, viz., the moral chestnut, the dramatic chestnut, the paragraphic chestnut, and the *et cetera* chestnut.

The doughnut generally grows quickly in a warm, smoky kitchen, and sometimes while it is ripening it gets lively enough to suggest

A Short Essay on Nuts

the notion that if it so wished it could easily jump from the frying pan into the fire. A famous actress, when she is not interested in her surroundings, always eats peanuts to pass the time away. I know a clergyman who eats peanuts and milk just before he goes to bed every night. He says this diet enables him to get to sleep without extra efforts or some stronger opiate.

People who live in the country lay in a supply of butternuts for winter use, if possible. It requires quite an ingenious person to crack them with a hammer on the edge of a flatiron. Either the nut, or the hammer, or the flatiron, or the hand holding the nut, or the hand holding the hammer, or all, are liable to slip and give the left thumb and forefinger a black eye, as it were.

There is an old trick played with the almond nut which was excessively *comme il faut* in Adam's time. You take an almond nut, peel it, and shape it into something of the form and size of a little wax taper. Then you cut out of an apple a circular piece, so that it will represent a nearly used-up candle. Stick the piece of almond in the center of the candle-shaped piece of apple and light it. The almond will burn

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brightly until exhausted, and this simple diversion at the conclusion of a banquet is a nice thing for a diffident young man, who is not ready at small talk, to introduce.

That is all I think of just now that bears even remotely on the subject.—*Auf Wiedersehen.*



Interviewing a Typewriter

“**I** WANT,” observed the present pencil-driver to a slender, bewitching brunette who works in a business office on Lower Broadway, “to get your opinion of typewriting as an employment for young ladies.”

“Ah,” murmured the brunette, and then she blushed as though conscious that a tardy fame was about to be conferred on her. “Well,” she continued, after a little hesitation, “it is a good business for those who are quick, wide-awake, and well posted, and — and — pretty.”

The last word seemed to recall her defensively to herself, and she allowed silence to reign until I ventured to remark, “So far, so good. But has not the employment its charms as well as its annoyances?”

“Yes,” she admitted, “it has. I did not learn the business with a view to working at it all my life. You know, of course, the aim of all girls, or at least most of them, is to marry well. As a rule, marrying well to a

The Bow-Legged Ghost

girl means marrying a *well*-thy man. Excuse my pun. I became a typewriter in order to make myself known to men of business and wealth who are looking for a first, second, or even a third wife. I don't know but I would accept the hand of a rich man who is looking for his fourth wife, but I should draw the line there. I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth. My childhood was full of misery, for my father drank and my mother was dead. One of my brothers committed an offense which doomed him for life to state prison, when he was scarcely old enough to vote, and another brother went crazy, and is now in confinement at the asylum for the Chronic Insane at Middletown. Oh, sir, you do not know to what extremes a girl like me may be put to save her honor! But I am here doing my work faithfully day by day, and out of my weekly stipend of eleven dollars support myself and a younger sister.

“My friend, Josie Sadler, who worked in this office before me, in fact on this very machine, married the other day a man who is worth half a million. She played in luck. But I don't know what the upshot of my destiny will be. There was a girl in the next office who suddenly disappeared last month and she

Interviewing a Typewriter

has not been heard of since. One old fellow comes in here who pats me on the back and says he loves brunettes and is a bachelor and worth a cool million. I like him immensely and do not think him a bad man at all, though someone told me he takes snuff. But I must finish this copy. Come in again some time and I will tell you about typewriting as an employment for women.”



A Woman's Weapon

SCENE I—Editorial Room of the “Dude's Companion”

Miss Prudy (the manager)—I told you yesterday very distinctly, Mr. Brazonwood, that you were to collect no more accounts for this magazine, but to devote your energies entirely to your editorial duties.

Mr. Brazonwood—I fear you forget, dear madame, that it was I who secured most of the advertisements and that you promised to give me a liberal commission for so doing.

Miss Prudy—You will get your commission, when we come to a settlement. But you are not authorized to make any collections—see?

Brazonwood—But in the meantime how am I to live? You have not paid me a cent of my salary, which was to be \$3.50 a week, and I have been working for you going on two months.

Miss Prudy—You should not complain. You enjoy the honor of being an assistant

A Woman's Weapon

editor of what is going to be in a short time one of the greatest publications in the country. The moment it begins to pay I shall increase your salary and pay you every commission on "ads" to which you are entitled.

Brazonwood—That will not do. I shall have to keep the money I collected on the Gentlemen's Corset "ad." this morning, as part payment of my salary and commission on same. I cannot stand off my landlady any longer.

Miss Prudy (waxing wroth)—You are a mean, contemptible man. Fork over that money or I'll have you arrested.

Brazonwood—Do your worst.

Miss Prudy—Give me that money, I say.

Brazonwood—Well, I guess not.

Miss Prudy, in a violent spasm of rage, tears a large, heavy amethyst ring from her finger and hurls it at Brazonwood. The ring strikes Brazonwood's nose and drops on the floor. Brazonwood picks it up and calmly puts it into his pocket.

Brazonwood—I am hungry, not having eaten anything in over twenty-four hours. If anyone asks for me, you can say I have gone out to feed. Ta, ta.

Miss Prudy falls in a swoon.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

SCENE II—A Pawnbroker's Shop on Park Row.

Brazonwood—How much can you let me have on this beautiful amethyst? It was once worn by the famous Adelaide Neilson.

Pawnbroker—Not more den eighty cents.

Brazonwood—What !

Pawnbroker—Dot's vot I said. Not a cent more.

Brazenwood—Take it. My name is Mud, and I live in Hoboken. I was an assistant editor of a great magazine less than an hour ago, but I'm not now. I intend to apply for a situation in the Street Cleaning Department, where the hours are easy and there's nothing to do. Good day.



Trade Journalism

“**S**PECIALIZATION is the tendency of the hour,” remarked Ruggles to his wife the other evening. “It is especially so in journalism. I fear I shall be obliged to sell *Literary Miscellany* before long and go into some special line as an editor. It’s getting so now that everything and everybody must have an official organ. Before many moons we shall hear the newsboys shouting, *Evening Clog Dance, Morning Cosmetic Reporter, Morning Review of the Undertakers*” —

“Why, Peter, what on earth do you mean?” exclaimed Mrs. Ruggles, with a shiver.

“Just exactly what I’m saying, Lavinia, dear. By the way, speaking of undertakers, there’s a fellow who has started an organ devoted to them, and what do you suppose he calls it?”

“Oh, I can’t imagine. What?”

“The Sunnyside. The name has a ridiculous flavor of irony, hasn’t it? No, Lavinia,

The Bow-Legged Ghost

I tell you we have not come to the end of our tether in trade journalism, by any manner of means. New papers of the sort I have alluded to are springing up every day and 'still there's more to follow,' as the sacred song goes.

"In the near future they will be devoted to undreamed of specialties, if I'm any prophet. Take dogs for instance. There probably will be *The Pug Dogs' Gazette*, *The Poodles' Journal*, *The Yorkshire Terriers' Budget*, *The Irish Setters' Messenger*, and the Lord knows what all. Then, Lavinia, there probably will be *The Invalids' Solace*, *The Typhoid Patients' Banner*, *The Alcohol Consumers' Leader*, *The Dolls' Chronicle*, *The Canary Birds' Herald*, *The Feline Record*, *The Newsboys' Repository*, *The Bootblacks' Register*, *The Automobile Age*, *The Flying Machine Budget*, *The Head Waiters' Bazar*, *The Chambermaids' Review*, *The Floor Walkers' Delight*, *The Seamstresses' Beacon*, *The Gamblers' Sympathizer*, *The Hansom Drivers' Companion*, *The James Dandy Side Splitter*" —

But just at that juncture in his remarks, Ruggles heard a staccato snore, and, gazing at his spouse, he observed that she had fallen into the deepest abyss of living slumber.

Fall Proverbs

AN echo is the football of sound.

*

ORATORY is like cheese ; it is apt to get too full of life.

*

A BABY ought to know when to cry, and it generally does.

*

THE most beautiful woman that ever lived died in her babyhood.

*

THE country girl now prepareth to swoop down on the metropolis.

*

SNORING is said to indicate sound health. Hearers of snoring demur on the sound.

*

ASKED by the judge why he had fallen so low, the vagrant replied, "Lost my balance—in the bank."

*

MEN are often dragooned into making daring promises under the soothing influences of a good dinner.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

DISTRICT Attorneys who convict the innocent merely in order to get a political pull will get it in the neck on the day of judgment.

*

Do NOT despise the linen duster because it is no longer *en règle*. Remember it may be on some one else next summer if you lose the ticket.

*

MEN largely occupy themselves in interchanging contempt for each other. The merchant sarcastically belittles the literary man, and *vice versa*.

*

No ONE will get to heaven any sooner by following an asthmatic drum through the streets and howling, "The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb."

*

It is believed by some people that David B. Hill will ere long be singing "Go to sleep, my baby," in his new residence "Hunnah villa," on the upper Hudson.†

† This paragraph was written some time ago, and up to the hour of going to press the prophecy remained unfulfilled.

THE AUTHOR.

Fall Proverbs

So VERY German seemeth they —
The dolls with which Queen Vic did play,
It would not much astonish me
If now, snatched from obscurity,
They should in accents quaint and queer,
Demand a foaming stein of beer.

*

NAME all of the triumphs of art that you can —
Of the triumphs attained by the genius of man;
Of wars and of commerce, religion, the press;
Of cunning inventions that hands may toil less;
But leave out the maiden whose heart you enthrall
And you leave out the greatest achievement of all.



Some Possible Titles of Future Books*

“**D**IFFERENT Things I Might Have Been and Not Half ‘Tried,” by F. Hopkinson Smith.

“Reasons Why I Might Have Been Mistaken for Darwin the Naturalist,” by the late Charles A. Dana.

“Blubber, and How to ‘Treat Too Much of It,” by Lillian Russell.

“Longevity of English Queens and the Remedy,” by the Prince of Wales, the well-known lover of the game of baccarat.

“Why I Am not a Rival of Edwin Booth,” by Joseph Choate, LL. D., and Ambassador to Great Britain.

“The Rector of St. George’s,” by the Rev. Mr. Rainsford.

“The Times I Might Have Died,” by an engineer who has to work his train the best he can over the One-hundred-and-tenth-street curve on the New York elevated railroad.

* Revised contributions that first appeared in *Judge*.

Some Possible Titles of Future Books

"Whiskers of Great Men Saved," by a tonsorial artist in a swell metropolitan hotel.

"Pretty Ankles of Great Beauties," by the humble clerk in a big shoe store.

"Hats that Rich Women Have Bought of Me," by a fashionable milliner.

"The Journal of a Lunatic Who Lives in Bloomingdale," edited by another lunatic.

"Ethics of a Livery Stable," by a hireling of the owner of the said Livery Stable.

"Why I Should not Like to Have Been Artemus Ward," by R. J. Burdette.

"Notes I Have Not Given to the Newspapers About the East Side Slums," by "Chuck" Connors.

"Anecdotes of Mine that Most Pleased the Prince of Wales and His Friends when I Was in London," by Col. Thomas P. Ochiltree.

"The Chewing Gum of the Future," by a recent Vassar College graduate.

"How I Shall Bring All the Planets into Communication with Each Other," by Thomas A. Edison.

"Corns That I Never Allow Any One to Tread Upon," by Nicola Tesla.

"Why I Stay Abroad Most of the Time," by James Gordon Bennett.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

“Why I Prefer Europe for Residential Purposes,” by Joseph Pulitzer.

“My Recreations: The Only Authentic Account,” by Jack the Ripper.

“The United States,” by an English^{*} girl who traveled in them over four weeks. This book is intended to be a reply, at least in part, to Dickens’s “American Notes,” Matthew Arnold’s strictures on Uncle Sam’s dominions, and to other Englishmen who have not found much to relish in Yankeeland.

“Peculiar Folks, and Why I Am One of Them,” by Joaquin Miller, the Oakland (Cal.) hermit, formerly a great lion in London literary circles.

“Why I Like Myself Better than Anybody Else,” by William J. Bryan.

“How To Be a Successful Acrobat and Word-Thrower in the Pulpit,” by T. DeWitt Talmage.

“People Who Like My Novels,” by Laura Jean Libbey.

“Why I Should Be the Next Candidate of Both Parties,” by Belva Lockwood.

“A Guide to Postprandial Oratory,” by C. M. Depew.

“The Art of Rearing Moustaches,” by

Some Possible Titles of Future Books

Honorable and also General E. F. Jones, of Binghamton.

"Gossip from Nirvana," by the late Madame Blavatsky.

"My First Remembrances of Grove," by Elizabeth Cleveland.

"An Account of the Mouse Trap I Invented," by the late Jay Gould.

"Me and the Other Prophets," by Sergeant Dunn.

"The Light Fantastic; or How to Emerge from Obscurity All Standing," by Carmencita.

"The World's Fair, and Why It Failed," by a disappointed Chicago speculator in real estate.

"How I Acquired My Fluency in the German Tongue," by Buffalo Bill.

"What I Know About Being President," by Mark M. Hanna.

"Choosing the Bride," a romance, by Gen. John Schofield.

"A Lifetime Maiden," by Susan B. Anthony.

"The Problem of Rapid Transit in New York," by a messenger boy.

"Explorations in Long Island," by the late Austin Corbin.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

"Reveries by the Hudson at Sing Sing,"
by a Distinguished Inmate.

"The Truth About Those Spoons," by the
late Gen. B. F. Butler.

"Climbing the North Pole," by Lieutenant
Peary.

"My Career as a Dramatist," by the late
Bill Nye.

"Tentative Sobriety," by John L. Sullivan.

"Baseball as a Bread-Winner," by A.
Anson.

"How to Re-upholster the Original Thirty-
five Jokes," by Mark Twain.

"Free Lunch Memories," by the late
James Owen O'Connor.

"Men I Might Have Loved," by Belva
Lockwood.

"Rights We Girls Insist on Having," by
Susie B. Anthony.

"The Women That Would Have Been De-
lighted to Marry Me," by Herman Oelrichs.

"Emotions that Possessed Me on Becoming
Convinced that My Flying Machine Would
Really Work," by Thomas A. Edison.

"If I Had Broken Loose as a Novelist, In-
stead of a Dramatist, in the First Place," by
Archie Clavering Gunter, the literary mil-
lionaire.

Some Possible Titles of Future Books

"Ben Butler in the Whitehouse : a Romance Founded Upon My Own and Mr. Butler's Imagination," by the late Charles A. Dana, the former "It's so" editor of the New York *Sun*.

"A Few of My Farewell Tours," by Adelina Patti, *née* Baroness Cedarstrom.

"The Secret of My Greatness and Popularity," by Edward Atkinson.

"Winds that Have Blown through My Whiskers," by Ex-Senator Peffer, of Kansas.

"The Philosophy of My Immortal Poetry," by Mr. Cutler, of Long Island.

"Orations I Would Deliver if I Were President of the United States," by Dr. C. M. Depew.

"Anthropological Humor, and How to Acquire It in Large Quantities for Commercial Purposes," by Eli Perkins.

"Hymnology for Thespians," by Miss Maggie Cline, with an introductory essay on "The Moral Grandeur of the Variety Stage," by Antonio Pastor.

"The Past, Present, and Future Rate of Speed of the Sun," by the Rev. John Jasper.

"How It Feels to be the Most Disappointed Man in the World," by D. B. Hill.

"People Who Killed Themselves Laughing

The Bow-Legged Ghost

at My Jokes," by Mr. Burnand, Editor of London *Punch*.

"Wait Till I Dramatize the Book of Proverbs: a Prognostic Analysis of Myself," by Richard Mansfield.

"Lessons Derived from Opportunities of Seeing More of the Obscene than Anybody Else," by Anthony Comstock.

"The Secret of Being Good," by Mrs. Leslie Carter.

"How One May Try to be Funny and Sometimes be Funny," by De Wolf Hopper.

"The Wretch with a Sallow Face and a White Liver," being the confessions of a mugwump.

"Why I Try So Hard to Impress People by Simply Using Queer Words I Have Looked Out in Webster and in Other Books," by Nym Crinkle.

"A Commentary on Love. How and Where It Hits You First and the Manner of Its Subsequent Conduct." Done in richly tinted moonlight verse, by Minna Irving, the Tarrytown Archpriestess of rhyme—with and without reason.

"Reveries of a Bachelor—Not Ik Marvel's," by D. B. Hill.

Some Possible Titles of Future Books

“Bridge-Jumping as a Nerve Tonic,” by Steve Brodie.

“Recollections of the Late Mr. Crowley,” by Miss Kitty Murphy.

“Claws in Every Contract,” by R. Croker, Keeper of the Tammany Tiger and King of Greater New York.

“Political Scales that Have Dropped from Mine Eyes,” by Matthew S. Quay.

“Provisions for Ventilation in My Future Home,” by the late Col. R. G. Ingersoll.

“The Differences Between Edwin Booth and Me,” by the late James Owen O’Connor, try-gedian.

“Solitude as a Panacea for Morbidity,” by Joaquin Miller, ex-literary lion of London and New York.

“What I Know about School Reform and a Good Many Other Things,” by Colonel Abe Slupsky.

“Fin de Siècle Presbyterianism and what It Cost Me,” by the late Jay Gould, author of “The History of Delaware County, New York,” and inventor of a patent mouse trap.



Favorite Animals in the Park

“**W**HICH is your favorite animal?” I asked a bright-eyed little fellow who was watching the grotesquely human evolutions of the chimpanzee in Central Park.

“I don’t know,” he answered, with a blush. “But I think I like to watch elephants the best. I like lions, too; they look so strong and noble.”

The next one to be interrogated was a little girl about eight years old. “Oh, I prefer snakes to anything. It makes my heart jump to see them wiggle around and run out their black tongues. But they are so graceful, and some of them, I think, are very pretty.”

“Aren’t you afraid of being charmed?”

“Oh, my sakes, no.”

Bowing to this diminutive Elsie Venner, I advanced toward another little girl, somewhat older than the first one.

“I like birds best,” she said, “those from far-off countries, that have beautiful plumage. How I would like to have some of their

Favorite Animals in the Park

feathers on my hats. They would make all my friends mad as hops."

"Of what savage beast are you fondest?"

"I used to like bears the best. But Uncle Ralph nearly got killed by one last summer in the Catskills, and now I detest them. I like camels because they look so meek and patient. Our minister has been where they use camels the same as we do horses. He lectures about it every little while and talks about the Arabs he saw in Africa where he was a missionary."

About fifty other little folks, male and female, were asked to name their favorite animal, with this result:—

	BOYS	GIRLS
Elephants	9	I
Lions.....	4	I
Snakes	I	8
Bison.....	4	IO
Monkeys	IO	I
Birds.....	0	II



Some Novel Prizes

FOLLOWING the example of big dailies in the principal cities that have made a stupendous success out of the gift-enterprise system, the editor of *Hollyhock Hollow Bugle* has decided to offer prizes for the best epic poem on "Hard Times." Competitors are required to use brown wrapping paper, and write on both sides, without numbering the sheets or punctuating their MSS.

The poems must exceed Milton's "Paradise Lost" in length, and the author is requested to sign his grandfather's name on his mother's side, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee that the author knows who his ancestors were. Anarchistic residents of Illinois are barred out from this competition.

First Prize—A rattlebox with which Chauncey M. Depew played in his childhood.

Second Prize—A paint brush in good condition, used by Queen Elizabeth to blacken her teeth.

Some Novel Prizes

Third Prize — An umbrella which was borrowed from George Washington by Lafayette, and returned.

Fourth Prize — An embalmed dog that died at a tender age in Philadelphia unbeknown to the sausage-makers.

Fifth Prize — A trunk once owned by Gail Hamilton which passed over a New Jersey road without being smashed.

Sixth Prize — A quart of Vermicelli soup cooked to order for Napoleon just before the Battle of Waterloo, but which he didn't have time to eat. It can be warmed over.

N. B. — These prizes have been selected from the *Bugle* museum and are among the most costly specimens in the collection.



Home-Made Sauce

A HANDSOME brunette always makes a decided hit in society, although she carries the black eye.

*

SWEET Evelina from the suffocating embrace of her love cried out: "Give me liberty or give me breath."

✱

MAY IRWIN calls the train of her new silk dress "Cyclone," because it sweeps everything before it.

*

THERE has been no prohibitory law this winter in any of the States against the young men sleighing their dears.

*

THE mutual duties of the church deacon and the monkey are to gather in contributions while the organ plays.

✱

THE target of perfection has to be aimed at from such a long range that only one man ever hit the bull's eye.

Home-Made Sauce

THERE is one difference at least between a drunkard and a dead man. One takes beer aboard, the other is taken aboard a bier.

*

A DISHONEST man, like a wheezy organ, may stand upright ; but his music will always be flat if he tries to play sharp—on the notes against him.

*

A PRETTY young blonde is certain to become the reigning social belle, but there is danger of her being cracked like the "Old Independent," if she is tolled so too many times.

✽

SUMNER ELLIS wrote a number of beatitudes, among which we find this suggestive one for dejected politicians: "Blessed is the man who can contentedly give up what he must."

*

THE crying baby at a public meeting is like a good suggestion : it ought to be carried out.

*

"I HEAR their gentle voices calling," said Muggins, as he wormed himself out of his warm bed, hunted in vain for the bootjack, and wofully gazed out of the window upon the nocturnal choir.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

NEW YORK has a case of Battery without the assault.

*

IT is better to skip the gutter than your board bill.

*

ALL composers decompose in death.

*

HE THAT denies a fact acknowledges his own ignorance.

*

SOME of the loudest-mouthed guns in the world have the Kruppe.

*

WHEN a young man receives the mitten, he is generally handled without gloves.

*

WHY is it that an interrogation point and the human ear resemble each other?

*

THE Frenchman talks through his nose because he is afraid of wearing out his mouth.

*

NEVER borrow more than you can pay back and never lend more than you can borrow.

Home-Made Sauce

LORD BYRON'S club foot might have rendered him one of the most natural base ballists of his time.

✱

THE queenliness of a woman's bearing must alone spring from the royalty of her heart.

*

PEOPLE committed "suicide" in 1670. That is, they condemned in that year the use of the word.

✱

A PHILADELPHIA plumber has actually failed and made an assignment. Some of the citizens feel that his loss is their eternal gain.

*

SOME men construe a well-known biblical passage so that it reads—"Love your neighbor as yourself, and his wife a little better than either."



Snap Shots

THE late Robert Bonner never was able to buy the horse that could beat a lie traveling.

*

A FUNNY sight is that of a man playing a violincello and singing tenor at the same time.

*

IT is no joke to say that the great dog star is the brightest one visible. It is Serious.

*

THIS is the season when an actress would rather have a small bunch of fresh violets thrown at her feet than half a ton of roses.

*

LITERARY efforts are like bread cast upon the waters. They may return—from the publishers—after many days, if the proper postage accompany them

Snap Shots

Alarmed Woman—My jewels are in that casket.

Burglar—Excuse me, madame, I prefer a few lumps of coal.

✱

First Tramp—I read in the paper that all kinds of food have gone up.

Second Tramp—Then it ain't very likely that many of 'em 'll go down—us.



Why?

MANY riddles like these, I will frankly confess,
Require no remarkable genius to guess;
Why does milk taste the best in the season of drought,
And the prosperous dentist "look down in the
mouth?"

Why do parsons among the wild cannibals roam,
When we have any number of heathen at home?
Why are terms so confused e'en for pleasant satire,
That lawyer sounds often as though one said liar?
Why—why? but I'll cease this ridiculous task,
For the more you could answer the more I could ask.

*

WHEN some boor asked Michael Angelo
why he was so particular and accurate about
some slight thing, the great genius replied:
"Ah, it is only a trifle, but trifles make per-
fection and perfection is no trifle."

Pith and Pasquinade

AN EXCHANGE publishes an article headed, "How to Tell a Mad Dog." We have nothing to tell a mad dog that we cannot communicate by telephone or a postal card.

*

IT IS said that great economy is used in the manufacture of corsets, and yet there seems to be a good deal of waist material in them.

*

NEVER judge of a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may not be his.

*

EVERYBODY is happy when times are prosperous, but the pawnbroker.

*

OFT many a juror wishes the lawyer's brief were briefer.

*

Now that haying is here, the farmer will have mower work to do.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

A DECEASED colored man was referred to as "a petrified chunk of midnight." This shows how darkness reigns in Texas.



A GENTLEMAN in Syracuse is said to have all the plays of Shakespeare at his tongue's end, and to be able to act as prompter in any of the plays, without a book. His occupation is to peddle bakestuffs, and he is just as good on a cart as a man who cannot quote a word of Shakespeare. This proves that delving into the classics does not make a man entirely worthless.



UNCLE Jerry asked his nephew if he pursued the study of geography. "Well, you can bet your sweet old life I do," was the irreverent answer. "Then tell me where Chicago is." "Oh!" replied the youngster, "We haven't got as far as that. We've only got as far as Africa."



POLITICS and nervous debility are raging to a fearful extent in this section. It is feared that the mortality will exceed the morality by a large majority.

The Difference

"TO PROVE that our fashions are very unstable,"
Quoth Jones to a friend, as they sat at a table,
"I'll tell you what people first ask in New York,"
As he lifted a piece of roast duck on his fork;
"And then what in Boston they deem it polite
To ask of the introduced stranger on sight.
In Gotham they ask, 'Well, what are you worth?'
As if gold were all they esteemed upon earth.
In the Hub people ask, with their features aglow,
'I'm pleased, sir, to meet you, but what do you
know?'"

*

MOTTO of the Arabs — Up and Bedouin.

*

A BRIGHT young fellow at Princeton has
been excused from attending chapel exercises
in the morning, on the plea of acute insomnia.

*

De Briggs — Say, Chappie, what is the difference between an extracted tooth and a linen duster in winter weather?

De Riggs — I pass.

De Briggs — One is tooth out and the other is tooth in.

De Riggs — (succumbing) — Call an ambulance, quick!

Flying Scud

THE tendency of whisky is always downward, and it is only natural that the whisky trust should follow suit.

*

THE proper complaint to carry off a miser would be fatty degeneration of the heart.

*

THE growth of the coffin trust has rendered it more necessary than ever for every man to be his own undertaker.

*

ONE of the most pitiable objects in the world is the man who works hard for forty or fifty years, amasses a fortune, and then ignores every opportunity to enjoy it.

*

MEN who are not well informed try to dogmatize in mental self-defence.

*

“A FLATTERING mouth worketh ruin,” and likewise sometimes a winking eye.

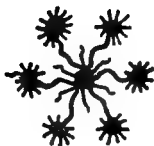
Flying Scud

THE stuttering man never lacketh for a word, only it taketh time for him to utter it.

✱

Snobbs—How would you like to be a female?

Bobbs—So-so. Ma says she don't mind it any more.



The Bow-Legged Ghost

Appropriate Presents

THE following suggestions may be found valuable to those who desire to send a holiday remembrance to some eminent personages:—

For Doctor Mary Walker—A pair of suspenders.

For Jerry Simpson—Half a dozen pairs of socks.

For Miss Louise Shepard, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance—A field glass to carry on her bicycle.

For Chauncey M. Depew—A promise to support him should he be nominated for the presidency.

For ex-Senator Peffer—A muffler to protect his whiskers from the winter wind.

For David B. Hill—Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor."

For Paul Dana—A pink ribbon to adorn the neck of his office cat.

Women at Billiards

For George Francis Train — A buttonhole bouquet.

For Maggie Cline — A bushel of potatoes.

For Mark Twain — A request to write something humorous occasionally.

For Anthony Comstock — A good book used in the Sunday Schools, or a picture that is not off color.

*

Women at Billiards

BILLIARDS is becoming a very popular game among the ladies. By a peculiar physical analogy, the "old hens" make a good many "scratches"; the querulous wives make "rail" shots; very thin, scrawny women make "angular" shots; young ladies playing with their *fiancés* make "kiss" shots; young mothers naturally prefer to "nurse" the balls; ambitious belles play for "position"; the star actresses excel in "draw" shots; and female anglomaniacs always put on lots of "English."

The Bow-Legged Ghost

An Etching from Life

MADAME DE BELLEVILLE engaged Miss Franklin to instruct her little daughter, Elsie, every morning, in the common branches, the child being rather delicate and backward in her studies. Little Elsie was particularly stupid over her sums, and Madame, thinking to encourage the child, announced one day her intention of taking up fractions under Miss Franklin's tuition. As Madame's habit was to rise at noon, it was something of an effort for her to be present, but at about eleven o'clock she would manage to appear, elegantly attired in a negligée gown, and languidly gliding into a *fauteuil*, with tiny gold pencil in hand, would request Miss Franklin to begin. In the midst of a trying problem she would send for a demi-tasse or cup of bouillon.

"Cherie," she would say to her little daughter, "get mamma's lorgnette — these sums are so difficult to see."

An Open Letter

On one occasion the little girl was told that the earth consisted of one quarter land and three quarters water. The next day when asked to repeat her lesson she confidently declared that the earth was composed of one quart of land and three quarts of water.

And Madame de Belleville advanced in about the same hopeless way with her fractions. Needless to say she scouted the "vulgar" fractions entirely

*

An Open Letter

MOST NOBLE EARL OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

Sir:—I understand that you are about to take a trip to the Arctic regions in search of curiosities for the English Naturalist Society.

As one who is familiar with British America and the most unique animals to be found in that portion of the world, I venture to make a few suggestions.

If you get near the Little Slave Lake, you should, by all means, keep a sharp lookout for the Boobybat, a very rare animal, indeed, and I am sure the English Naturalist Society would highly appreciate a good specimen.

The peculiarity of the Boobybat is that its four legs are attached to the centre of its abdomen, both ends of its body being balanced on four very slender limbs, reminding one somewhat of the *camera obscura*. You

The Bow-Legged Ghost

will be fortunate if you bag one of these strange creatures, as they are fast becoming extinct.

Another animal that you should not fail to hunt for is the so-called Podyfish, or *Lachrymætus*. It has a great fondness for music, and if you simply whistle "Sweet Marie," the Podyfish will jump out of the water and soon be at your feet. It has only one ear, and that is just above its nose, but it will sit and listen to you by the hour. It will keep alive in a jar of alcohol as readily as water. Should you happen to have any alcohol left on reaching Churchill River, you can secure a live Podyfish without very much trouble.

In the mountains on the Alaska border there are to be found a choice lot of wild women, who are supposed to have been originally English star actresses. They are in a perfectly chaotic condition, and the only way they can be captured is by rapturously clapping your hands and offering them bouquets and diamond brooches. It would be well for you before starting on your expedition, to lay in a stock of diamond brooches, if you think the English Naturalist Society would like a wild woman or two.

I could tell you about numerous other specimens that are obtainable in the Arctic Archipelago, but you probably have your route all laid out and have a prepared list of the things you most desire to procure. However, should you, most noble earl, require any further information before you set forth on your perilous pilgrimage in the interest of science, please communicate with me. I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

IRA INVERS.

CURATOR ZOÖLOGICAL MUSEUM, HOBOKEN.

Two Points of View

Manager—Here it tells about you in cold type.

Actress—(After perusing notice) — I'm delighted. Why, this is the best kind of praise for me. For once I figure in very warm type, it strikes me.

*

Bitkins—Whotherspoon has worn that tile of his for three straight years to my knowledge. Why doesn't he get a new one?

Ruggles—Why, he's hoping it will be the style again before it falls to pieces.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

When Mr. Howells Was Young

MR. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS has reached a point in his brilliant career where he can afford to pause and take a retrospective survey of his monumental achievements.

“My Literary Passions,” have a piquant, autobiographical flavor that is refreshing in this age of stilted self-exploiture.

Even more interesting than these discursive papers, however, is Mr. Howell’s account of his “First Visit to New England,” which is especially interesting. He delightfully describes a breakfast given in his honor in Boston, over thirty years ago, by James Russell Lowell, at which were also present Oliver Wendell Holmes and James T. Fields. On the following morning he was a guest at the Fields’s table, in their cozy house beside the Charles River.

In contrasting the home environment of this eminent author-publisher with what he himself had been accustomed to in Ohio, he

When Mr. Howells was Young

says: "I was very new to it all, how new I could not very well say, but I flattered myself that I breathed in that atmosphere as if in the return from lifelong exile.

"Still I bragged of the West a little, and I told them proudly that in Columbus no book since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had sold so well as the 'Marble Faun.' This made the effect that I wished, but whether it was true or not, heaven knows; I only know that I heard it from our leading bookseller, and I made no question of it myself."



The Bow-Legged Ghost

Lucky

Robbins — That fire at Higbee's house was a great blessing to him.

Mack — A blessing?

Robbins — Yes; his daughter's piano was destroyed.

*

Testimonials

Lady — Can you cook, wash and iron and do chamber work?

Bridget — Yes, indade.

Lady — Well, I am willing to take you on trial.

Bridget — Oi couldn't think of wurkin' fur yez widout first lookin' at your ricommindations from the ladies what has been in your service.

Considerable Foresight

“**T**HINGS I’ve Seen and People I’ve Met,” by the veteran journalist, the late George Augustus Sala, is thoroughly readable from start to finish. Sala spent thirteen months in the United States during the Civil War, and relates many fresh anecdotes concerning eminent Americans whom he met. Here is one :

“In Senator Bayard (former United States Minister to England) is vested the copyright of the story of a well-known New York humorist who occasionally indulged too freely, and who, being asked to dinner by Mr. Bayard, at his house in Washington, was observed by his host, who had himself walked home with him, to be attentively counting the number of steps in the high ‘stoop’ in front of the mansion.

“ ‘What on earth are you counting those steps for?’ asked the Senator.

“ ‘Got to come down them again,’ was the reply of the prescient humorist and admirer of ‘Extra Dry.’ ”

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Her Inference

Aunt Lucy—I should like so much to see Niagara Falls. We have never been there.

Young Niece—Why, auntie, aren't you and Uncle Cephas married?

Aunt Lucy—Certainly.

Young Niece—Oh, I understand—you didn't take any wedding tour.



The Cause of it

Rudworth—Smythe has resumed his original name of Smith.

Chubbs—How is that?

Rudworth—He went into bankruptcy yesterday.



A Transitory Feeling

IN SOME men religion is like the circulation of the blood—it doesn't stay long enough at one time in their hearts to give them any correct understanding of what it is like.

He Learned Something

Has the Proof

Jenkins—Do you think Lady Somerset believes all she says against intemperance?

Limbkins—She ought to; she is the owner of fourteen public houses.

*

Alice (pensively) — What's in a name?

Phil (despondently) — Everything — on a draft.

*

He Learned Something

A LONG ISLAND farmer drove up the Bowery the other day at a snail's pace, alternating his gaze from one side of the busy thoroughfare to the other. Several baskets of eggs, laid during the fiscal year, graced the after part of his infirm vehicle. Finally he stopped before the threshold of a Hebrew clothing establishment.

“Want any eggs?” inquired the farmer of the proprietor, who was basking in the doorway.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

“How mooch you ask a doozen?”

“Thirty cents.”

“Vell, no von on der Bowery wants dem at dot price. You see, mine freint, ve are raising our poultry und getting our eggs free nowadays.”

“How’s that?” asked the farmer curiously.

“Vy, every man on dis street has got his hen coops on der roof of his house. I mine self have over dree hundret hens laying night und day. Would you pelieve it? I have so many eggs dot I have to sell de old vons to der fellers vot go to see pad plays at der theatres.”

“Does everybody have hen coops on their houses over this way?” inquired the farmer, throwing away the stump of a cigar.

“I don’t know of von man vot hasn’t got hens und plenty of eggs,” was the meek response. “But if you want to sell me your eggs at five cents a doozen I will take dem und have dem painted for next Easter.”

“Well take ’em. Gol hang it, I’ll never come to New York agin to sell anything. Next thing you’ll be mowin’ hay in your front parlors. I can git twenty cents a dozen fur ’em at hum, but I’ve learnt something. Take ’em along.”

His True Inwardness

She Had Changed

Miss Woodruff—You don't mean to tell me that lady is Mrs. Van Vorst.

Miss Oldtree—Yes, but she has a bicycle face.



A Modern Work

Policeman—Come, move on about your business.

Messenger boy (dime novel in hand)—Please, Mr. Cop, jest let me see how Blood-thirsty Pete prevents Devil-may-care Maggie from stealin' her sister's suspenders to hang herself wid, an' I'll go a mile a minute.



His True Inwardness

Dora's Millionaire Father to Her Suitor—Young man, you wish to marry my daughter. I fear you are prompted by sordid motives.

Young Man—Indeed, no, sir. They're as good as gold.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Nellie (in the absence of the servant, trying to start a fire in the grate) — Oh, dear me, I wish this stupid fire would burn.

Nellie's Mother — 'Throw in some of Mr. Gushington's love letters to you, Nell.

*

Out of Commission

"WHAT a rigid-looking creature Miss Smirks is."

"I will tell you the cause of that. Not long ago she had two ribs broken, and her waist is in a sling."

✱

Miss Van Corlear (munching bon-bons) — Oh, I dote on *marrons glacés*.

Young Dr. Corlear — Let me give you an anti-dote.

*

Mrs. Tibbles — I've just instructed Bridget to pack up her duds and leave the house.

Mr. T. — What has she done?

Mrs. T. — Why, she had the impertinence this morning actually to take a bath in our bath-tub.

The Pedagogue's Remarks

A LEADVILLE school-teacher opens the morning session with an address to his scholars. This is what he says: "Well, pupils, I won't be hard on you this bright morning by compelling you to desist from whispering. But heaven help the first boy I catch chewing tobacco! Bill Bloodgood may remain in his seat during recess to atone for the swearing and fighting he did yesterday on his way home from school. Nellie Hardshell I must punish for stealing little Georgie Mills's dinner and calling Fan Felly a liar. Miss Abigail Spinaway has kindly asked my consent to allow her to write to a gentleman friend in Boston while the class in grammar is reciting. Be careful, Abbie, in writing your letter, to say nothing to give yourself away to that young man in Boston. I must insist that Jim Lake shall stop coming in here saturated with gin, or he will be fed some lead pills. The school will proceed to business while I

The Bow-Legged Ghost

whale that little runt of a Will Crumpet, who knocked me down in the dark last night and tried to swipe my elegant Roman hour-glass by which I have told the time for the past twenty-five years."

*

Not Pressed for Time

Stoophead.— Budd never seems to have anything to do. He must have a private income.

Brightpate — Oh, no. He tells me he's the advertising manager of the *Congressional Record*.

*

To Be Sure

Boggs — Is there no ornithological name for riches?

Soggs — I don't know. Why?

Boggs — Do they not take wings unto themselves and fly away?



A Woman's Wrong

Evolution of a Feminine Name

Christened Mary.

At ten called Mattie.

At fifteen called May.

At twenty called Moll.

At twenty-five called Molly.

At thirty called Ma-rye-a.

When married, Marie.

*

The Worst Kind

Mrs. Jadders—Are you afraid of lightning?

Mrs. Trempor—Only of the kind that my husband gets in New Jersey.

*

A Woman's Wrong

Blabton—Why are the women of to-day so heavily laden?

Ratley—Give it up. Why?

Blabton—Because they carry a leg of mutton on each arm.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

He Didn't Pass Muster

Tibbles — Did you ever travel in Africa?

Quibbles (globe-trotter) — Yes. I went there once with my colored valet, who wanted to see where his grandmother lived.

Tibbles — Did he find her?

Quibbles — He found her but she wouldn't have anything to do with him.

Tibbles — How was that?

Quibbles — Well, the old lady thought he had too much white blood in his veins to be respectable.

*

FAVORITE hymn of the barber —

“Soon we'll lather at the river.”

*

Great Self-Denial

New Bride — I have baked my first pie, dear. Won't we have fun eating it with our New Year's dinner to-morrow?

Husband — I am sorry, darling; but I have made it a rule of my life never to eat pie during the holidays.

An Honest Confession

Candidates for Society

Bernstein (who has just retired)—Vat ve vant now is to get our names in de papers every tay like dem Vanderbilts and Goelets.

Mrs. Bernstein—You are right, Solomon. Say ve give a pig ball.

Bernstein—Dare it is again. Vy can't you speak English like me? Ve hate hogs; den vhy vill you say a "pig" ball? Ve vill never get into society if you talk in dot vay.

*

Badly Needed

Grimley—Alvah Ayers has a great scheme on foot.

Bloomer—What is it?

Grimley—He is going to organize a society for the reform of reformers.

*

An Honest Confession.

Jimson—Did you lose anything on election?

Blabson—Yes, I talked through two \$8 hats.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Excessive Plainness

Miss de Copps — Miss Buntling is very plain, I hear.

Miss Hardheart — Well, she's so homely that her diamonds won't sparkle when she wears them.



Youthful Presumption

Snaggs — That young Van Doyle is giving himself altogether too many airs.

Whiffles — How is that?

Snaggs — Well, he pretends he has a bad liver, and is only nineteen, you know.



Ample Proof

Stubbs — Do you believe that there is such a thing as suspended animation?

Rusly — No.

Stubbs — Well, just tie the tails of two cats together and hang 'em over a fence if you want to study a case of suspended animation.

Literal

Just a Little Query

SIR WILLIAM JONES says: "Words are the daughters of earth, and thoughts are the sons of heaven." Can it be possible that Sir William means to intimate that language is feminine, and thought masculine?

*

Love's Labor Lost

Biddle—Jimson has given up his contemplated great genealogical work.

Riddle—How is that?

Biddle—He found among his ancestors, only one hundred years back, three murderers, two horse thieves, a bigamist, and several other objectionable people.

*

Literal

Teacher—Can any one tell me the meaning of Ash-Wednesday?

"Yessum," replied the Harlem lad, "it's the day they collect the ashes."

The Bow-Legged Ghost

The Public

THE public loses more of its beauty sleep than it did when our forefathers and foremothers went to bed at sundown.

The public has no use for any of us until we have been of use to the public.

The public, be it remembered, is generally right.

The public has no time to pause and tell you it sympathizes with you because a relative or friend is dead, or you have a jumping toothache.

*

A Comical Paraphrase

DURING a rather novel discourse concerning the dignity and rewards of labor, a colored brother, Rev. Mr. Cheekbones, who prided himself on being a self-made divine, remarked with considerable fervor: "I'se been practicin' de ministry fo' fo'ty years, bress d' Lamb, 'n' I'se foun' out dat man mus' earn his bread by de sweat of his eyebrow, hallelujah!"

The Role Reversed

The Reason

"I DON'T see, mum, why your other cook went away so quick!"

"My husband found fault with a pudding he thought I had made and the cook overheard him."



The Facetious Butler

A PHILADELPHIA millionaire tells me he has a witty butler in his employ. One day recently, while bringing to the table some angel cake, he let the plate drop on the floor. Gathering up the pieces and the sugar-coated confection, with great solemnity, he remarked, as he was passing out of the dining-room: "I'll be blessed if it isn't Fallen Angel cake."

The millionaire thinks that his butler must be familiar with the writings of Milton.



The Rôle Reversed

SO OFTEN have I seen Joe Jefferson play *Rip*,
That I can speak his lines with scarce a single slip.

Oh, what a pleasant change if but it could be done,
To see Old *Rip Van Winkle* play Joseph Jefferson.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

An Agricultural Genius

A YOUNG man who is conducting a farm in New Jersey, according to rules he acquired in an agricultural college, says that in order to obtain the best results in raising breadplant, the flour should be planted very early in the spring.

Journals devoted to bucolic interests please copy.

*

A Dangerous Announcement

“THE editor desires co-respondents in all the principal cities,” is a recent surprising announcement in an English dramatic journal. Of course the compositor was mischievous and the proof reader was absent-minded, but that little hyphen may get the editor into a lot of trouble.

✱

A Definition

THE Cliptomaniac is an editor who uses his scissors more than his brains.

Fire Proof

A Nice Distinction

Little Girl—Oh, mamma, the water for my bath is too cold.

Mother—No, Gertrude, it is nice and lukewarm.

Little Girl—But, mamma, I want it luke hot.

*

Twentieth-Century Chivalry

A FRESH bridegroom, having his fair young spouse uppermost in his mind, made the following entry on the register of the Waldorf-Astoria a few days since: Mrs. and Mr. Metwold Grayson, Chicago, Ill.

There is chivalry for you.

*

Fire Proof

Mr. Blobkins—I'm afraid this desk is insecure. It contains all of my securities. Suppose it should be consumed by fire while we are away?

Mrs. Blobkins—Impossible! You told me yourself this morning that all your stocks and bonds are watered.

Rather Personal

IN A small town in the rural part of England there is a ritualistic Episcopal Church which has the reputation of being almost Roman Catholic in its form of worship. It is called St. Mary's. A wag once attended the service and was so much impressed that after coming out he tacked upon the door a card bearing the inscription: "St. Mary's Junction. Change cars for Rome."

*

A Logical Deduction

A SALVATION Army girl was offering the *War Cry* for sale, scarcely ten minutes after it was off the press.

"*War Cry*, sir?"

"Thanks, I bought one, read it through, and gave it to a friend," said the sporty man whom she had accosted.

The Salvation Army lassie gave him an incredulous smile, as she said: "You must read by electricity."

A Mighty Problem

What Could the Poor Teacher Say?

AN EAST side boy, on being asked by his teacher to name the principal parts of man, made this answer: "Man is divided into three parts — de head, de limbs, and de trunk. De head contains de brains, de limbs contain de muscles, and de trunk contains de bowels, which is composed of a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes y."

*

A Mighty Problem

A PSEUDO scientific authority asserts that the average immigrant, when he lands at Ellis Island, has on his person an ulster, an overcoat, two undercoats, five waistcoats, three shirts, and two undershirts, a pair of overalls, two pairs of trousers, and six hundred and seventy-five thousand two hundred and ninety-one fleas. Two thousand of these immigrants landed the other day. Now get out your slate and multiply it all up, and see how many second-hand clothing stores and dogs they would furnish.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Doubting His Diagnosis

Doctor—You say you swallow the seeds when you eat grapes?

Mrs. Hartburn—Always.

Doctor—Then I fear yours is a case of appendicitis.

Mrs. Hartburn—Oh no, doctor, I'm not fashionable enough to have that.

*

A Trophy of the Chase

IN DESCENDING a grand staircase the other evening at a swell reception, a well-known society woman dropped one of her richly embroidered slippers. A young rake, who was following close at her heels, picked it up, and, after gazing admiringly at it for a moment, ardently pressed it to his lips and then offered to adjust it to her dainty foot. The lady turned away contemptuously and, going to the hostess, borrowed a pair of the latter's slippers to wear during the rest of the evening. Not apparently fazed in the least, the wayward young man pocketed the slipper and it is now in his room among other less chaste souvenirs.

Disappointed in Love

AN ELDERLY bachelor, whose apartments are in one of the largest uptown flat houses, has for his sole companion a tame white mouse. He enjoys an income of about \$20,000 a year. A friend of his informed me the other day that several years ago Mr. H—— was disappointed in a love affair. But strangely enough, the lady is still single and occasionally pays him a visit with her niece, who acts in the guileless capacity of a chaperon. Mr. H—— has been tempted several times to forget his disappointment, whatever it is, and lead his patient old dame to the altar, but he somehow manages to desist.

*

Rumley — Behold ! there's a messenger boy who is actually running.

Joblotte — Oh, that's nothing. He's off duty.

*

Tubbs — Charlie Walters has left the law and is now a waiter at Del's.

Goutley — He's gone in for bigger fees, eh?

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Astor Van Tassel—Cholly, I've got an idea, b'Jove.

De Puyster—Don't try to grapple with it. What's the use of getting all tired out for nothing?

*

Mrs. Ludgate—I believe Doctor Killum is celebrated for his patience in ministering to the sick.

Judge Ruffum—Yes, he has to be celebrated for his patients, as they do not live long enough under his treatment to acquire celebrity for themselves.

*

A Business Matter

Fibbles—Phil Armour, of Chicago, wants as many Chinese in the United States as will come.

Tibbles—Why?

Fibbles—Because he can make a neat profit on pig tails sold to baldheaded Chinamen.

An Antique Epidemic

On the Way to the Bridge

She — I hear a man preaching in that building. Let's wait until he finishes and then ask him to marry us.

He — Let us go on to Brooklyn — that is an auctioneer's voice.

*

An Antique Epidemic

SOME of our positive-minded young women who are aspiring to pose as reformers might find a field for the exercise of their talents in organizing an Anti-Crinoline Society. They might not be able to stem the "sounding" tide that is bearing rapidly towards us a full cargo of "Hoops," but it seems as though their arguments and pleadings might in some measure influence their weaker sisters, who so abjectly follow the decrees of autocratic Dame Fashion. It is horrible to learn that Crinoline is "coming in," — to what extent we know not, — and it fills the masculine heart with a nameless alarm — the mere thought of the old-style "Hoops" of our grandmothers. Ladies, our emotions only allow us to say : "Don't ! Please, don't !"

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Reason Enough

“Why did you leave the Watsons, Bridget?”

“An’ sure they didn’t have a peanny in the house, and Mrs. Watson’s dresses are ould as the hills; an’ thin she niver goes out ony-way.”

*

An Apt Quotation

“Hansom is as hansom does,” as the wag-gish policeman remarked to an inebriated cabby whom he was conducting to the station house.

*

Lost

Miss Whirlsfare (of Chicago)—Now, if you were in my shoes, what would you do?

Miss Wonder (of New York)—H’m, I think I’d get out a search warrant for myself.

A Seat in the Front Row

A Seat in the Front Row

THE Khedive of Egypt has sent to Paris for a ballet corps, to be composed of beautiful females not under fifteen or over thirty years of age. This is the first intimation civilization has had that the Khedive was really getting bald.

*

THE situation in Europe is certainly getting ominous. There was one day within a week when the papers printed no rumors of war from there.

*

Miss Twining—Look, Mabel, at Mr. Sprinks, the poet. Don't his trousers bag at the knees?

Miss Critmogg—Yes, but just think, Clara, what a great mind he has.

*

A GOOD patrolman ought to be able to go the pace without damage to his pocket, and there is every proof that the New York patrolman does.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

Sobkins — I heard a fellow get off a good thing this morning, but for the life of me I can't think what it was.

Hobbs — It must have been good, then, for if it had been bad you would have been sure to remember it.

*

His Presence of Mind

She — Is it true that occasionally you paint the town red?

He — Yes ; but only in water colors.

*

Versatility with a Vengeance

Miss Twitters — Let me see, you are a farmer, are you not?

Mr. Kofman — I started to be, but the soil was so cluttered with rocks as to render agriculture too expensive, so I turned my attention to geology, and now hope to make some important discoveries before long.

A Facial Failing

Only by Marriage

Mr. Boggs (of Chicago) — Who is that elderly looking woman over there talking to Judge Sharply?

Mr. Soggs (of the same place) — Why, that is the widow Staggers. You remember, she was my third wife, and your first wife's mother.

Mr. Boggs — Oh, yes, I remember now.

*

Blinky — I am informed that Harkens is going on the stage.

Kidkins — And only the other day he was talking about his horror of paresis.

*

A Facial Failing

Pugilist's Second — Don't be afraid, old fellow; keep a stiff upper lip.

Pugilist — I can't; the brute has knocked all of my front teeth out.

The Bow-Legged Ghost

A Teutonic Project

SELLING music by weight is not a bad idea which has recently been introduced in Germany, and which promises to meet with considerable success.

Of course, as in all innovations, objections will be offered to the idea, but with a judicious scaling of prices, these may be met and satisfied. At first the purchasers of light operatic music, songs, dance music, etc., will have a pull in the weights, so to speak, but their advantage will be only temporary, as it would be manifestly unfair to continue to retail Wagner and Beethoven at the same rate per pound as Donizetti and Strauss.



Mental Confusion

Farmer Dadage — Wal, Lunky, what do you rec'lect best of seein' down to New York?

Lunky (Just home from his first metropolitan visit) — 'The statue of Poverty scarin' the world, holdin' in her right hand the Declapendence of Indignation.

He Kept His Promise

AT A Fad Party every one was supposed to wear something indicating his or her latest fad. One woman came, wearing a little bag full of small stones and written on it, "Just plain D's."

No one could guess what it signified ; so she said she would tell those present the story.

A man one time wanted to play golf very much and his wife objected on the ground that it led to profanity. But finally she consented to his participating in the game, provided he would put in his pockets a stone for every "cuss word" he used. That night he came home staggering under a load of stones and said to his wife : "In this pocket are the G—d's ; in this one the H—'s ; and a man is coming with a whole bag full of just plain d's."

The party was at a minister's house, and the pastor himself laughed heartily.

